Library of the Theological Seminary,
PRINCETON, N. J.

Division DT377
Section .G4

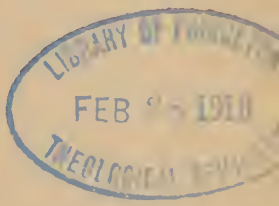
EUGÈNE L. MORICE,
ORIENTAL & AFRICAN BOOKSELLER.
39, MUSEUM STREET,
LONDON, W.C

WITH THE MISSION TO MENELIK

THE MISSION TO MENELIK, 1897.

WITH THE MISSION TO MENELIK

1897



BY

COUNT GLEICHEN

CAPTAIN, GRENADIER GUARDS

AUTHOR OF "WITH THE CAMEL CORPS UP THE NILE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

EDWARD ARNOLD

Publisher to the India Office

37 BEDFORD STREET

LONDON

1898

PREFACE

THE following pages contain the simple tale of the journey of the Mission to Addis Abbaba and back, made up from my own recollections and *impressions de voyage*. In the few places where I have drifted into remarks which might seem to come within the domain of politics, these are made entirely on my own responsibility, and are not in any way to be taken as an expression of official views.

My best thanks are due to those members of the Mission who have allowed me to make use of their diaries or photographs. For my own sketches I crave the indulgence of my readers.

I desire also to heartily acknowledge the courtesy of the proprietors of the *Graphic* in permitting me to reproduce numerous pictures (drawn from my original rough sketches) which appeared in their Journal.

G.

5th February 1898.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	INTRODUCTORY	1
I.	ARRIVAL AT ZEILA AND ORGANISATION OF CARAVAN	5
II.	ZEILA TO BIYA KABOBA	13
III.	BIYA KABOBA TO GILDESSA	24
IV.	GILDESSA TO HARRAR	36
V.	HARRAR	48
VI.	HARRAR TO BURKA	67
VII.	A DAY ON THE MARCH—BURKA TO LAGA HARDIM	88
VIII.	LAGA HARDIM TO ADDIS ABBABA	103
IX.	RECEPTIONS AND CEREMONIALS AT THE CAPITAL	121
X.	PRESENTATION OF GIFTS—THE ETHIOPIAN ROYAL FAMILY	143
XI.	LIFE AT ADDIS ABBABA—MARKET—TRADE, ETC.	156
XII.	LIFE IN CAMP — RAILWAYS — TELEGRAPHS — FOOD — LUNCHEON WITH MENELIK	172
XIII.	THE ARMY	188
XIV.	THE FESTIVAL AT ST. RAGUEL'S	209
XV.	MANNERS—CUSTOMS—CHARACTER	216
XVI.	DESCENT — LANGUAGE — EDUCATION — LITERATURE — RELIGION—JUSTICE	227

CHAP. PAGE

XVII. Personal Gossip—Curios—Music—Final Reception—Departure 245

XVIII. Akaki to Laga Hardim 263

XIX. Laga Hardim to Harrar 280

XX. Harrar back to Zeila 297

Epilogue 312

APPENDICES

A. A Glimpse of Abyssinian History . . . 317

B. Composition of the Caravan 329

C. Itinerary of the Road from Zeila to Addis Abbaba 332

D. Details of Transport employed and Hints thereon 342

E. Weights, Measures, and Prices in Shoa . . 351

F. Some Latitudes and Longitudes . . . 356

G. Text of the Treaty with Menelik . . . 357

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE MISSION AT BALAWA (1)[1] . . . . *Frontispiece*

NEAR ARUWEINA (2) 21

RECEPTION AT GILDESSA (2) 31

RECEPTION BY MAKUNNEN (2) 43

FROM OUR CAMP AT HARRAR (3) 49

MARKET-PLACE AND GATE, HARRAR (3) 55

RETURNING FROM DINNER WITH RAS MAKUNNEN (4) *To face p.* 60

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DHOOLIES (2) . . . 63, 64

WORABILI (1) 73

NATIVES BRINGING FOOD AT WORABILI (4) . *To face p.* 74

SOMALI POLICE (2) 77

ON THE MARCH (7) . . . . . *To face p.* 82

C. E. B. DOES A HUNDRED YARDS RECORD (2) . . . 91

VIEW FROM CAMP AT KUNNI (1) 97

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE (2) 105

THE HAWASH (6) . . . . . *To face p.* 110

OUR COMPOUND (2) 122

THE ESCORT ARRIVES (5) 124

For explanation of reference numbers, see note at end of List of Illustrations, p. xi.

PAGE

THE KING'S DRUMS (2) 127

RECEPTION BY MENELIK (4) . . . *To face p.* 130

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH (3) 133

ETHIOPIC ART (2) 135

IN THE MATTER OF THE BULL (2) . . . 138–141

QUEEN TAITU (8) . . . . . *To face p.* 146

MENELIK (2) 152

RAS MANGASHA TEKKEM (2) 155

ADDIS ABBABA—VIEW OF THE PALACE (6) . *To face p.* 158

TYPES IN THE MARKET (5) 166

HUT AT ADDIS ABBABA (5) 172

A SCION OF NOBILITY (1) 179

A GENERAL (2) 189

ABYSSINIAN OFFICERS (2) 201

THE FESTIVAL AT ST. RAGUEL'S . . . *To face p.* 212

RAS MIKHAEL'S CAMP (5) 217

SALUTATIONS (2) 221

A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE (2) 222

COIFFURES (2) 224

PATENT FROM MENELIK 231

A MASHER (2) 242

DEPARTURE FROM ADDIS ABBABA (2) 259

NEAR CHAFFÉ DUNSA (5) 265

TADECHAMALCA (3) 271

COTTONWOOD TREES IN KUNNI FOREST (5) . . . 284

AMBASHYÉ AND FAMILY (5) 291

GÊL DABBAL, WITH NATIVE SHANTIES (2) . . . 305

NOTE

(1) Photograph by Pinching Bey.

(2) Original Sketch by the Author.

(3) Photograph by Lord E. Cecil.

(4) From Sketch by the Author (reproduced in the *Graphic*).

(5) Photograph by Captain Swayne.

(6) By A. Twidle—from Photographs.

(7) By the Author and A. Twidle.

(8) Photograph from M. Vanderheym's "Vingt Mois en Abyssinie" (*Hachette & Co*).

MAPS

Map of Abyssinia . . . . . *At end*

Addis Abbaba and Environs . . . . „

WITH THE MISSION TO MENELIK

INTRODUCTORY

It is a long time since England has had any diplomatic dealings with Abyssinia. Leaving out of the question Sir Gerald Portal's Mission in 1887 to King John, which was sent for the specific purpose of trying to make peace between His Majesty and the Italians, and had little reference to the relations existing, or supposed to exist, between Abyssinia and ourselves, the most recent attempt at *rapprochement* between the two countries dates from Sir William Hewett's Mission in 1884. And this Mission was also sent for a specific purpose,—that of asking King John's assistance in the evacuation of the garrisons of the Eastern Sudan.

Previous to this, our only political dealings in the last fifty years with the country had resulted in the war of 1867–68, which upset the Brigand-King Theodore, and indirectly placed King John on the throne.

The result of this war instilled into Abyssinia a wholesome fear of the British military power. On our side, having spent an immense sum of money with an extremely inadequate return for it,—for the country which we had conquered, Northern Abyssinia, was commercially valueless, and not worth annexing, —we were content to drop the matter altogether.

Times, however, have altered. So far as Northern Abyssinia is concerned, we might almost still be occupying our *ci-devant* position as benevolent and passive spectators. But a new Power, of which we knew and recked little, has arisen in the South.

Abyssinia, as understood in England, has always been that northern part of the country which was traversed by our Expedition of 1867–68, and over which Theodore and John in succession held sway; *i.e.* the provinces of Tigré and Amhara, and perhaps Gondar and Wollo Galla as well. As to the country which lay to the south of these provinces we knew little, for Shoa had been visited by few Englishmen, and was as yet of no political importance. Only ten years ago, at the time of Portal's Mission, although it was known that Menelik, King of Shoa, possessed a large army, and that it was doubtful whether he would throw in his lot with King John against the Italians, or *vice versâ*, he and his subjects were treated by the world at large as a *quantité négligeable*.

But in the meantime, whilst European attention was concentrated on the operations, peaceful and otherwise, of the Italians and Abyssinians in Tigré

and the northern part of the country, the individual genius of Menelik was hard at work consolidating his southern kingdom, increasing his forces, and preparing for the *coup-de-main* which, at the death of John at the hands of the Dervishes in the battle of Galabat (March 1889), seated him firmly on the throne of Abyssinia. And then the Northern princes turned in fury against the "usurper" of what they considered their own lawful property, and found that they were much too weak to withstand him.

The central point of interest was therefore at one stroke shifted from north to south. The Italians, whose representative, Count Antonelli, was fortunately on the spot at the time, at once concluded an amicable treaty (Uccialli) with Menelik, and all was rose-garlands and happiness for a time between them. Then clouds began to gather; the Italian arms inflicted reverse after reverse on the Northerners, till Menelik, anxious for the integrity of his kingdom, and mistrustful of the growing power of Italy, repudiated the Uccialli treaty (which he considered had been misinterpreted by Italy), and finally took the field at the head of his army to come to the assistance of his Northern countrymen. The result is but too well known, and the terrible defeat at Adua entirely changed the aspect of affairs. Thanks to the vast stores of rifles and ammunition which had been pouring for the last three or four years into the country through Jibuti, Menelik found himself victor in a fair fight with a European Power.

Up to this time all Europeans had been looked up to in Abyssinia with respect, if not fear. Adua, to use a vulgarism, upset the apple-cart, and entirely altered the views of the natives. The body of the Abyssinian people even now imagines that their victory has laid not only Italy, but the whole of Europe, at their feet, and their heads are proportionately elevated.

It stands to reason, therefore, that they include England in this category, and certainly, as far as the Southerners are concerned, they have forgotten all about Magdala. As we had up till now never entered into political relations with Menelik,—and indeed could not do so as long as he was considered to be under the protectorate of, or was at war with, our friends the Italians,—and as the idea is firmly rooted in Abyssinia that it was we who supplied the Italians with money to carry on their campaign, our prestige in the country had somewhat diminished, and may be said to have reached its lowest point by the beginning of 1897. Hence our Mission.

CHAPTER I

ARRIVAL AT ZEILA AND ORGANISATION OF CARAVAN

It was on the 18th of last March (1897) that we disembarked at Zeila from the Royal Indian Marine Steamer *Mayo*. From the spot where she was lying at anchor, two miles out, the coast did not look inviting; a narrow white streak, shimmering in the glare of an overhead sun, with nothing to relieve it but a few whitewashed buildings and one minaret, gave one the impression of heat, heat, and nothing but heat. But on closer acquaintance it was not so bad, for a fresh sea breeze was blowing, and soon wafted us and our piles of baggage ashore in the little native dhows that had come out to fetch us. At the other end of the long pier which juts out into the shallow water, we were greeted by the Assistant-Resident, Lieutenant J. L. Harrington, of the Indian Staff Corps, and by hundreds of camels, which he had brought down to transport our baggage to the place where the caravan was to start from. Beautiful camels they were, with their crowd of wild-looking, shaggy-haired, brown-skinned drivers, each armed with spear and shield, and their most original and

effective packsaddles of matting and grass. Five minutes over deep sand brought us to the new Residency, and in the open space behind it we saw already signs of our expedition, in the shape of Aden troopers, mules, bags of flour, water-casks, boxes, etc., which had mostly been sent over from Aden.

The amount of stores and baggage that we took up country was necessarily so huge, that modesty compels me to relegate the detail thereof to an appendix;[1] but before proceeding to details, it will be necessary to give some account of the personnel.

First and foremost came Mr. Rennell Rodd, C.M.G., in charge of the mission. I have not yet mentioned that our object was to proceed up country to Addis Ábbaba, the present capital of Abyssinia, with a view of making the acquaintance of the Emperor Menelik, informing ourselves about the state of the country, and, if possible, concluding a treaty of friendship and commerce with His Majesty. The latter was apparently very anxious to receive us and make friends with us, for the Home Government had received, within five weeks of their despatching the telegram, a most cordial answer to their inquiry as to whether he would receive a Mission. Mr. Rodd was (and is) Chief Secretary at the British Agency in Cairo, and had already had experience of African potentates and their ways, in the shape of the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whose court he had been accredited

[1] Appendix B, p. 329.

in 1893. He had also done some African travelling, having accompanied the Witu expedition, which chastised the Witu rebels in 1893.

Next in command was Lieut.-Colonel Wingate, C.B., D.S.O., R.A., whose name is well known as Director of Military Intelligence in the Egyptian Army, and to whose skill and work much of the success of the fighting in the Sudan for the last ten years is due. He was appointed Treasurer and Official Journal-writer. (I may add that he was shockingly lazy about this last portion of his duties, and made me do nearly half of it.)

H. H. Pinching Bey, second-in-command of the Egyptian Sanitary Department, who had much distinguished himself in the cholera epidemic of last year, was our Medical Officer and Mess President. Luckily he was hardly ever required in the former capacity, —I mean, because we were hardly ever ill,—and in the latter he was a strict and efficient economist.

Captain (temporary Major) H. G. C. Swayne, R.E., was our Transport Officer. He knew Somaliland well, having already made seventeen sporting trips within the country, and written a book about it, and we looked forward much to having the benefit of his experience. He was also responsible for longitude and latitude-taking, and for the care of a theodolite, which weighed about a ton, and was always getting lost—some people said on purpose.

Captain the Hon. Cecil Bingham, 1st Life Guards, was appointed Commissariat Officer to the native part

of the caravan, and subsequently his great knowledge of veterinary science stood us in good stead when mules became our means of transport. He was also Chief Ornamental Officer to the Mission, and later on produced a great effect on the natives with his helmet and cuirass.

Captain Tristram Speedy luckily happened to be in Cairo when the Mission was being organised, and he was at once secured as being the only Englishman conversant with Amharic. He had in his younger days seen a good deal of service with King Theodore, had thereafter accompanied our Abyssinian expedition of 1867 as Political Officer, and had also been with Admiral Hewett, when that officer went to Makalle and made a treaty with King John, in 1884. It was a wonder that he remembered any of the difficult language of the country; but he is a linguist by nature, and Amharic very soon came back to him. He was, up country, known to many of the natives by the name of Basha Feliki, his nick-name in 1867.

Lord Edward Cecil, Grenadier Guards, added height and (moral) weight to the party. He was nominated Ordnance Store Officer, his chief duties consisting in seeing that the rope (for loading) was not stolen oftener than was absolutely necessary, and in distributing blankets, and khaki jackets, and carbines, and ammunition, as they became necessary. He was also appointed botanist, ornithologist, and entomologist to the expedition, and used to discourse

learnedly on these subjects without fear of contradiction by the more ignorant portion of the community.

It was my fate to enter upon the duties of Intelligence Officer and superintendent of water arrangements, and, in addition, to make a road sketch of our route, and rough surveys of other portions, as long as my doing so did not interfere in any way with the susceptibilities of the natives.

As regards the personal height of members of the Mission, to which some reference was made in the newspapers at the time, the average was the very fair one of six feet one, and this although Mr. Rodd, Wingate, and myself barely exceeded five feet eight; the others were as follows:—

Speedy	6 ft. 5 in.
Cecil	6 „ 4 „
Pinching	6 „ 3½ „
Bingham	6 „ 3 „
Swayne	6 „ 2½ „

Of the remaining members, mention should certainly be made of Yuzbashi (Captain) Shahîn Effendi George, a Syrian officer of the Egyptian Intelligence Department, who was Arabic secretary, clerk, and cashier of the treasure. Always willing and anxious to make himself useful, he spoke English nearly as well as he did Arabic, and, although never very much in evidence, he contributed in no small degree to the success of the Mission.

Of white servants we had three, Herbert, Cross (both Grenadiers), and Butcher (servant to Mr. Rodd);

they were chiefly occupied with the mess, and very well they ran it. Our body-servants were a select assortment of natives, Egyptian, Somali, Abyssinian, and Hindu, and a very faithful lot they were on the whole.

Of native interpreters—Abyssinians—we had two: Waldo Haimánot, a Shoan who lived in Cairo, and who, besides knowing a certain amount of broken English, was well acquainted with the literature and forms of Abyssinian etiquette; and Stefan Birru, a Tigrin picked up on the way and conversant with Arabic, whose chief characteristic was that he fulfilled with remarkable accuracy Shakespeare's *dictum*, that "a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain." A Jemadar[1] and twenty Sowars[2] of the Aden Troop (Sikhs and Rajputs) were going to accompany us as escort, and had already arrived at Zeila. For the composition of the remainder of the caravan, the reader must again be referred to Appendix B, p. 329.

Harrington was kind enough to put up four of us in his new Residency, and to entertain the whole party until we left. The remaining four officers, including myself, found a resting-place in the old Residency, close to the pier, a somewhat tumble-down native building, which was used to house Italian officers and men, late prisoners of war, on their arrival at the coast from the interior.

Next day was devoted to getting the baggage

[1] Native officer. [2] Troopers.

sorted into camel-loads, and, amongst other things, to dressing up the Somali police and syces in khaki jackets, waistbelts, pouches, and M.-H. carbines. They were all delighted at being thus rigged out, for although the police have (Snider) rifles, no other native is allowed to carry firearms, and this alone immensely increased the importance of the syces in their own eyes and in those of their less fortunate brethren. Buttons were also served out with the jackets, and after a short instruction we left them to their own devices. Half an hour later we fell them in and inspected them, but the only uniformity in the ranks was the broad smile which pervaded all; slings had been fastened upside down and inside out, pouches ditto, waistbelts had slid over their slender stomachs, in some cases down to their knees, and buttons, hitherto unknown to them, were doing duty in all sorts of odd positions.

These things put to rights, we proceeded to select individual syces and mules for ourselves. I secured, on the recommendation of my faithful Somali boy Ismaïl, whom I had picked up in Aden, a friend of his, by name Ismaïlu, a Gadabursi youth with a black skin and a perpetual grin. Barring the difficulty of having similar names, which often caused the wrong boy—or both, or neither—to come when I shouted, these two servants did me excellently well throughout. I shall refer to them afterwards, as they were both "characters" in their way. The thirty mules which Harrington had bought for our-

selves, our servants, and ten of the Aden Troop, were all of a good stamp; and though some of us would have wished them a bit more weight-carriers, they were sturdier and tougher than they looked. Then the question of wages for the men, the itinerary, water supply, and all the rest of it had to be discussed, and it was far into the night before we had packed our own things and retired to bed.

CHAPTER II

ZEILA TO BIYA KABOBA

NEXT morning at daybreak the camels began loading up, and moved off in detachments under the various officers, the last lot starting about eleven. The day was fairly cool, and the going excellent, over a hard, sandy plain, glistening with salt deposits and dotted with low, rough scrub. At Warabod, eight miles out, mules and horses stopped to water; and here we made the acquaintance of the ordinary Somali wells. These are nothing but funnel-shaped holes dug in the sand, varying in depth according to the water-bearing stratum and in breadth according to the importance of the well. There were five or six water-holes at Warabod, and these were surrounded by a picturesque crowd of Somalis, all carrying spears and shields, and engaged in watering flocks of goats, camels, and fat-tailed sheep. With the help of a few annas we secured two of the wells for ourselves, and the natives helped us by throwing up the water in conical wicker baskets and pouring it into the ox-skins stretched on upright pieces of stick which served them as troughs.

Five miles farther on we pitched camp at a spot called Ashado,[1] a favourite pasture-ground for camels. As we kept to the same form of camp all along, it may be worth while to mention its shape and constitution.

Officers' tents in line in front, with mess tent in the centre, or in front of the centre. Presents, treasure, water-casks, and mess stores in line immediately in rear, under the charge of a sentry of the Aden Troop.

Four tents of servants and interpreters, and kitchen in rear of them.

Six Aden Troop tents, and horse and mule lines, to the right rear of above, the Somali stores and natives to left rear.

The camels were unloaded immediately on arrival in camp and turned loose to graze and rest, their excellent packsaddles (of long pieces of wood and thick fibre "hérios" or grass-mats) being taken to pieces and forming shelters for the Somalis during the night.

An hour before dawn the camels were driven in from the surrounding country, and at réveillé they were saddled and began to load up, the operation taking at first two hours, and later one and a half to one and a quarter hours, from the time of réveillé.

Owing to the absence of bugler or trumpeter, réveillé was given by two blank cartridges fired by the sentry.

[1] For an itinerary of the whole route, giving description of each camping-ground, and other details, see Appendix C.

Arrangements were also made here as to water, and the fifty casks, holding 12½ gallons apiece, were numbered off for the different classes of thirsty souls whose wants they were to satisfy.

The night was hot and stuffy, and my disordered dreams partly prepared me for the first object on which my eyes lit upon awakening, viz. a nice little poisonous brown snake, who had curled himself comfortably up and was fast asleep inside my indiarubber bath. After his execution we got the Somali camel-drivers to work, and, with an infinity of trouble, managed to get the caravan loaded up in about two hours. Our hearts sank at the prospect of this happening every morning, but we soon found the Somalis had an original way of their own of loading, and did it much quicker and better without our kind assistance, so we determined in the future to leave them severely alone.

That day was very hot—in fact, much hotter than it had any right to be in March. It was not that the air was so hot, but the sun sent down scorching rays like the breath of a furnace, and peeled off pieces of skin in no time from one's unguarded cuticle—specially in the region of the nose and neck. However, we bore up under the infliction, comforting ourselves with the idea that, once the Maritime Plain was passed, the weather would get cooler.

As our caravan had left Zeila in variously constituted detachments, it was necessary to organise it properly, so this was done on the march. Each

string of camels as they came swinging along in single file was motioned off with their driver to a particular spot in the plain, according to the load; and on moving off again, orders were given that this arrangement should be strictly adhered to, two policemen being placed in charge of each section.. The final result was as follows :—

1st Section,	Tents and cooking pots[1] . .	12	camels.
2nd ,,	Officers' mess and baggage and medical stores, etc. . .	75	,,
3rd ,,	Aden Troop baggage and rations	45	,,
4th ,,	Somali rations . . .	20	,,
5th ,,	Water	25	,,
6th ,,	Presents and treasure . .	12	,,
	Total . . .	189	,,

The head of each section carried a coloured flag nailed to his spear, and, on arrival in camp, two flags of the corresponding colour, stuck in the ground, showed him where to deposit his loads.

Of the Aden Troop six sowars formed the advanced guard and six the rearguard, whilst the Jemadar and eight sowars formed the escort for Mr. Rodd, the presents, and the treasure.

After a rather exhausting march of nearly seven hours—for we were none of us in the best of condition after our life on board ship—we arrived at a spot to which Harrington had sent water, Dadab by name.

[1] The large Berkefeld filter we took with us deserves unqualified praise : it is only fair to the inventor to say so, for it produced a stream of clear good water from the dirtiest pools.

Here we found about forty-five large barrels full, most of it drawn from Ambos, ten miles off on the other Zeila-Harrar road; this provided an ample supply not only for the immediate needs of man and beast, but for our journey next day to Hensa.

This last was but a repetition of the experience of the day before, so it is not necessary to describe the route further than to say that it led over a level sandy plain dotted with grass-tufts, scrub, and mimosa-bush, and that the sun again did its fair share of scorching.

Soon after starting from Dadab, two Italian officers and a hundred and ninety-six men (lately prisoners in Abyssinia) were met on their way down to the coast. The men were all walking, except one or two wounded and sick who rode mules, and looked brown, healthy, and well-cared for. We exchanged a few words with the officers, and found they had left Addis Abbaba on the 13th February, thus making the journey to this point in thirty-eight days. They had had great difficulty in procuring enough food to keep them alive during the first week or two, as the inhabitants had refused to sell them anything; but on arriving at Harrar they had found a section of the Red Cross Mission of their own country, which had set them up in clothes and food for the rest of the journey. They were going to halt at Dadab, where Harrington had provided another supply of water and forage for them and their beasts, and were in tearing spirits at the

idea of their speedy return to Europe after an enforced absence of just a year.

Once past Hensa and the Maritime Plain, the road took to rising and winding in and out of rocks, but the weather seemed to remain about the same, and to get, if anything, rather hotter. At the last-mentioned place, by the way, we had the first trouble with our followers — the camel-drivers this time. They formed line in a most military way, front rank squatting, rear rank standing, all armed with spear and shield, and sent a deputation to complain that we were marching too fast, and they wouldn't stand it. Our only answer to this was that if they didn't behave themselves, they wouldn't get any *bakshish*. This produced considerable effect, and the martial body broke up, grumbling. We judiciously started late next morning, on purpose to give their camels a little more rest, but the only thanks we got was a notification that they did not like starting in the morning heat, and would thank us to move off earlier.

The part of Somaliland through which the Zeila-Harrar road passes is very much like the country round Suakin and the desert parts of the Sudan. Sandy in parts, rocky in others, and bare almost throughout save for the everlasting mimosa trees, and here and there some scrubby grass, the country is desolate and uninteresting to the last degree. No villages enliven the route, and, except for the numerous travellers that one meets going to and fro between Abyssinia and the sea, the only human

beings seen are wandering Somalis pasturing their flocks or camels on the scrub and grass aforesaid, or watering them at the wells. To the uneducated eye there seems little nourishment for the camel in the dry thorns of the sunt tree (mimosa), or in the yellow and scanty patches from which the goats and sheep derive their sustenance; yet they seem to thrive on it, and all the animals looked active and healthy. The sheep even manage to cultivate fat from their diet, for they are of the black-headed, lop-eared, and fat-tailed variety; but the goats are thin, tough, and scraggy-looking. The camels were beautiful; we never saw a sore back or unhealthy-looking camel the whole time, and although they are not big, they can carry a very fair load. In view of intending purchasers, I may add that the price of a camel is only about four sovereigns, and that there are large quantities of them in the country.

Exceptions must be made here and there regarding the plainness of the country, for after camping, the day we left Hensa, at a horribly desolate spot called Las Maan, we passed through quite picturesque country on the following morning. We seemed to have surmounted the rocky high ground which had accompanied us since Hensa, for after passing a little village, Ellanguden by name, nestling among some genuine green trees,—for by no stretch of imagination can one call the usually dust-coloured sunt tree really green,—we dropped into a deep and thickly-wooded nullah called Daga Hardani. Birds were singing,

monkeys were climbing about the rocks, and the gentle little digdig—that tiny little antelope hardly bigger than a hare—were scooting from bush to bush. Water, too, was rippling along in its sandy bed, to a depth of quite two inches.

After traversing this nullah for a mile or so, we came to more open ground, barren hills on the left melting away into the distance, but the view to the right hemmed in by almost perpendicular cliffs, at the foot of which ran the little stream of Somadu.

We had been told that this stream was feverish, and, in truth, as we came up, it smelt marshy and unwholesome. So we encamped on a stony plateau a bit farther on, and assuaged our thirst with water that we had brought on from Las Maan, the Somalis and animals slaking theirs at some pools a little higher up.

During the afternoon the sun became, happily, clouded over, and a cool wind sprang up. It was evidently blowing up for rain, and before we turned in, a fine driving Scotch mist came down from the hills.

Just before dinner a volley was heard in the distance, and in marched six men bearing a ragged staff, and on it the Abyssinian pennons of red, yellow, and green. They announced that they had come from the governor of Gildessa to bear his greetings to the Mission, but as they had no letter, and followed up their request by a demand for something to eat, it looked very much as if they were impostors: im-

NEAR ARUWEINA.

pertinent ones, too, for they were carrying the Abyssinian colours on British territory. So they were given a meagre ration of meat and rice, and told to be off. They stuck to us next day, as they had no waterskins, but we heard no more of their official position after that.

We started in drizzling rain the next morning at half-past six, intending to camp at Aruweina, halfway to Biya Kaboba. But on arriving there at ten o'clock, the wells were found to be dry, and as the weather was delightfully cool, Mr. Rodd determined to push on the whole twenty-six miles to Biya Kaboba. Accordingly, after a drink all round of water from Biya Anot (the "milky water"), from which wells we had filled our barrels on the way, we proceeded through desolate bare hills, and arrived on the plain of Biya Kaboba by four o'clock.

CHAPTER III

BIYA KABOBA TO GILDESSA

Until we arrived at the Daga Hardani nullah, mentioned in the last chapter, we had hardly seen a living head of game, except here and there a distant gazelle or arial on the Maritime Plain. But now a change came over the scene, for the stream which runs from Aruweina through Somadu and Daga Hardani, and which loses itself in the gorges north-east of the last-named nullah, is thickly fringed with bushes of all sorts, and abounds in quaint and brilliant-coloured birds. Biya Kaboba, the "big water," three important wells in the bed of a stream just a hundred miles from Zeila, is also a happy hunting-ground for the ornithologist. We had started with every intention of making a complete collection of Somali and Abyssinian birds and smaller mammals, all of which were wanted by the Natural History authorities at home. We were going to bring back a zebra of peculiar shape and markings,[1] and present him to the Zoo, which had begged us to secure a specimen; and we also intended to take back cases of botanical and

[1] *Zebra Grevii.*

entomological treasures. But our proposals and intentions were of no avail. We shot a good many of the brilliant little birds, but nobody was good at skinning them ; besides which, there was never any time to do so. Speedy, indeed, once skinned an odd little yellow ground-squirrel, but hot sun and dead squirrel combined in such a manner that we all had to give his tent a wide berth for some days.

Botany and entomology fared rather better, for the specimens needed but little preparation. I think about fifty odds and ends of badly-dried flowers and plants eventually found their way home, and Cecil got together a select variety of repulsive-looking bugs and insects of different sorts, most of which dried up and shook to pieces on the journey ; but beyond these, and a really creditable collection of butterflies by Swayne, I regret to say that few articles illustrating the natural sciences of Abyssinia and Somaliland made their way to England. We ought to have had a tame scientific naturalist with us.

Besides the birds at Biya Kaboba, there were attractions of an even superior degree at this spot. On arriving there, on the afternoon of the sixth day, after our long march of twenty-six miles, we were met by civilisation in the shape of Captain Bracco of the Italian Red Cross Society, several tents, and numerous cases of wine, beer, mineral waters, and stores of all sorts. These were all for the benefit of the Italian prisoners, who were now coming down to the coast in batches of a hundred

or more at a time. Captain Bracco dined with us, and most kindly presented us with a few boxes of beer and Chianti, in recognition, as he said, of the kindness with which Harrington had treated his unfortunate compatriots on their arrival at Zeila. A batch of seven Italian officers and two hundred men arrived on the following day, and as we had halted here for a day to rest the camels, wash a few shirts, and generally tidy up the caravan, some of us went across to their camp to interview them in the evening. All looked sunburnt, lean, and extremely healthy, no doubt from the effect of their daily marches, and were very glad to meet other Europeans after their long captivity. They had much to tell us of their sufferings on the road from Adua to Addis Abbaba, for, in addition to being somewhat roughly treated by their captors, they had had hardly anything to eat, the Abyssinians being much in the same condition themselves. On arrival at Addis Abbaba, Menelik appears to have treated them very well, and billeted them out on his subjects, issuing orders at the same time that in case of a quarrel between an Italian and an Abyssinian, the latter would be always held in the wrong, and punished accordingly. This system put a stop to any persecutions at the hands of their unwilling hosts, but nevertheless they were very glad, as may well be imagined, to get out of the country after rather more than a year's sojourn therein. One officer—I regret I did not catch his

name, but think it was Carcalli, or something similar —was kind enough to write me out a list of the halting-places and water supply on our way up, together with information as to the roads and country: this subsequently proved most useful, as all the maps of the road, at all events beyond Harrar, were found to be ludicrously wrong.

Biya Kaboba is of importance in another way, for it is here that the Abyssinians have established their farthest outpost eastwards. The post consists of a fragile blockhouse built of loose stones and thatched with straw, the whole enclosed within a thorn fence, on top of a small conical hill overlooking the wells; it is garrisoned by seven men. Anxious for information, I went to pay them a visit, and was saluted by a volley fired from the "present arms" position. An expectant grin was visible on the faces of the seven,—who were a nondescript and ragged riff-raff of Somalis and Sudanese—no Abyssinians amongst them,—but I did not "tumble" to it at the time. Afterwards it came out that these poor devils, who received no pay, and only lived on passing caravans, had determined to give me a great reception on the chance of receiving considerable *bakshish*, and had wasted their powder and bullets accordingly.

From Biya Kaboba, the track lay through dense mimosa woods over perfectly level plains as far as Dabass. After we had got about half-way to the next camping-place, Gêl Dabbal, I, being on rear-

guard duty, noticed that the elderly wife of the head Somali camel-driver was lagging terribly behind. She only muttered, when I asked her through Ismaïl what was the matter, that she hadn't had anything to eat that day. So I gave her a handful of biscuit and some potted meat. The latter she rejected on the grounds that the animal, living in a Christian country, had not had its throat cut in the orthodox Mohamedan way, and to this I had no answer. But when, seeing that she was limping badly, and that her very ancient sandals were almost worn through by the stones on the road, I offered her a mount on Ismaïl's mule, she scowled at me and said certainly not. Then I dismounted Ismaïl, and pressed her to ride his animal: whereupon she sat down and rained a shrill torrent of words at me. Abuse I thought it was, but it turned out to be explanations for the benefit of a poor Christian who did not know the customs of the country. Her remarks were to the effect that she would be very much honoured in having me for a son-in-law, but unfortunately her daughter was already married, and of course in that case it was impossible that she could make use of anything belonging to me! Such apparently is the strange custom, and no amount of declaration on my part that I did *not* want her daughter in marriage would persuade her that she would be justified in riding my mule.

Gêl Dabbal is in the middle of a vast and monotonous plain, dotted with sunt trees (of course),

and offering good pasture for she-camels, according to its name. Here Mr. Rodd received a letter from Ras Makunnen, chief of the Harrar province, in answer to ours of some time before, asking him to get three hundred mules together for us, on which to pursue our travels. Ras Makunnen merely wrote, very politely, that he was doing his best, but we weren't to expect too much, as, what with murrain, missions, and prisoners, there were not many to be had. This was somewhat disappointing, as from a previous letter we had gathered that he would be responsible for transport between Harrar and Gildessa, the latter being the limit to which Somalis will bring their camels. Accordingly Swayne was sent off that night, accompanied by Aden Yusuf[1] and a sowar, to try and arrange with the governor of Gildessa for mules, or donkeys, or camels, or something to take us on to Harrar.

Next day saw us at Dabass, where we were treated, in the afternoon, to a war-dance by the Somalis of the White Esa tribe. This consisted in thirty or forty of them advancing in line by rushes, stamping and clashing their spears and shields, and keeping up a quaint chant all the time. Then three or four chief men danced about in front and went through a pantomimic performance, pursuing and pretending to knock down one of their number, who was playing at enemy, and

[1] Head Somali tent-man, and master of Hindustani and a very little English—a capital man.

then going through cut-throat gestures over the body of their victim. The first performance was interesting, the second less so, as it was exactly the same as the first; by the time the tenth representation arrived, it was becoming distinctly monotonous. The players were getting very warm, but still it went on, with different performers in the leading parts, but otherwise no change. At last we signified our good pleasure that we could stand it no longer, and the Somalis trooped into camp, bathed in dust and perspiration, but immensely pleased with themselves, and all talking at the tops of their voices. They were soothed with a present of some sheep and tobacco, and with money and tobes for their headmen. Hardly had they disappeared when another line formed up, this time of Black Esa Somalis, and the chant began again. We fled in haste.

Next day we made a long march of twenty-four miles over stony country to Garasle, a pretty little river, three inches deep, running between high banks, and a three hours' march on the following morning brought us to Gildessa. Here we were received in great state by the governor, one Aito Merzha, who, to impress on us that we were now on Abyssinian territory, had turned out a guard of about a dozen men, all armed with rifles and carrying the Abyssinian flag. The latter, I fear, did not impress us much, as it only consisted of triangular yellow, red, and green pennons nailed on a thin and crooked stick; but the guard of honour was very beautiful. One man

RECEPTION AT GILDESSA.

wore an ancient scarlet tunic, which at one time must have adorned a corporal of the Lancashire Fusiliers;[1] another wore a fez and no trousers to speak of, whilst his neighbour sported Egyptian cavalry overalls *et præterea nihil.* Others wore turbans of Indian flowered stuff, but the larger portion were arrayed in (once) white shirts and nothing else. Aito Merzha, a square-built, sensible-looking man, was clothed in a black silk shirt, white tobe, bare legs, and a grey felt Terai hat, and, to enhance his dignity, stood on the top of an anthill. Three volleys of ball fired into the air greeted us as Mr. Rodd and his escort of the Aden Troop rode up, and the latter returned the compliment with blank ammunition. Then, after we had dismounted and shaken hands all round, and Speedy had made some pretty little speeches in Amharic, the governor preceded us to our camping-place, half a mile west of the town, and bade us welcome again.

We lost no time in asking for our promised transport, for Swayne had rejoined us the evening before, saying that Merzha would help us to the best of his ability. This the latter confirmed, and said that if we would have patience, he would try and get us enough donkeys to take us on on the morrow. This did not sound quite definite enough, so we spent the afternoon in paying the governor return visits in relays of two, pointedly hinting that we were

[1] This gentleman does not figure in the picture.

in a great hurry to get to Harrar, and casually asking how many donkeys there might be in the town.

Gildessa—or rather, in accordance with the local pronunciation, Dyildêssa—is a town, or large village, of mud and straw huts situated in a scoop out of the side of a hill. The huts are of the usual Abyssinian shape: the walls are of mud, plastered on to a framework of upright sticks, and about 5 ft. high, whilst the roofs are conical, of thick and excellent straw-thatch. It is of importance, as being at the foot of the Abyssinian plateau, on the road from Zeila, and hitherto the frontier town of Abyssinia in this direction. It therefore boasts a custom-house and a modest governor's residence. The governor himself, except on special occasions like the present, prefers residing at Harrar—and small blame to him, for the town is not attractive. Nay, more, it is supposed to be unhealthy, and the Gildessa river, which runs close by (except when it is dry) has the reputation of being feverish. In itself I do not see how this can be, for the stream comes straight off the hills; but there may be some foundation for it in the fact that all the refuse and dirt of the town is thrown into the river. In any case, we avoided its banks, and camped under some big thorn trees at a spot called Yavala, half a mile away, and close to a beautiful and plenteous spring, which bubbled up out of the greenest of turf a few hundred yards from our tents.

The chief attractions of the place are birds and insects. The former included at the time of our stay several varieties new to us, and of all sorts of colours, the prettiest being a sort of orange swallow with a red head. Of the insects, a large selection visited our dinner-table during the evening, and immolated themselves in the various candles. Cecil was highly pleased at discovering some new forms of *Lepidoptera* (I speak ignorantly), and till far in the night we pursued and caught specimens of flower-beetles and long-nosed atrocities to add to his collection.

CHAPTER IV

GILDESSA TO HARRAR

We went to bed in peace, having made up our minds that we should spend the following day or two in the same camp waiting for transport. But, much to our surprise and delight, by 7 a.m. next morning—the 31st of March—the wood was alive with brayings and squeals, and, true to the governor's word, three hundred donkeys and eighteen camels made their appearance at the camp, arriving from all directions. This was an unexpected joy, and without delay we loaded up stores and things on our new animals, leaving a certain amount here to pick up on our return journey. The donkeys were rather trying at first, for they would not stand still when loaded, but wandered off in loving couples into the woods in search of food and distraction. However, at last, with the help of a huge expenditure in rope, they were all loaded up and moved off in straggling troops up the valley, being kept in some semblance of order by their R'hotta drivers. These fellows seem a sort of cross between the Somali and the Galla, speaking a strange language of their own, and doing all the

transport between Dyildêssa and Harrar. They are tall and bronze-skinned, rather good-looking on the whole, and with their hair frizzed out all round like a mop. One of their women whom we passed on the road was the most beautiful dark-skinned lady I have ever seen—like a vision of what Zenobia ought to have been, with very clear-cut and classical features and magnificent black eyes.

As we wound up the river bed, the scenery began to change, the vegetation became more varied and greener, troops of lion-monkeys—grey baboons with shaggy yellow manes—were seen clambering about the rocks, the woods were alive with the songs of birds, and we began at last to realise that our weary sojourn in the Somali desert-plains had come to an end. Steeper and steeper grew the path, and more and more loads kept sliding off the donkeys—I speak feelingly, for I was on rearguard, and had to superintend the reloading. At last, by midday, we emerged into the pretty Sharsharbeh valley, and felt that life was worth living. As far as eye could reach was a tangle of green-wooded hills and valleys, with here and there a clear mountain stream and a breath of air that told of cooler regions above. Most of the way the track led up the upper reaches of the stream which forms the Dyildêssa river below, and the miles of paddling in the cool water was a refreshing change after the grilling in the Somali plains. The woods, too, changed completely: instead of the everlasting mimosa, we passed under

wild fig, gemeza, and olive trees, and between hedges of aloe and that odd-looking poisonous cactus, the *Euphorbia candelabra*, with here and there bushes of the sweetest-smelling wild rose. By five o'clock the rearguard toiled into the camp already pitched at Balawa—a lovely spot amid almost Alpine scenery—and dumped down its loads with a sigh of relief.

Our good friend Aito Merzha followed us up here, and shortly after his arrival, the chief of the few stone huts dignified by the name of the village of Balawa came to pay his respects and to bring us a small offering of bread and bananas. The only thing that disturbed us in this beautiful camp was the fact that the mess-tent was pitched under a big gemeza-tree which was the home of several thousand bees, and that the latter were somewhat obtrusive at dinner. However, we did our best not to interfere with them, and forswore the usual réveillé next morning in deference to their susceptibilities.

By 7 a.m. the caravan was under way and winding up a steep, narrow, and somewhat stony track, which led up a thickly wooded little valley. It did not take long to reach the top of the pass at Eghu ; and here, somewhat to our surprise, we found a white-robed crowd of Abyssinians, who received us with a volley of salute from their rifles and loud tootles from their horns. A venerable and gaily-dressed old gentleman then rode forward and introduced himself as the Kanyasmach (General of the right wing), who had been sent with an escort by

Ras Makunnen to do us honour. After compliments had been exchanged, we rode ahead with the escort, the remainder of the baggage caravan following close behind.

In truth it was a strange and unwonted sight. First of all marched four hornists, horning upon their one-note horns, and playing a melancholy little tune of four notes. Then came, with Mr. Rodd on his right hand, the Kanyasmach, magnificent in a violet velvet hat, a purple silk shirt, a crimson cloak, a pair of short white trousers, and bare legs, and carrying two spears as the sign of his rank, whilst his silver-mounted shield hung from his saddle-bow. Then numerous young bloods, all gorgeously dressed in cloaks and shirts of every hue, and their heads encircled either with a brilliant silk handkerchief or a lion's-mane aureole, carrying rifle, sword, and shield, and mounted on horses with their best trappings on. Then ourselves, in dingy khaki travelling-kit, on a variety of mounts,—camel, mule, or horse,—with the Indian escort close behind ; and all around us a running, chattering crowd of about four hundred white-shirted Abyssinians, all carrying rifles over their shoulders with muzzles pointing in every direction except to the sky, and some decked out in coloured cloaks, or skins of sheep, leopard, or lion.

Thus we proceeded, and as we topped Eghu pass and descended the slight slope into the region beyond, it seemed as though we had suddenly been

dropped into another country. Not a sign of the steep pine-wooded hills and valleys we had just left—nothing but rolling grass prairie land, with here and there a clump of wood or a scattered village, from which the inhabitants turned out to stare at us curiously. The effect of the sudden change was most odd, and it required a deliberate effort of mind to realise that within half a mile of us, and below, lay these rugged hills and steeps that we had just been climbing.

As we came into the grass land, several of the horsemen dashed forward and began showing off their horsemanship by throwing bamboos and long reeds at each other, dodging, and galloping, and pursuing, and pulling up suddenly. These sports seemed to afford them an immense amount of enjoyment, though I fear that with the horses the game was not quite so popular, as they were ridden with murderously sharp bits. After ten minutes of this, one horse came down on his head and the rider sprained his ankle; so no more of the fun was indulged in, and we pursued our way decorously to the monotonous sound of the one-note horns.

The Kanyasmach had brought us word that if we would kindly camp at a place called Naga Hadilal (or Daga Delali, or Lagadalali, pronounced according to the taste of the speaker), a spot about ten miles from Harrar, Ras Makunnen would receive us in pomp on the following day. Accordingly, we pitched camp at the required spot, a slight rise in the grassy

level overlooking a marsh, with a clear stream half a mile off, and found a plenteous offering of bread and sheep and tej, sent out by Makunnen. For the benefit of those who do not know *tej*, I must explain that it is the drink of the upper classes of the country; it is made by fermenting honey and hops and water together, and this process produces a strange-tasting drink rather like a bitter cider, and intoxicating, distinctly. The brands of tej differ according to the locality: Ras Makunnen's best tastes like sweet, strong old Madeira, and Menelik's like still hock, whilst the inferior kinds vary between bad sherry and sourish water with dead bees and lumps of wax and bark and earth floating in it. The lower classes drink *talla*, a sort of weak beer, made out of barley, which tastes just like what it is —inferior barley-water with beery reminiscences.

That night it was desperately cold, for damp mists arose from the marsh and chilled us and the warm-blooded Somalis to the bone. Up at five next morning, we struggled shiveringly into our uniforms, and assembled for breakfast shortly afterwards. We had none of us (except Cecil, who had brought his regulation riding-kit) taken into consideration the fact that we might have to ride some distance in uniform, and had consequently only brought out "levée dress." Several of us declined to commit our best gold-laced overalls and varnished Wellingtons to the tender mercies of a mule for three hours, and appeared therefore in the tasteful kit of scarlet

tunic, white polo-breeches, and long brown field-boots. This, although perhaps not strictly regulation, produced a brilliant effect, and the only gloom cast over the proceedings was the refusal of Bingham to wear his cuirass, he having determined to reserve this for the capital.

We left camp with the Abyssinian escort and ten of our Aden Troop, the latter resplendent in their blue and gold turbans and best clothing. After a ride of a couple of hours through pretty undulating country, watered by many streams and terraced with coffee-plantations, we came upon a small group of Abyssinians by the wayside, in the midst of whom stood Ras Makunnen. Mr. Rodd (who, by the way, was riding a magnificently-caparisoned mule, a present from the Ras) immediately dismounted, and we all followed his example. Then came the ceremony of presentation, and, shaking hands with each of us, Makunnen murmured a few polite words through his interpreter, and begged to take leave of us in order to receive us with due honour in his capital. He then cantered off, and we followed more slowly. During this short interview Ras Makunnen had produced on us a pleasing impression. He is a small dark man with delicate hands, large expressive eyes, a small black beard and moustache, and a most intelligent cast of countenance. His voice is very gentle, and his manners extremely dignified and quiet. What he said was little, but to the point, and he gave us then, and thereafter, the impression of a

RECEPTION BY MAKUNNEN.

man who wielded a good deal of power in a quiet way. His dress was also quiet, consisting of a black silk shirt with narrow orange stripes, a white tobe of fine linen, and a black silk cloak with a gold throat-fastening, whilst a broad-brimmed grey felt hat rather detracted than otherwise from his appearance.

From the spot where he had received us, Harrar was visible on the top of a low hill situated in a cup-shaped depression. The white buildings and minarets standing out against the dark-blue background of the hills made a very pretty picture, and the brilliant dark-green of the coffee trees and the brick-red of the sandstone combined to make an effective foreground for the view.

As we advanced towards the town, down a narrow path worn in the rock, a battery of small guns mounted in a little fort on the top of a hill on our right thundered out a salute, and lines of white figures below the fort responded by discharging their rifles into the air. The entrance uphill into the town was lined with soldiers on both sides, and as we passed through the main gate into the square, we looked over the heads of a seething and gaily-dressed crowd tumbling over each other to get a sight of the Mission. Then through more narrow streets lined with soldiery, till at last we drew rein and turned our mules up a couple of steps into the narrow courtyard of Makunnen's house. Here there was once more a guard of honour drawn up for us, dark warriors with rifle and silver shield, and dressed in cloaks and silks

of all colours of the rainbow. Up the wooden stairs and on the landing above were more of them, mostly coiffed with a strip of lion's mane to denote their valour, and then—we found ourselves in a little room, so dark after the sunlight without, that at first we hardly distinguished Ras Makunnen sitting by the window and pointing graciously to eight cane chairs arranged along the walls.

The interview did not last very long, and was chiefly confined to inquiries after our respective healths and question and answer about the journey. Then we retired to a room downstairs for cigarettes, and were informed that the Ras would put up some of us in his house, and had secured rooms for the rest in various houses in the town; he also expected that we would have our meals with him every day.

This was most kind and considerate of him, but it was scarcely possible for us to separate ourselves from our camp and baggage, and engage ourselves to an indefinite sojourn in the town. We therefore thanked him, and pointed out that our camp and caravan were so large that we could not establish ourselves in the town, and with his consent Swayne and I set off to select a place. We soon found out that there was a good site a mile out of Harrar, on the road to Addis Abbaba, and accordingly, as our caravan, in charge of Shahin, was just in sight approaching the town, we turned it off thither, and proceeded to pitch the camp. By this time we were a bit hungry, so we

returned to Makunnen's house, where we found the other six had already eaten up nearly all of a plenteous meal provided by the Ras. The latter did not make his appearance at luncheon, as, it being Lent, and he a strict devotee, he fasted during the day. The *cuisine* was European, and cooked by the wife of Makunnen's major-domo, an Armenian, who did the work of butler. Tej, raki, and a dark red wine that we did not recognise, washed down the repast, which was good and plentiful. After luncheon we had another short interview with our host, and broached the subject of mules for our further journey, but for the present the Ras turned the subject gracefully, and we soon afterwards took our leave.

CHAPTER V

HARRAR

The site we had selected for our camp was a broad, hard grass terrace overlooking the valley, surrounded by coffee-plantations, and rising at the back to a sandstone plateau on which many villages were built. All day long the road past the camp was alive with villagers bringing their goods to market from the fertile district which lies all around. The town itself of Harrar was just out of sight behind a rise, only the minarets of the old mosques being visible, but the view extended for miles and miles over the near green hills to the chains of blue mountains which filled up the background. On our right was the Jebel Hakem overlooking the town, with a little white cluster of tents, representing the Italian Red Cross Mission, on the site of the late Italian Consul's (Signor Pietro Felter) gardens; whilst far away on left, towards the east, was the lofty table-mountain of Kondura, or Kondudo, where Ras Makunnen has his summer residence.

The afternoon was devoted to settling down, arranging what things were to be left here on our

journey up-country, and to entertaining one or two Italian officers of the Red Cross, including their chief, Captain de' Martino, who were kind enough to bring us another case or two of wine and beer.

Next morning at 9 a.m. Ras Makunnen paid an official visit to the mission, and was received with thirteen volleys fired by the Aden Troop. The Ras was accompanied by a large retinue, and was received

FROM OUR CAMP AT HARRAR.

in the mess tent, which had been decorated with flags, flowers, bunting, and carpets for the occasion. The visit did not last long. Mr. Rodd handed him a letter and photograph of the Coptic Patriarch,—which he received with much reverence,—and we showed him various photographs of elephants and tigers in India, he being a mighty hunter; then, after a little

more formal conversation, we drank the health of each other's Sovereigns in champagne, and the ceremony was over.

An hour afterwards we returned the visit, bringing with us the Queen's presents. These consisted of two great brass braziers, a sword of honour, an 8-bore rifle with three hundred rounds, and some silks and embroideries, besides a gold-plated Martini rifle and a Colt's repeater for his two principal officers. Makunnen expressed little emotion at the receipt of these gifts, but bowed gravely and spoke a word or two of thanks when all was over. Then we had luncheon again at his table and returned to camp.

In the afternoon some of us went to visit Monseigneur Thaurin, head of the Roman Catholic Mission to Abyssinia, and found him a charming old gentleman in a brown cowl and long white beard. He gave us an interesting account of his life in the country, for he had been in Abyssinia for twenty-seven years. He had formerly been in Shoa, but was expelled by King John; he had then returned to Harrar when it was under Egyptian rule, and had left when it was evacuated in 1884, in accordance with the advice of the British Government. He had subsequently returned to the country under Menelik's rule, but had had little success in his work, for, although he is assisted by an excellent and competent staff of missionaries, the Abyssinian authorities look askance on the proselytising efforts of the Mission, and endeavour, successfully, to strangle it. The

Mission does, however, a certain amount of successful work in educating Abyssinian youths in useful pursuits. We noticed several French lay brothers in the Bishop's house, and found to our surprise that they are in charge of the post office, and that the telegraph wire now being laid between Harrar and the capital starts from the Bishop's courtyard.

In the evening Swayne and I went, by appointment, to interview the Ras again about our mules. It had been presumed that, in accordance with the King's orders and our numerous letters to him on the subject, Makunnen would have had ready a sufficiency of mules to take us up to Addis Abbaba. We had asked for three hundred, the original and liberal estimate, but to our dismay Makunnen now told us that, although he would lend us forty-eight out of his own stable, he did not think we should get many more in the town, as there were hardly any left. This meant that no preparations whatever had been made, and so it turned out. We were, however, determined to get the mules, and obtained from him a promise that he would send out and collect as many as he could. Then there was a long confabulation between us three and one Aito Wandu, his chamberlain, as to whether we ought to hire or buy outright. Wandu was for hiring, but as the price of the hire for the single journey amounted to two-thirds of the cost of the mule, we declined these exorbitant terms, and said we would buy. So Makunnen gave orders, in our presence, to Wandu to collect all the mules he

could and send them to our camp. "Of course," he said, "to-morrow is Sunday, and therefore nothing can be done then, but, as it takes some time to collect them, you shall have them all by Monday evening or Tuesday morning at the very latest. Do not trouble yourselves. I will get you two hundred mules, ropes, packsaddles, muleteers, and everything. Leave it in my hands, for it is the least I can do to help my good friends the English Mission." This relieved our poor innocent minds, and we departed with grateful thanks for all the trouble he was going to take.

As the following day was Sunday, some of us attended church at 8 a.m. The churches in Abyssinia are all similar, so one description will suffice. They are circular buildings of stones or mud, well thatched with straw, the conical roof terminating in a wooden top generally painted red, and surmounted by an iron, brass, or wooden cross. There are generally two, or sometimes three, walls surrounding the church concentrically, and in the enclosures thus formed the people congregate, those of a certain rank being inside the church or the first enclosure, the next in importance being in the next enclosure, and so on, until the outside one contains the lowest of the populace. The priests officiate inside a square panelled room, which reaches nearly up to the roof and takes up almost the whole of the interior of the church. This screen is lavishly painted with sacred subjects and scraps of history from the lives of the saints in, as a rule, most crude and gaudy colours, early Byzantine

in style but not in date, and in each of the four sides is a door covered by a curtain. Chanting is heard from the interior, and every now and then a priest appears at one of the doors and rapidly repeats a long prayer. Occasionally a procession is formed of priests and acolytes, dressed in quaint embroidered vestments, and wearing silver or gilt crowns somewhat like the papal tiara. These move slowly about the congregation, swinging incense, and chanting to the sound of drums and a sort of two-stringed instrument. And then the chief priest or bishop carries round a silver cross which he presents to each member to be kissed. The space between the panels and the walls of the church is generally so crowded that it is impossible to obtain a clear idea of the service. On this occasion we were provided with chairs on the left of the Ras; but as a rule everyone stands or presses about in the throng, paying apparently little attention to the service which is going on.

On our return to camp we received visits from Monseigneur Thaurin, a Dr. Mocetti, Government agent for the release of the Italian prisoners, a M. Guigniony, principal French merchant, and Colonel Maximoff, a Russian officer who had been up with the Russian Red Cross to Addis Abbaba, and was almost the last member of his party, the remainder having returned to Europe some time before. We also paid a return visit to the Italian Red Cross camp, from whence there was a beautiful view of Kondura, with Harrar in the immediate

foreground. On the way back we found ourselves very late for dinner, for a stroll through pathless coffee-plantations over unknown ground in the dark is not conducive to rapid walking, especially as, in addition to the numerous pitfalls, our kind friends the Italians had insisted on our taking back with us a variety of chocolate bonbons and large cakes and tins of macaroni.

As we apparently had nothing to do next day but to wait for the mules, Cecil and Pinching went down town to buy stuffs and samples, and study prices and customs duties and things, with a view to facilitating Mr. Rodd's commercial report on Harrar. As this has already appeared in print, I will not inflict it again on my readers, but would only call their attention to the fact that the chief desideratum in Abyssinia at this moment, from a commercial point of view, is hats. Pot hats and Italian organ-grinder hats would find a ready sale at any time, but the desire of the Ethiopian "masher" is to possess a comfortable and shady-brimmed soft felt hat. The present fashion, set, no doubt, by Europeans, is in the direction of grey Terai hats; but, from the avidity which all natives displayed to possess themselves at any price of our weather-worn and doubtfully-coloured headgear, I should say that the colour was not so much an object as the actual article. There is no reason, as the demand is universal, why they should not learn to make hats themselves,—indeed, a few straw hats, of very odd

shape and with plenty of ventilation, were seen further up country,—but they seem to prefer those of European make. I therefore present this opportunity for making his fortune, free, gratis, and for nothing, to the first enterprising hatter who does me the honour of reading these pages.

As the rest of us had various purchases to make

MARKET-PLACE AND GATE, HARRAR.

in the town before starting, we visited the bazaar and other places of interest, the latter being conspicuous by their paucity. Perhaps the most curious spot was the square, or market-place, for in one of the walls surrounding it was a large gateway surmounted by two wooden lions of extraordinary shape, and with several elephant tails nailed to the

lintels. Ras Makunnen's new house, which was being built for him by Indian masons, was striking, for at each corner of the square roof were wooden figures, larger than life, representing soldiers, and evidently English soldiers, for, although the helmet was replaced by a broad-brimmed hat, they carried rifles over their shoulders, and their tunics were painted red. The bazaar was mostly inhabited by Indians, of whom there seemed to be a large number in the town, and of whom the chief bankers and merchants are British subjects, and rejoice in the names of Benin and Taïb Ali. There are also a good many Greeks and Armenians, who seem to have the power of flourishing in strange places. The natives are a mixture of Galla and R'hotta, and call themselves simply Harrari; there are few genuine Abyssinians in the place, except those in authority.

The town itself is a conglomeration of narrow and intricate streets leading between houses built of loose stone or rubble and thatched with horizontal cross-pieces covered with matting or straw. The whole lies on the steep slope of the hill, and is surrounded by high walls. Of gates there are five, each presided over by a guard of Abyssinians, who open them at sunrise and close them at 6 p.m. Such is the strictness exercised that Europeans are not allowed to leave the town, even in broad daylight, without a permit from the Ras. These restrictions did not, however, apply to us, and we wandered about at our own sweet will, much to the astonishment of

the natives, who, we were informed, contrasted our open behaviour with the mysterious movements of previous Missions.

Altogether, one may say that Harrar looks like a large Arab town of Egypt or North Africa, which is only natural; for the Egyptians were in possession of it for many years, from 1874 to 1884. In that year, as above remarked, they evacuated it in deference to British advice, and set up the Emir Abdullahi in their stead. This unfortunate sovereign did not enjoy a long reign, for Menelik, then king of Shoa, sent an expedition under Waldo Gabriel against him in 1886. The Harraris routed it with slaughter, but on Menelik taking the field in person, at the end of the same year, they were very severely defeated, with a loss, it is said, of eleven thousand men, at Tyalanko. Menelik then entered Harrar, made Abdullahi prisoner, and handed the government over to his nephew, Ras Makunnen, in January 1887.

M. Lagarde's Mission had left Harrar for Addis Abbaba nearly two months before our arrival, and the expedition of Prince Henri d'Orléans and that of M. Bonvalot had also preceded us by a few weeks. But two gentlemen, who had come out with Prince Henri with sporting intentions, were still at Harrar, waiting for some stores and ammunition. These were the Prince de Lucinge and his friend the Comte Le Gonidec, and they intended shooting their way slowly up to Addis Abbaba.

Although we expected to leave before them, we were disappointed, for their ammunition arrived in time, and they preceded us by two days; however, we soon caught them up and passed them.

Evidently it had been noised about that we were anxious to buy mules, for by the Monday evening no fewer than twenty (out of two hundred required) arrived, and we bought fourteen of the best of them.

Next morning crowds of mules and their owners appeared on the road, and we made preparations for a day of mule-coping. But, to our disgust, the two Abyssinians, called policemen by courtesy, who had been sent to keep intruders out of our camp, went for the crowd and drove them away, alleging that the Ras had given orders that no mules were to be sold to us without his permission, and the permission had not come! This was trying to the temper; but we had to possess our souls in patience, and went to breakfast. Soon afterwards, Aito Wandu turned up with a notebook, accompanied by one Kedanu, a merchant of Shoa, who had been to Cairo, and had there made friends with Wingate. Most useful did he prove, for although when in Cairo he pretended to know no language but his own, it now appeared that he was a fluent speaker of Arabic, and a thoroughly practical traveller besides. So we divided ourselves off, and the business began. Bingham did the judging of animals, assisted by Pinching; and the latter, having mastered the

Amharic numerals and a few choice words besides, did the bargaining. It was really quite touching to see him standing with his arm twined lovingly round a mule's neck, persuasively murmuring "Selassa! selassa!" (thirty) in answer to the owner's stern demand of "Arva" (forty). If the latter would not give way, the mule was quickly hustled out of the ring by Stefan, the villain-interpreter, who showed himself an adept at this particular game. This always brought the owner to his senses, and he quickly came to terms. The mule was then handed over, and tied up by Swayne and the sowars, whilst the owner had his name and mule entered in a book and received a numbered chit of paper from me with the price marked; this was cashed by Shahîn Effendi, who ladled out the dollars under Wingate's directions. Meanwhile, Cecil was engaged in the arduous task of buying malodorous packsaddles, riems (long strips of hide for lashing on the packs, locally termed *machanyas*), and rope. We were thus all kept busily employed, for Speedy too was in much request for advice and interpreting, and the buying went like clockwork. By three o'clock sixty-two mules had been bought, but only about thirty saddles and machanyas. And then the flow of mules suddenly stopped.

We dined again with Ras Makunnen, and the latter was most amiable,—promising all sorts of mules, saddles, and muleteers by the first thing next morning, and telling us not to trouble, he would do it all.

However, next—Wednesday—morning, we only

succeeded in buying another fifty, whilst saddles were again deficient in numbers. The Ras assisted to a certain extent by sending the forty-eight promised mules, forty with pack- and eight with riding-saddles, and these were loaded and sent off under Speedy and Swayne to the first camping-place, eight miles off. But when Wednesday night fell (though we had been led to anticipate that everything would be complete by *Tuesday* morning), we were short by about thirty mules, seventy saddles, and one hundred and twenty men. Desperate messages were sent out in all directions, and Aito Wandu was worked nearly off his legs; but we had said we should start on Thursday, and we were determined to stick to our word.

Thursday broke, and we were up betimes. Crowds of men drifted into camp, and said they had come as muleteers,—been sent by the Ras,—and our spirits rose. We engaged about fifty of them privately, and took down the names of about forty more of the Ras' irregular soldiery, who were to serve as muleteers, and then bought at ruinous prices—two to two and a half dollars apiece—battered and trashy fabrications of sheepskin and wood called by courtesy packsaddles. We had already had difficulties the day before over the proportion of men to mules: Makunnen had said that two men to three mules were quite enough, but the men of yesterday had refused to budge until they were allowed the proportion of one man per mule, in total disregard of the Ras' orders; so

RETURNING FROM DINNER WITH RAS MAKUNNEN.

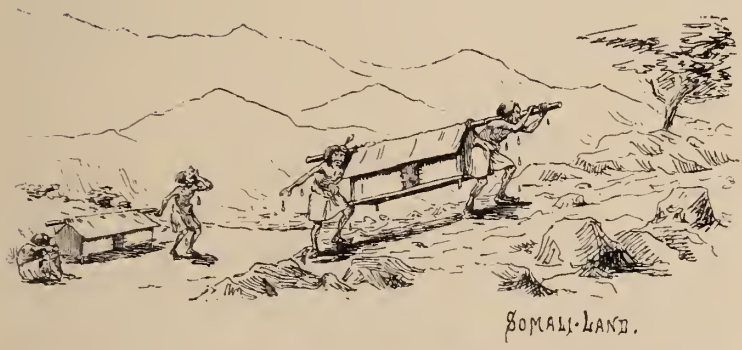
we had been obliged, much against our will, to give in to them. And now the same difficulty arose again when we began to load up. To make matters worse, more than half of the ninety engaged men disappeared directly their names had been taken down, and on our inquiring where they had gone, we were told by Ambashyé (a "captain" sent by the Ras to superintend the men and take charge of all arrangements) that they had probably gone back to the town to make their final preparations; they might come back in the afternoon, or they might not appear until to-morrow morning! By this time the camp was a noisy pandemonium of kicking and bucking mules, loads flying in all directions, and people shouting and cursing in half a dozen languages, British, Arabic, Somali, Amharic, Galla, and Hindustani. Many of the mules refused to be saddled at all, but at last, with immense difficulty, we got about fifty loads up, including the tents, and, in accordance with my orders, I started off with them for the first camping-place. Luckily I had got nearly my full proportion of men, so my difficulties were not extreme. The story of what happened in the camp after my departure had best be given in the words of Mr. Rodd's diary.

"*Thursday, 8th April.*—I think we shall all of us put down to-day as about the worst in our life! We began as early as possible loading up and striking tents. The mules were most of them as wild as hawks—moreover, we could not be certain till

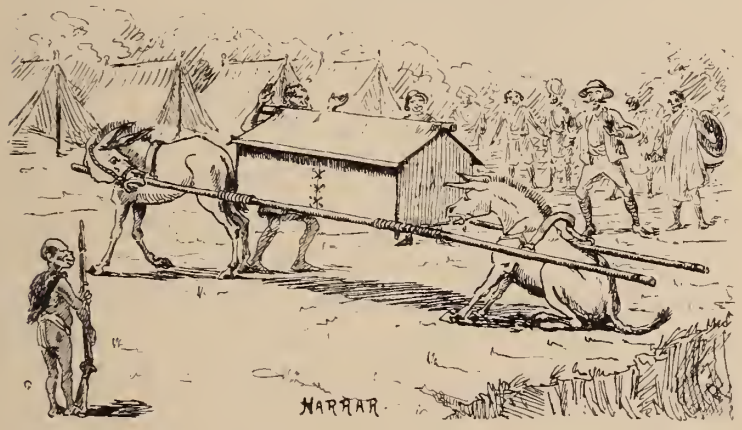
we began to pack whether we really had enough. When a certain number of loads were ready, the same thing happened as yesterday. The Abyssinian soldiers took no notice of the orders given, and went off one man with one mule. We were able to engage a few more mule-drivers, but not nearly enough. Some of the mules were regular brutes. There were wild scenes of confusion, loads kicked off, mules scampering, every one shouting,—we silently cursing,—and it soon became obvious that, in the present condition of our mules, one man could not manage more than one animal. Gleichen got off about 10.30 with a large convoy. There were still all the Indian kit, the native rations, and the water transport to dispose of, and the dhoolies which Pinching, with the aid of Indian carpenters, has been busy converting into mule dhoolies. Then we discovered mules were short as well as men—all the brutes had been left to the last, and some of them were absolutely unmanageable. The Indians improvised an ear-twist, and under its persuasive influence loads were got on somehow, to be kicked to glory as soon as the ear was released. We bought another dozen mules—engaged hurriedly seven or eight more mule men, five of whom bolted as soon as the loading began, and at last everything was somehow got on the top of some animal.

"It was two o'clock by now. Then the great attempt was made to get animals into the dhooly

shafts. With enormous difficulty this was accomplished with one. There were only an old horse



and a broken-down mule left for the other, and Pinching reluctantly agreed to leave it behind.



Then the moment came. The mules were looking ominously at the strange machine they were

attached to; suddenly the whole thing whirled round; the air was alive with flying heels, scattering the natives, and the dhooly was seen describing a sort of Catherine wheel as it shot down the steep bank with the mules anyhow on top of one another, and everything gone to blazes. The water-melons, cucumbers, etc., sent at the last moment by the Ras, had been put in the dhooly,

and the air was full of vegetables. Pinching reluctantly then agreed to leave behind what was left of No. 2, and we must take our chance if we get ill. The natives cannot carry here — we can't get porters, and the most laudable attempt to make a mule dhooly has not been a success. Now, in consequence, we have four spare animals.

"It was now past two, and we had about six or

seven men to drive thirty mules, with the Aden Troop waiting to close the rear. They sent off to tell the Ras we were ready. He had insisted on escorting us on our way. Meanwhile the attempt was made to get off the mules that had no drivers. We saw them all making for the open country instead of taking the road—some with, some without their loads, headed off by our friend the merchant, who has been working like a slave in our cause the last five days — first on the purchase, then in the search for drivers, and all to-day at the loading. But for him, three or four would have got off altogether. We sat for an hour waiting for the Ras, but he did not come; and at last I got impatient, and said I should go into the town and take leave of him. It was past three, we had been eight hours working in the sun with very inefficient help, we had three or four hours' march before us, and I could wait no longer. They all begged us not to go, but to wait, but I was firm. The military secretary, or whoever he was, who had presided over our camp, raced off on his mule to the Ras; then Ambashyé, the chief officer of our escort, ran to me and Wingate and begged us to have patience; but my stock in trade was temporarily exhausted, and we rode on.

"Near the gate of the town we met the Ras with his following, and told him that I was on my way to take leave of him—also explained the difficulties we had had to encounter and the way

his orders were ignored by the soldiers. He said he was bringing us fourteen more. We rode on a few hundred yards farther, found our loads all over the place, mules driverless—all anywhere. The officers were reporting disaster everywhere. I then told the Ras I must remain till I had seen everything on its way, and dismounted, though he repeated that he would see to everything, and that all would be sent on. He then asked if he should go back, and I said I thought that I must remain—so we parted with the utmost courtesy.

"While we were picking up the pieces, a stirrup-cup of tej arrived from the Ras, with an assurance that he was sending so many men and officers, we might with confidence go on, and all would come into camp. It was now past five, so we accepted this engagement and trotted or cantered ahead through beautiful country. At last a lake appeared in the hills, and suddenly the white tents of our camp were seen on a grassy slope, and we came in, having done the four hours' march in one hour and three-quarters. My bed and holdall, which had started at eleven, were missing—they had gone across country and all round the province — but they turned up about 8 p.m. with all the rest of the loads. Swayne and Speedy had gone on. A lovely camp—so glad we have got away from Harrar—but dog-tired after a most trying day."

CHAPTER VI

HARRAR TO BURKA

The country on leaving Harrar was excessively pretty. The track, bounded by hedges of euphorbia and wild rose and jasmine, led over hill and dale, and in about three hours my convoy had arrived at a slope overlooking the lake of Haramaya. Here I pitched camp, near a small village and a little stream, and then went to make arrangements about water. On my return I was met with the pleasing intelligence, imparted by Ismaïlu with a broad grin and a merry laugh, as usual, that my mule had bolted, and had last been seen travelling due north. This animal had been lent me by Ras Makunnen, who had heard that I had hitherto been riding a camel, a mount hardly suitable for Abyssinian mountains—as indeed I already knew; so, as he had already shown temper on the road, I was not surprised at the news, and sent out two or three syces to hunt for him, myself proceeding northwards. I had not gone far when I heard yowlings of distress from two native women and a small boy, and came up to them to find that half a dozen of our muleteers

were raiding their corn and grass stacks, and had already dragged away most of them. A few righteous words of indignation (in English) and a threatened display of violence soon turned our marauders off, and a few two-anna pieces consoled the women for their loss; but, whilst they hung on to my knees and wept over them, much to my inconvenience, it occurred to me that there was some reason in the muleteers' excuse, that if they got no forage their mules would starve. The country here was a series of ploughed fields without a blade of grass, and though supplies of forage had been promised, up to the present time they had not turned up: hence the raiding. The only thing to do was to buy dried grass from the village, and in recompense for my unparalleled sense of justice, I found in my tent next morning a thankoffering from the poor villagers, consisting of three bad eggs and a consumptive hen.

This was not the only place where such scenes occurred. We found, on proceeding up country, that our followers were in the habit of taking from the villages whatever they wanted, without going through the farce of payment, and although we did our best to eradicate this tendency, the muleteers were apt to be aggrieved at our interfering with their time-honoured custom, and continued their depredations when we were not looking.

On loading up next morning, we were grieved to find that fifteen mules were missing, and that

that number of loads lay on the ground. Some of the mules had obviously wrenched up their picketing pegs and escaped in the dark, eluding the observation of the sentries, and others must either have been stolen or disappeared in some other way, the muleteers in whose charge they were professing total ignorance of the matter. A letter was therefore addressed to Ras Makunnen on the subject, and a number of donkeys were hired from the neighbouring village to bring on the loads, whilst we managed to buy a couple more mules. This was a disastrous start, for we not only were short by thirteen of the number of load-carriers, but we had not a single spare mule to replace those that we knew would get sore backs or break down during the journey.

Soon after starting, we passed the camp, and made the acquaintance, of the Prince de Lucinge, who had kindly sent us some wildfowl the night before, and also retrieved two or three of our lost animals, mine amongst the number. The lake of Haramaya was simply swarming with waterfowl, mostly coots, and all very tame, and shooting half a dozen duck and geese and an odd bittern-like bird took but a few minutes. The natives refuse to eat or even cook the duck, or indeed any other water bird, and say that they are nasty and unwholesome; but we found them excellent.

An easy three hours' ride brought us to Garsa, a broad triangular meadow between the hills, and here we found Swayne and Speedy encamped on a

grassy slope. The country all around was thickly populated, and very fertile, great fields of barley and dhurra extending in every direction. The agricultural implements used by the inhabitants were of the most primitive sort, the hoe and mattock being merely bent pieces of wood, and the plough but little better. The climate is perfect, and there is plenty of water, so that with a little well-directed enterprise, these districts might almost be turned into the granary of North-East Africa. Under the present *régime*, the people—all Gallas or Harraris—are ground down by heavy taxes, and find little inducement to improve on their primitive methods of cultivation. Almost anything could be grown,—vines, oranges, melons, bananas, and cereals of every description; but unless existing conditions undergo a radical change, the native cultivator will confine his energies to the production of the bare necessaries of existence.

That night the thermometer went down to 46° Fahr., and my mule bolted again. In the morning we loaded up, and, by dint of piling extra weight on here and there, managed to leave no loads on the ground; but it was a makeshift in which we had no trust. Then, with immense exertions, we divided the caravan up into six sections, and appointed headmen to each section. This was not easy, for although we wanted each section to be distinct, and carry one particular form of load, *e.g.* tents, mess stores, Indian rations, or so on, the

muleteers hung together in groups, and would not be parted from each other. To add to our difficulties, we had five different languages to contend with amongst our followers—Amharic, Galla, Hindustani, Arabic, and Somali; and though our own immediate retainers worked with a will, it was some time ere we forced order into the crowd. Even then the mules and their drivers would walk about, mixing up the sections till it seemed that we should never get finished. It was not half so easy as the organisation of the simple Somali camels, and with the knowledge we already had acquired of their independence, we did not expect the Abyssinians to carry out their orders and remain in their sections. In this we were partly disappointed, for although they used to exchange loads, or only load up the lightest and shirk the awkward ones in a maddening way, and never dreamed of obeying an order given by any of us, they hung together well in their sections. This was probably due rather to a fear of not getting their share of the rations or pay served out, than to any feelings of loyalty. The result was as follows:—

Section	Headman	Pack Mules	Men
I.	Zarafu	22	17
II.	Badasu	46	41
III.	Dagallas	30	30
IV.	Gavraot	28	23
V.	Avarra	24	23
VI.	Ahmed	11	13
		Total, 161	147

The first three sections were manned by Ras Makunnen's irregulars, and the last section by the Mohamedan Harrari soldiers of one Haji Yusuf, whilst the fourth and fifth were composed of muleteers hired by the Mission, and therefore more directly under discipline and orders than the others. This done, Ambashyé and Aito Wandu begged us to unload again, saying that we could not possibly start until the missing mules got back from Harrar. But Mr. Rodd was firm, and off we went. Just before starting, we got an answer from Ras Makunnen, expressing sympathy with our losses, and advising us to have patience and trust in God; no doubt our mules would all soon be collected. This pious but hardly satisfactory answer to our letter convinced us that little could be gained by further delay. As we moved off, thirteen Italian released prisoners, mostly sick or wounded, passed us, delighted to be on their way home to civilisation. I should have mentioned that on the day we left Harrar, General Albertone and two hundred prisoners arrived there, but we did not meet them.

Winding up a narrow valley, and crossing the dry beds of what must be tearing torrents in the rainy season, we soon arrived in very pretty hilly country, parts of which were exactly like the wilder parts of the Surrey hills. English bushes, ferns, grasses, and wild flowers were growing in profusion, and if it had not been for the sun being immediately overhead, one

might have fancied oneself back on a summer's day in the woods between Guildford and Leatherhead. Farther on, we passed alongside the green bed of a quondam lake, and then mounted higher and higher, till the red pines and aromatic scents of larch, fir, and cedar proclaimed that we were entering on the southern regions of the high central Abyssinian

WORABILI.

plateau. The last two miles were through thick pine forests backed by rich red soil; and out of these we emerged on to an open grassy space surrounded by juniper and fir trees, and commanding a view of a pretty little wooded valley, plentifully watered by a streamlet which tumbled in rills from rock to rock. Such is Worabili, one of

the most charming spots on the road between Harrar and the capital.

Soon after settling down, the chief of the district, a jovial old gentleman, who appeared to have been indulging in tej, arrived to make his bow, and to introduce the supplies he was providing for us, by Makunnen's orders. We seated ourselves with due solemnity, and he paraded before us fifteen or twenty men and women carrying baskets of wafer-like bread and "gombos" (jars) of tej, and dragging after them various unhappy sheep and goats. This ceremonial took place every day as long as we were in Makunnen's province, and during this time we and our men were well supplied with food. It is the custom of the country, and an excellent custom too, for without it travellers would get exceedingly little to eat. The villagers generally decline to sell their food, except in small quantities, for, as stated above, they only raise enough for home consumption; if, therefore, it were not for the arrangement by which the district around the camping-place is bound to supply food, the traveller would either have to go without it or take it by force. No doubt in many cases this last alternative is resorted to, but as a rule the food is brought willingly, for the district secures a remission of taxation thereby.

It was at Worabili that Pinching's services were brought into requisition almost for the first time, for the benefit of an unfortunate native who had been shot in the thigh the year before at Adua. The

NATIVES BRINGING FOOD AT WORABILI.

operation was a great success, and several pieces of dead bone, which had been causing ulceration and severe pain for some time, were removed.

As the caravan was now organised and in fairly good working order, and as its personnel accompanied us all the way to Addis Abbaba and back again to Harrar, it may not be amiss here to note some of the various personages who composed it.

Ambashyé, the captain whom Ras Makunnen had appointed as headman and guide of the caravan, was a well-meaning officer, who had but little control over his men, and who when in difficulties generally took refuge in the tej-gombo. When given any orders, it was his habit to bow to the ground and say "Ishi"—a word which later on became hateful to us on account of the hopes which it raised and which it but seldom fulfilled, for it means "Very good, sir, your commands shall be obeyed." He was thick set and ugly, of a dark-brown complexion, and was generally dripping with stale butter from his head downwards, in accordance with the usual custom. To add to his crimes, he was married.

As time went on, good qualities, hitherto concealed by tej, began to arise in him, and on our return journey we began to regard him almost with affection, for he edged farther and farther away from the attractive gombo, and became almost efficient. But I fear the improvement was only due to the fast-approaching vision of tips.

His second-in-command, Dagallas, was a surly

elderly gentleman, who was always suffering from toothache, or stomach-ache, or something. He never used to arrive on the scene, on the way up, until all necessity for his presence was over, but snored in his little black tent whilst his men were loading up. He used at first to be very civil to me,—I was inspecting officer of his section,—and hinted, first narrowly, and then broadly, that he would like a hat. Cecil very kindly gave him one of his old grey hats, and he was grateful. But, having got all he wanted, he relapsed into surliness.

Zarafu was a hard-working head of a section, and always had his mules in good order. He was, however, not an Abyssinian, but a Harrari.

Badasu, a Shoan, was lazy, and his men were generally all over the place.

Gavraot was a very hard-working native of Harrar. He had a charming smile which nearly met behind, and gums of enormous depth. He wore a large straw hat and a red-striped sheet, and he always insisted on saluting us, more or less correctly, but with all his fingers spread out. I think he was without exception the ugliest man I have ever seen. Later on he got rather slack, but his manners were charming to the end.

Avarra, a good-looking quiet youth, was head of Section V. He did not talk as much as Gavraot, but we found out some time afterwards that he did quite as much work, if not more.

Ahmed, head of Section VI., was a very handsome Harrari, with a thick mop of black hair. I expect he

had some R'hotta blood in him. He always stood in artistically-draped and statuesque attitudes, I am sure with an eye to effect, as he knew his own good looks. Being a soldier of Haji Yusuf, he kept stern discipline amongst his little Mohamedan section, and was in consequence stabbed in the back; but of that hereafter.

SOMALI POLICE.

Our Somalis deserve a word of description as well.

First and foremost came the police, twelve strong, with Havildar Surur Aman at their head. He was a hardy little man, with plenty of *nous* and sense of discipline, and was in addition fairly educated, for besides Somali and Hindustani, he knew Arabic as well, and, what is more, could write it a little. The fat corporal, Naik Muhamed Shalash, was rather a

character. He was a Sudani negro by race, and anything more suggestive of a black hippopotamus I have never seen. Densely stupid as a rule, and quite incapable of any initiative, he had a *vis inertiæ* sufficient for forty men. If you once crammed it into his head what he had to do, he would do it, although it took him months to carry it out. He was my water-corporal, and on one occasion, having ordered him to fill twenty twelve-gallon barrels for the morrow's march, I went down to see how he was getting on. He was sitting on the ground by the water-hole, singing softly to himself, and filling them by means of *one* tin jam-pot and a squashed funnel. I pointed out to him gently that at that rate he would take over six weeks filling the barrels, that there were many other cans and buckets provided for the purpose, and that there was also a fatigue-party of coolies in camp on purpose to fill them. None of these things had occurred to him; so he opened his mouth and smiled till you could see the masses of red flesh at the back,—just like a hippopotamus,—and then he rolled slowly over on to his feet and went to fetch the men and the buckets. This was in the early part of the journey, but the idea stuck, and thenceforward he used to fill the barrels with such zeal that half the water was spilt before it got into them.

He was a prize looker-on, too. He used to make the men work, but, if he could help it, never worked himself except at barrel-filling. There were three other Sudanis in the police,—Sidi boys, as they are

called on the coast,—and their ways were very much like Shalash's. It was curious how each tribe hung together, and how their energies were devoted to different things. But enough of the police.

The head of the syces, Burale Robleh, was a first-rate man, but the same could not be said of his cousin, Muhamed, chief of the dhooly-bearers. He was an old man who, his dhoolies left at Harrar, petitioned to come on to Addis Abbaba, and as he knew a good bit of English, and had been up with the Nile Expedition in 1884, he was given leave. But he was not an entire success, for he was hated by the remaining Somalis, had a bitter tongue, and was always whining or bearing tales. He was also a mean old man in money matters; but he was useful in the matter of water-supply, so he shall be abused no more.

Ismaïlu Nur, my Gadabursi syce, I have already mentioned. He was the merriest little man I have ever been blessed with, and looked after my mule excellently well. But English saddlery was unknown to him, and a nice hash he used to make of it. Over and over again did my saddle begin to turn round or slip over the mule's ears going down hill, through Ismaïlu having forgotten a girth, or through the scratch crupper manufactured by him giving way. The first time he put the bridle on, he put it on upside down, with the curbchain over the animal's nose; and thereafter the tangle he used to make of bit and snaffle and chain and reins should have been

seen to be appreciated. But it was no good showing him the right way and upbraiding him—he only exploded with laughter, as if it was the best joke in the world; so at last I gave it up and suffered in silence.

Ismaïlu in addition to his other talents had the gift of tongues. He had been in Jibuti and picked up a wonderful flow of language, but whether it was French, or Somali, or what, I leave to others to discover.

"Dis-donc!" (a nice way of addressing one's master), "toi vouli monter el kawal demain peut pas peut pas oui oui c'est payé donné mal pi." This all in one breath. It means "If you want to ride your horse to-day, you can't—he has hurt his foot." "Demain" with him meant either to-day or yesterday, according to the sense, and if he was at a loss for a verb of any sort, he used "oui, oui, c'est payé." Here it represents, obviously, "il s'est"; but if he were asked if the mules had been fed, it was the same answer.

My other henchman, Ismaïl Sumatra, a Somali of the Habr Awal tribe, was a real treasure. He had been servant to Captain Alfred Paget, R.N., for two years on H.M.S. *Dolphin*, and had been on several sporting trips with him, besides seeing most of the Mediterranean ports. Of these, the ones he termed "Campstampidopy" and "Shifty Vidgy" had had the most attractions for him. His English was distinctly good, and plentifully besprinkled with

nautical idioms, which used to sound rather odd up country. Besides English and his native Somali, he was master of Hindustani and Arabic, both very fluent, and could make himself understood even by the Abyssinians or Gallas at a pinch. He was as hard as nails, a thoroughly good servant, neat and light-handed, and was deservedly a general favourite in camp.

I need hardly say that the three English servants, Butcher, Cross, and Herbert,—Mr. Rodd's, Cecil's, and my own respectively,—were thoroughly good, hardworking men, and "ran" the mess and their other duties to the satisfaction of everybody. Of the other servants I knew little, except of Ganem, Wingate's trusty Egyptian. He it was who, on Wingate asking him whether he did not think the Abyssinian Highland scenery much prettier than that of Egypt, replied, "That pretty? Why, the Batn el Hagar[1] is six times as pretty—and what's more, I'd much sooner be there than here." Verily there is no accounting for tastes.

The next day's march was to Shola, a pleasant walk of seventeen miles through the woods, along a high ridge with magnificent panoramas on either hand. To the north lay, in the immediate foreground, a tangle of wooded valleys, and beyond these, ranges of low blue hills. Beyond these again extended the

[1] The "Belly of Rocks," *i.e.* the desert between Wadi Halfa and Akasheh; the most desolate and scorching wilderness that it is possible to conceive.

shimmering yellow of the great Danâkil plains, and on the far horizon, thirty miles off or more, lay the huge cones of Mount Afdem and Mount Azalo. On the south the panorama was on a smaller scale, and included only well-wooded hills, and valleys full of the greenest grass.

Half-way to Shola we met on the road an Italian lieutenant of Artillery, who told us he was the last of the prisoners coming down country, and had only stayed behind because he was seedy. Five more prisoners were still in the depths somewhere, but could not be got at for the present, as they were too useful to the chiefs in whose charge they were.

The main body of our caravan was very late getting to Shola, owing to numerous breakdowns, and to the pigheadedness of Ambashyé, who did his utmost to persuade Mr. Rodd to stop at Tyalanko Telek, a place only about half-way. It turned out afterwards that, without consulting us, he had ordered the supplies to be sent there, and was proportionately discomposed when we insisted on going on. So he took refuge in a gombo of tej, and was incapable of connected speech for the remainder of the day. Then the procèedings were varied a bit by a strike on the part of the Harrari muleteers, who said that Ambashyé gave all the food to Ras Makunnen's soldiery and none to them. In order to settle matters, Ambashyé, weeping with tej, was deposed from the office of food-distributor, and Speedy elected instead, much to everyone's satisfaction.

ON THE MARCH.

Lighter matter was now introduced by one of the Aden Troop mules getting loose and defying all efforts to catch it in the brushwood. Two pack mules had also disappeared on the way, with their burdens, and two men were sent back after them, with threats of being reported to the King if they didn't find them. Then a row occurred in which a man got his head cut open, and a summary court-martial was held on the matter, resulting in the acquittal of the accused. To finish up with, one Haj Suliman, a very handsome elderly Syrian, formerly British cavass at Damascus, turned up on his way down from Addis Abbaba—whither he had been on trading business—and came to pay his respects to the Mission. To him I entrusted my camel to take back to Harrar, for the noble animal had taken advantage of our departure from that town to develop symptoms of strange diseases. I believe he was malingering, owing to his dislike of hilly country.

Up and down hill took us next morning, after about four hours, to Derru, a grassy ridge overlooking great wooded valleys, and dotted about with big trees like an English park. The weather was beautiful during these days, and, in fact, during the whole of our journey from Harrar to Addis Abbaba. Except for a few thunderstorms, and for excessive heat in the Hawash valley, the climate was like that of a fine warm English spring. The sun's horizontal rays were perhaps rather hot from seven to nine in the morning, and it was generally advisable, for fear of

sunstroke, to wear a helmet during the middle of the day; but it was never unpleasantly hot, and as long as we were in these cool uplands, any amount of exertion was possible at all times. At night it was sometimes bitterly cold. At Worabili, for instance, the thermometer went down to 34°.6 Fahr., only two degrees above freezing, and at Kunni it must have been even colder, but both our maximum and minimum instruments had broken by this time, owing to living in shallow wooden boxes which warped with the variety of climates encountered. Moral for future travellers: take them in tin boxes or not at all.

This cold is not to be wondered at, considering that Worabili is 7234 feet, and Kunni close on 8000 feet, above the sea. I may here say that the heights given in the Itinerary for the various camps were very carefully taken by Cecil, with a boiling-point thermometer, every day on the way up and down, independent observations being taken at the camps where we stopped twice.

Derru was perhaps not a very happy spot to pitch on for a camp, for the nearest water was a mile and a half off. This was, however, hardly my fault (it was my duty to choose camping-places), for Petros had put me wrong, and said there was water there.

Petros was a youth, an Abyssinian, who had come at Harrar to offer his services to the Mission in the capacity of cook, valet, head muleteer, or interpreter. As we were already supplied with the three former, we took him on as the latter, and he was kind enough

to attach himself to me, as having engaged him. He had been educated, partially, in the French Catholic Mission at Harrar, and at Jibuti he had done work as general factotum and mess-servant to various French officers; he had also been in the service of Mr. Malcolm Jones, Resident on the Somali coast. His French was moderate, but quite comprehensible, and as he had recently been up to Addis Abbaba as servant to an officer in M. Lagarde's Mission, and only just returned, he pretended to a considerable knowledge of the road. In this instance of Derru, though, the stream had dried up since his journey down, and nothing remained but a handful or two of black mud in a hollow under a tree.

Ras Makunnen, who seemed to have property all over the country, had a farm of his own here, and the result was that a plentiful supply of bread and things poured in. Amongst other delicacies, we were given a sugar-cane over twelve feet high, and of immense girth; also pumpkins, cucumbers, and barley: almost anything could be grown in the valleys around here.

A short march of four hours, starting by a very steep descent, brought us next day through a long and beautiful valley to our halting-place at Burka. We had heard that M. Lagarde's Mission was on its way down, and that we should meet it probably that day between Derru and Burka. So we put on our best khaki, and got out some champagne and tasty tinned meats, and things ready to welcome the French Mission when they should appear. But all we met

was their baggage, in charge of an angry dark-skinned retainer. It seems that M. Lagarde was so anxious to avoid us that he did three days' march in one and a half,—hence the anger of the retainer,—and having thus got to the cross-roads before we reached them, went off by the north road to pay a visit to Dejaj Birru, head of the district, and thus avoided meeting us. Why he did so has remained a mystery to us; we at any rate should have welcomed a white face in Africa; but where it touched us most was that we were not allowed by our stern mess president to broach the champagne that we had got out, and it was put back into its case undrunk.

Burka valley was a most delightful spot. Carpeted with long, green, luscious grass, and watered by a little river clear as crystal and teeming with fish, it was a perfect paradise for our animals, who were already beginning to show sores and signs of heavy work. Here we had our first ducking, for a heavy thunderstorm burst just after we had reached camp, and returned during the night. In the afternoon, however, it was clear, and we proceeded to catch a dish of fish for dinner. As we had no fishing-lines, and no hooks under the size of that of a shark-hook, we were obliged to resort to poaching, and used Mr. Rodd's best mosquito-net as a wherewithal to attain our object. The *modus operandi* was simple, and consisted in holding and weighting down the mouth of the net in a narrow part so as to include the whole section of the river, and then sending a couple of

Somalis a hundred yards up stream to get into the water and come splashing and yelling down. The first beat resulted in a fish of three-quarters of a pound, and the next three in *nil*, for the stream was so strong it was difficult to hold the net down without tearing it. Then two supercilious-looking Abyssinians, who had been gravely watching us, said they would show us how to do it, and, dragging the net with them in the water, they routed about in the weeds and under the banks. I regret to say their method was much more successful than ours, and resulted in quite a decent dishful of small fish. What these were I don't know; they looked like small white char, but were full of bones and rather nasty. Two odd little fish seemed to be of the Silurus kind, with mouths underneath and dark-green scaleless skins, but we did not eat them, as their aspect was not inviting.

CHAPTER VII

A DAY ON THE MARCH—BURKA TO LAGA HARDIM

Perhaps a short description of our everyday doings on the march may not be out of place here.

The first thing that happened every morning was the loosing off of two blank cartridges by the Indian trooper on sentry at the time. This generally happened in the dark, about four or half-past. It was the signal for the cooks to arise and get breakfast ready, for us to tumble out of bed, and for the muleteers to begin getting their mules together. By the time we were dressed, the morning was beginning to appear, and the mess-tent had been struck by the Somali syces, servants and police. Then the Somalis rushed at one tent after another and struck it, irrespective of whether the internal baggage had been loaded up or not. They used to tumble over each other like a lot of schoolboys, shouting "Wafiriligó! Wafiriligât!" in answering choruses, or, for a change, "Habashi dára! Habashi dára!"—the first of these meaning "It isn't really hard work, although you may think so!" and the second, "Abyssinia's a long way off!" (Ismaïl's translation—I decline any re-

sponsibility). Meanwhile the muleteers had collected their mules, unhobbled them, and led them up to the different stores and packs to be loaded ; whilst we had a breakfast consisting invariably of sausages, liver, bacon, biscuits, tea and cocoa. On gala days we had scones, and sometimes fresh milk, or even eggs if in luck. It may appear to savour of gluttony thus to harp on the breakfast *menu*, but I can assure the reader that it was for us a matter of the first importance. Then we wrapped up slabs of cold goat or mutton in bits of newspaper, and stuffed them, with a couple of biscuits, into our haversacks ; this was for luncheon. Thereafter we superintended to the best of our ability the loading-up of our respective sections. I speak for myself only, but this is the sort of thing that occurred—

"Petros!" at the top of my voice. No answer. "Petros!!" After nearly bursting my lungs and walking all over the hillside, there would be a squeaky "Oui, m'sieu," and Petros would turn up, looking very sleepy. "Petros, go and tell Dagallas to come and report when the section is ready." Off would go Petros and search for Dagallas, who was generally not to be found, or else was asleep in his wigwam and refused to answer. Meanwhile one of my section would make signs for me to go to him, and would show me on arrival a huge bleeding sore, or a large swelling on the withers or on the chest of his mule. Then he would point pathetically to the load on the ground and shrug his shoulders. Not much

doubt as to what this meant, so, after an examination of the animal, off I would go to the Somali or Indian ration mules to see if there should by chance be a spare animal whose load had been consumed last night. There never was. Before I got back, old Muhamed would come up bothering to know how many water-tins I wanted him to fill for to-day's journey,—this although I had given him definite orders the previous night,—and to report that a bucket had been stolen, and he thought he knew the Abyssinian who 'd stolen it, but he was a weak old man, etc. etc. etc. Off I go to recover the lost bucket; the man refuses to give it up, and begins a long story in Amharic. No interpreter handy to explain, so I tear the bucket out of his hand, and tell him in useless English what I think of him. On my way back to the crippled mule, Ismaïl comes to report that one of my private baggage mules is lame, and he thinks won't last out the day. Can't help it—must chance that. Then I spy Petros and Dagallas in the distance, standing together in apparently private conversation. "Well, Petros, did you tell him?" "Quoi, m'sieu?" blankly from Petros. And then I have to explain carefully, in baby French, what I had already told him to do. Petros is intensely stupid this morning, and doesn't understand the simplest word. At last he grasps the meaning, and turns to Dagallas. "I say, old chap," breaks in a voice, "lend me Petros a second, will you? my bloomer will not understand"—

The remainder is lost in the distance, as Bingham, or Cecil, or whoever it is, rapidly drags Petros off without waiting for an answer, and leaves me face to face with Dagallas.

I seize my section-leader by the arm and try to lead him off, but by this time he is deep in conversation with somebody else, and pays not the smallest attention to me. Stefan Birru passes, with an evil smile on his face, and a wave towards his hat—a straw one, filthy dirty, and much too small

C. E. B. DOES A HUNDRED YARDS RECORD.

for him, tied with a once-white ribbon under his chin. To him I appeal in my scanty Arabic, and he stops and says something to Dagallas, in consequence of which the latter walks away in the opposite direction. He apparently hasn't understood my Arabic, and I feel my temper rising.

At this moment a diversion is created in the crowd by a couple of loaded mules bucking, kicking, and squealing like animals possessed. This form of amusement is infectious, and half a dozen others take up the game. Their muleteers hang on pluckily,

but soon three of the loads are on the ground and the other mules run amuck, charging and scattering us in all directions. I note with sadness that two at least belong to my section, and turn back to the crippled animal. He has disappeared, but not so his load, and it lies there on the ground in mute appeal. I get hold of the nearest two muleteers and try to induce them, in English,—it is no good ordering them, in any language,—to divide the load between them on their two mules, but they shrug their shoulders and turn away. Ah, thank goodness! here is Dagallas, and, what is more, he actually rises to the occasion, and orders four men to divide up the load between them. So the bother is over for the time being, as I have to ride ahead and catch up the advanced party. This has been already gone for the last half-hour. "Ismaïlu," I yell, "mon mulet!" A cheery "Oui, oui" from Ismaïlu as he runs up with my mule, and I put my foot in the stirrup. The next moment I am flat on my back, Ismaïlu having forgotten to buckle the girths up, and the saddle having turned clean round. I pick myself up, furious, and Ismaïlu, quite unabashed, bursts into a glorious shout of laughter. This really is the last straw. . . . I draw a veil over the scene.

The worst part was always at the end, for there were invariably four or five loads on the ground, and no mules to carry them. I was usually miles ahead by this time with the head of the column, so, am thankful to say, was spared the daily agony of trying

to manufacture mules out of nothing ; but from the accounts of the others it must have been brain- and temper-tearing work. Cecil and Swayne would remain to the end, the former serving out spare rope when necessary, and the latter as Transport officer seeing that all loads were off the ground before he started. The way the rope disappeared was marvellous, and it was not until we had been some days on the march that Cecil's suspicions were aroused by his noticing that one of the applicants was somewhat stouter about the waist than he ought to have been. So he seized and partially undressed him, and found four coils of brand-new rope concealed about his person! Thereafter, no rope was issued until the rope-master was satisfied as to the applicant's personal appearance, and until the latter had produced the frayed remains of what had previously been served out to him.

On the march it was a case of go-as-you-please. Six troopers in front, then the tent-and-cooking-pot mules, then the rest of the caravan according to sections, were the orders. The tent mules were, as a rule, in their proper places, as we kept the best mules for this section ; but it was hopeless, nor was it really necessary, to keep the rest of the caravan in anything approaching to organised form. Some mules strayed, others dawdled, and most of the loads would in some form or other require rearranging at least once a day, especially in the steep, hilly country. During this time I was riding ahead and

working at my road-sketch, but it was not easy to do both at the same time, for if one stopped for five minutes to "shoot" angles and sketch in the country, the mules were on top of one, jostling and bungling past in the narrow track, so as to make it quite impossible to draw.

Arrived at our destination,—we never halted on the road,—it was my business to choose a camping-place, fulfilling the generally contradictory requirements of being at once on high and fairly level ground, near the water, on dry soil, near good pasture, with its front to the wind, and near trees or shrubs that we could use for fuel.

This settled on, and the front of the future camp being pointed out to the retainers, Aden Yusuf and the advanced party of Somali police and syces would pitch the camp to the cheery chorus of "Wafiriligó! Wafiriligât!" whilst I went to make arrangements for increasing the water-supply, if necessary, by digging, filling the water-tins, collecting fuel, and finding out the best forage ground. This done, I would consume my hard-earned cold goat and play with the camp-monkey till the others arrived, when we would have a slight repast of tea and potted meat and biscuit. Meanwhile Speedy, who was also with the advanced party, would, in his capacity as Director of Local Supplies, be surrounded by a crowd of local ruffians whose aroma would keep the rest of us at a distance, and buy what meagre supplies they would condescend to sell. In this

way we would generally get some fresh meat for the mess, and distribute a sheep or two to the Indians, Somalis, or Abyssinians, according to the roster. By this time it was three o'clock or so, and the rest of the afternoon would be devoted to either small-game shooting for the pot, settling squabbles amongst our followers, quashing strikes, writing up our diaries or the orders for next day, receiving supplies from the district and entertaining the headman, photographing, or sketching pretty bits about the camp, or, as far as I was concerned, finishing up the day's road report. At seven o'clock we had dinner, and immediately afterwards turned in to sleep the sleep of the righteous till 4 a.m. next morning. That we had our days fairly well occupied may be gathered from the fact that though we had brought out cards, chess, and various other means for passing the time, we never once touched them.

On certain, or rather on uncertain, days, a mail would come in from the coast, and depart again two days afterwards with our letters for home. This department, under Bingham as Postmaster-General, was well organised, for Harrington used to send up a weekly messenger from Zeila to Harrar. Here the letters were taken over and sent on by the Indian merchant Taïb Ali; but as we were always on the march, the intervals between mail-days became longer and longer on the way up country, and shorter and shorter on the way down. The record mail was one we received at Addis Abbaba, bringing

us letters and papers exactly one month out from London: quick work. Telegraphic news of importance, about the Turco-Greek war and other public matters, reached us, of course, a good deal quicker, for Harrington used to send us up by each mail-bag the contents of Reuter's telegrams.

After leaving Burka, three days more of this beautiful country brought us to Kunni, where we entered on the domain of one Fitaurari[1] Asfau. He received us here with an escort of about two thousand men, having come all the way from Gubba Gorija, twenty-four miles off, to do us this honour. In person he was a youth of about twenty-two, and had been elected to the dignity of a province on the death of his father, Dejaj Manachya, who had been killed the year before at Adua.

The Fitaurari was a young man of very pleasing manners, and was profuse in his promises of assistance and hospitality, when we should enter his province, the borders of which we were about to cross. I have no doubt all the necessary orders were given, but both on our outward and our homeward journey we had greater difficulties with the food supplies here than in any other district which we traversed.

The view from our camp at Kunni was magnificent. For the last two days we had been coming over hill and vale, which had lately expanded into

[1] A military title signifying commander of the advanced guard; literally "horn of a rhinoceros."

down country—like the Sussex downs—with a grand outlook to the north over the Azabot Galla country. Now we were 7900 feet up, and could see over the tops of the wooded hills in the foreground to the towering height of Mount Azabot to our left front, whilst Afdem and Azalo were still visible on our

VIEW FROM CAMP AT KUNNI.

right. The Kunni valley, behind us to the south, was like a huge billiard-table, and dotted with cattle and straw-thatched huts, whilst beyond it rose wooded heights in which we were told lurked the great Koodoo—now not to be shot on account of his scarcity. But when we left Kunni, on our way to the next camp, Buoroma, the scenery was still more

beautiful, though of a different type. We entered a forest—it might have stood so since the beginning of the world; above us towered the huge cottonwood trees, bright with their scarlet flowers and dripping with feathery veils of lichen; great junipers, wild olives, and cedars almost kept the sunlight from entering these shady aisles, and in the brilliant glades of green which here and there broke on the solemnity of the scene were spreading the most delicate of ferns and the most lovely of sub-tropical bushes. Every now and then the chattering of monkeys re-echoed through the stillness, and butterflies of varied hues—mostly of pale-blue streaked with a broad black band—flitted through the shade.

As we descended the hill, glimpses of the distant Arussi Galla regions were to be had through the trees, and at last we emerged into the bright sunlight and a totally different cast of country. It seemed almost as though nature had reserved her best till this point, for after the Kunni forest the landscapes were as a rule not remarkable for their beauty.

We now entered the Chercher, or, as the natives pronounce it, Tyer-tyer, district. This is the pastoral country, and, nearly as far as eye can reach, it is covered with long grass. At the time of our visit the grass was yellow and tough, but during and after the rainy season, which was fast approaching, it becomes of such luxuriant richness that animals are sent to this country from far and wide.

Fitaurari Asfau and his rabble accompanied us

to Buoroma, a hill-slope rich in yellow grass and thorn trees, and, taking a graceful leave of us, pitched his camp a mile further on. Notwithstanding his promises, the supplies which arrived that evening were extremely meagre, and there were not even enough breads to go round.

Next day we wished to push on some distance, so as to make a short march on the following day to Laga Hardim. We were now approaching the waterless and foodless plain of the Hawash, and many confabulations were necessary to determine on the best way of crossing it. It was eventually settled that we should reach Laga Hardim early, rest there during the afternoon and evening, to allow the mules to get a feed, and then push on all night, over the lower slopes of the range, to the Hawash river, which we ought to reach soon after sunrise. But now our friend the Fitaurari put an unexpected difficulty in the way by insisting that we should halt next day near his own place of Gubba Gorija, where he had collected supplies for us. Accordingly we halted and pitched camp at a place called Habro, and in view of Lake Tyer-tyer, and it consequently lengthened our march on the hardest day of the whole by three hours.

Meanwhile, our mule transport was, as might have been expected, in a "dicky" state. One after the other of the animals had broken down, or developed such frightful sore backs that it was impossible, either from a humane or a practical point of view, to make

them carry a load. Few had gone lame, and it says a good deal for their toughness that their legs had lasted so well over the rough ground; but many had to be left behind through developing symptoms of an odd disease, which manifested itself in huge swellings on the withers, shoulders, or chest. The native rough and ready remedy was to open these swellings or fire them; but in neither case could the animal be used again for some time. We had thus had to leave behind, both at Derru and at Kunni, thirty or forty loads of baggage and stores, chiefly flour and rice, which we should pick up again on the way back; and with the loads we had, of course, to drop our diseased animals. Every morning the problem had been the same: four or five loads left on the ground, and no animals to carry them. Slight relief had been afforded by the purchase of a mule or two here and there, but the main question remained the same. There were no spare animals to be had; the muleteers did not understand our language, and, when they did, would hardly ever obey our orders, or those of their own headmen and officers. Every night two or three mules would go sick, and every morning, as mentioned a few pages back, fresh expedients had to be devised for getting the loads on to the next camp. It was heart-breaking; nay, more, it was very serious, for with our fast-dwindling means of transport, it did not look as if we could possibly get across the Hawash plain. In our distress, help arose

in the shape of Kedanu, who suggested that we should get the Fitaurari to let us have some Galla camels to take us across the plain as far as they would come. This was the first we had heard of camels in this country, for we had been assured that nobody ever used anything but mules on the journey. However, the brilliant idea was readily seized on, and the Fitaurari, who, it appeared, had already been written to on the subject by Aito Wandu, at Kedanu's instigation, promised to let us have as many as he could get.

On the 19th April we arrived at Laga Hardim, and, having crossed the little river that divides Makunnen's province of Harrar from that of Shoa, were met by an excited gentleman with a spear, backed by two others similarly armed. These three first shouted at us to keep off, and then tried to prevent us by force. Our muleteers pressed on in ever-increasing numbers, and, as the other side was reinforced, the row that ensued was perfectly deafening. I was the only officer present, as this was the advanced party of the caravan, and having drawn the infuriated gentleman out of the crowd, I tried to pacify him through Petros' honeyed tongue. No good—he paid no attention to me whatever, and continued to hurl insults at our muleteers. Then I produced a flask of whisky, and, pouring him out a nice "tot," had the satisfaction of seeing his features relax at the sight into something like a smile. When it was safely down, he con-

descended to inform me that he was the frontier guard, and would on no account whatever let any of Ras Makunnen's soldiers across the river without a permit. I pointed out that most of them were across the river already, and that with his permission we intended to bivouac there till the evening, when we would relieve him of our presence. This produced another outburst, but with the help of a good deal more patience and liquid refreshment he calmed down somewhat, and eventually allowed us to camp where we were, on condition that the objectionable soldiery should not quit the banks of the river.

Towards evening the camels turned up, twenty-one of them, rather feeble-looking animals, with a sheepskin apiece for a packsaddle, and with drivers who evidently had not mastered even the first principles of camel-loading. So we turned the Somalis on to them, police and syces, and within half an hour the whole were properly loaded and marched off in charge of Swayne.

As there were now five days' march to be done across a country entirely destitute of supplies, our muleteers were given half a dollar apiece to provide themselves with food for this portion of the journey. Where they got the food from I could not discover, for the only visible origins of supply were a few poor huts on the hills round.

CHAPTER VIII

LAGA HARDIM TO ADDIS ABBABA

At 9.15 the moon rose, and the night's work began. Although twenty-one camel-loads had gone off, it seemed as though none had done so, for after all the mules had received their (diminished) burdens, there were still five or six packs on the ground. At last things shook down, and the start was made about 11 p.m. up a desperately steep and stony hill, followed by an equally desperate descent on the other side. The track was covered with loose rolling stones which nearly sprained one's ankle at every step, and caused severe grief to one of the camels; for at the steepest bit of the path, where it overhung an almost sheer drop of 100 feet or so, one of the Galla animals took fright, slipped, and disappeared over the edge, carrying with him a silver-gilt dessert service and several boxes of ammunition and miscellaneous property.

Swayne, who was in charge of the camels, got his escort of Aden Troopers to tie their pugries together, and went down the extemporised rope. Arrived at the bottom, he found that the camel was lying in a

ravine amongst almost impenetrable thorn-bushes. He ascended again, slipping and breaking the stock of his rifle in doing so, and on reaching the top, pushed on, leaving a note for his successors. Then the others came up, and Cecil went some way down, but was unable to do any good. So Ambashyé, with two other Abyssinians, crawled down somehow, and the first intimation of his arrival at the bottom was a couple of shots fired rapidly and at random. One of the bullets went close above Mr. Rodd's head, and when he, with pardonable asperity, asked Ambashyé, on his reappearance, what he meant by it, the latter gave a graphic account of how he had found two lions at work on the dead camel. He had distinctly heard the bones crunching, and on his firing those two shots the lions bolted, and he thought he must have killed one of them. He and his men had retrieved some of the things, and these, with considerable difficulty, were carried along as could best be managed.

Swayne came back after some time, and went down again by a circuitous route in the daylight. Here he found that thé boxes had been smashed to bits (one of them was my pet tin uniform-case), but that, marvellous to relate, the silver had sustained no damage whatever. So he shot the camel, whose hind leg was broken, and brought back the remainder of the scattered articles in safety. There was not a vestige of *Felis leo* to be seen.

Once down the hill, the track wound in and out of

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

jungly scrub, but in the half-moonlight it was difficult to make out what the country was like. My task of making a road report was not very easy, and had to be done roughly by the position of the stars from time to time, aided by rough notes in a notebook, which were almost undecipherable when morning arrived. We all got very sleepy by about 4 a.m., but the mules, with their now lightened loads, ran along merrily, and our followers' nasal drones,—one could hardly call them songs,—finishing up with discordant yells to their beasts, helped to keep us awake.

After twenty miles had been covered, I came with the advanced party to a pretty little river—the Katyinwaha, or "narrow water," rushing swiftly through a tangle of scrub and shaded by large mimosa trees. Though sorely tempted to stop and camp there, the next long stretch had to be thought of, and as the faithful Gavraot assured me the Hawash was only half an hour farther on, we pushed on, after a wash and a long drink. By this time it was past 6 a.m. and the sun was getting pretty hot. Mile after mile was covered, but every dip in the ground which we came to turned out to be, not our longed-for river, but a dry and stony khor. At last, five miles farther on, without warning, we found ourselves on the brink of a huge gorge, 300 or 400 feet deep and half a mile across, and at the bottom of this, over a bed of rocks and shingle, flowed a big river.

This was not the least what we expected, for we had been assured at Harrar and elsewhere that the Hawash was a broad marshy stream, full of crocodiles and hippopotamus, and so feverish that it was not safe to camp on the banks. However, we were soon down the steep bank, across and up again the other side, and here we proceeded to pitch camp on a stony, shadeless little plain, surrounded by stumpy mimosas and yellow-grass scrub—a spot about as unfeverish as one could find in all Africa.

Gradually the caravan trickled in, all rather done up with the long night-march of over twenty-four miles, and extremely heated. It was a real roasting day, and the last mules which came in, with Swayne and his recovered treasure, about 1 p.m., were fairly cooked. The thermometer, in the shade at midday, marked 107°, and this heat, coming immediately after the cool marches on the high ground, we found somewhat trying.

The forage in the neighbourhood was very poor, but it was all the beasts had to eat. They had, however, a long rest, for we did not move off till the following evening, sending the loaded camels ahead in the morning in charge of most of the Somali police.

The big game that we had been promised on the Hawash turned out to be a fraud. No self-respecting crocodile or hippo would dream of reposing on the big stones and rough pointed rocks which here formed the banks of the river. That indefatig-

able sportsman Pinching went out in the heat of the day to hunt for beasts in the jungle and along the banks, but was rewarded by the sight of only a few digdig and a quail, which latter he shot but failed to retrieve. All along the road from Harrar we had been sorely disappointed in our expectations of game. We had been told we should pass through tracts swarming with antelope of all sorts, buffalo, zebra, elephant, and lion—in fact, a regular Zoo. But with the exception of an occasional warraby antelope and the usual digdig, we had seen and heard no animals except hyenas and jackals, which used to yowl nightly round our camp. Of birds there were a good many varieties—guinea-fowl, francolin, partridge, geese, and ducks (the latter especially being found near Lakes Haramaya and Tyer-tyer), but in no great quantities ; though kites, white-headed ravens, and a small species of vulture used to swarm round the camp on our departure, and fight with jackals and dogs for the remains of our food, whilst many gaily-painted birds thronged the woods, feasting on the numerous butterflies that abounded therein. But although selections of the above were useful for filling the pot, we never saw anything big enough to try our rifles on ; perhaps it was only to be expected, for the road was thronged with people and with caravans of coffee and wax passing down country. We were assured that a day's journey off the track in almost any direction would land us in a real Zoo, but, at the pace we were going, there was

no question of stopping long enough to try. Fitaurari Asfau had told us that only a day beyond his village of Gubba Gorija, in the Azabot country, there were swarms of elephant, and our mouths watered for these, but it would have required a week or ten days at least to deal with them, and we had not a day to spare.

As a mail arrived on this morning from Harrar, and the messenger was going direct to Addis Abbaba, Mr. Rodd took the opportunity of sending a message of greeting to the King, and telling him we should arrive on this day week, *i.e.* the 28th. Then we loaded up the mules, had dinner at 3 p.m., and started off at sunset for our night march of twenty-eight miles to Tadechamalca, on the Kassan river, the other side of the Hawash plain. We had bought twenty five-gallon water-tins at Harrar in anticipation of this march (the Zeila camel-casks being too heavy for the mules), and filled up fourteen of them in case of eventualities; these were distributed along the length of the caravan, but, as it turned out, only two of them were emptied on the march.

For the first two or three hours we tramped across the level plain, the stones underfoot soon turning to rich soil thickly covered with grass and low trees. We had plenty of light until the moon rose, for prairie fires were burning in every direction. These had been started by the Gallas in order to burn up the dry grass before the rainy season, and allow of a fresh crop growing on the carbonised soil.

THE HAWASH.

They were no doubt excellent for pastoral purposes, but were not quite pleasant neighbours for a caravan two miles long. One, the biggest of them all, had been started three miles off to our right rear, and under the influence of the gentle south-easterly wind, was rapidly approaching us. I own to not having felt quite easy when it got so near that trees and grass could be distinctly seen catching fire and bursting into flame. However, the wind was kind enough to shift a little to the southward, and for several miles the fire accompanied us on a parallel route about a mile off. Then it died away a bit and wandered off to the eastward.

About nine o'clock we got into the broken ground of the volcanic Fantallé range, and many a time got near to breaking our shins over the boulders and rocks in the path. By eleven the moon had risen, and, having surmounted the different obstacles and pitfalls in our track, we emerged on to a grassy plain, which continued for the next ten miles. Then up a steep path again, across several deep ravines, and downhill till we reached the valley of the Kassan river. This we followed, through beautiful glades of big mimosa trees, till at 4 a.m. or thereabouts we got to our halting-place at Tadechamalca, a little hill 100 feet above the stream. A good snooze and unlimited water soon refreshed the caravan, and here we spent the day, the sun running the thermometer in my tent up to 110°. Several of us sallied out in the evening, and came back with partridges, francolin,

and digdig, for there is much small game about. Two miles down stream Cecil discovered a marsh, with spoor of big antelope, pig, and rhino, but we could not spare another day or night in pursuing these beasts.

We now entered a hilly, barren, and uninteresting region, with little to recommend it in any way. The Choba, or Tyoba, district has no water in it except the Kassan river, which is three miles from the track, and a couple of rain-water ponds at Mantecura. This district used formerly to be highly populated, but the terrible famine of 1890 and the murrain of 1894 decimated both human and animal life in these regions. The ponds at Mantecura are a singular institution, and are, as far as we could discover, the only provision made in the whole of Southern Abyssinia for supplying water—everywhere else nature is left severely alone. They are two reservoirs, about 40 yards by 50 and about 5 feet deep, dug on the site of a couple of springs. When they run dry, which they often do in rainless weather, the whole surrounding population is bound, in return for a remission of taxes, to fetch water three miles off from the Kassan river, and pour it in here. Now, however, that the neighbouring tribe has been so thinned off by famine, the chief man in charge pleads incapacity to fill them; but he collects his fees all the same.

Minjar, the next district, is extraordinarily rich in soil, and even now, in these bad times, consider-

able crops of cotton and pepper are grown. But the villages along the road are only half populated, there is no water, and the flocks and cattle are said to number only a third of what they did eight years ago.

On the day we left Tyoba (or rather Mantecura), we made a long march to Godoburka, a spot lying at the base of a steep, high plateau, which was visible for many miles away. Near here we passed the weekly market of Ararki, but were struck by the poverty of the wares displayed—nothing to be had but a little grain and a good many sheep. Now that we were well into Shoa, *i.e.* in Abyssinia proper, —for the country east of the Hawash does not come under that name, although it is so to all intents and purposes,—we expected to find the type of native that we had been told all Abyssinians reached—tall, handsome, athletic, and bronze-skinned. Instead of this, these Shoans were of rather low stature, though sturdy, of negroid features but with straight noses, and their skin was of the colour of mud. And instead of wearing the nice warm reds and browns that deck the Abyssinian of Tigré and Massawa, their only costume was a dirty shirt, — originally white, — sometimes covered by an equally dirty sheet or "shamma," and short trousers, reaching half-way down the calf, of the same dingy hue.

Just above our camp at Godoburka a fair-sized stream issues from the gorge, and this provides the

only water for many miles round. Yet, although thousands of men and cattle are dependent on it for their daily wants, not the smallest effort has been made to fit the stream or its surroundings to the requirements of the population. It lies at the bottom of precipitous rocks, but not even the most elementary path has been made down to it; donkeys and cattle struggle from ledge to ledge, and the boys and girls who go to fill their waterskins often lose half the liquid by the time they have climbed up again. Once at the bottom, mules, sheep, goats, bullocks, and every sort of animal are allowed to walk into the water and foul it to the most disgusting degree, and men and women follow their example. Happily for themselves, the natives do not mind how filthy the water may be that they drink; but for our caravan it was a matter of some difficulty to find any of decent purity. It was only by clambering over slippery and break-neck rocks that we at last discovered a spring, clear as crystal, oozing from the face of a sheer wall some way up the gorge.

The day on which we arrived here, 24th April, was the Abyssinian Easter Saturday, and as their Easter Sunday is about their greatest annual feast, our followers made up their minds that they would take a day off on the morrow. Mr. Rodd was at first not so sure about this, and wanted to push on. But as it was represented to him that Paulos, the head of the Balchi district, which we were just enter-

ing, had gone up to Addis Abbaba to confer with Menelik as to our arrival and supplies, that we should get no supplies till he came back, and that we were, as it was, three days at least earlier than we were expected,—having made a record journey for such a large caravan,—besides having been for seventeen days consecutively on the march, he unwillingly gave in, especially as the mules distinctly looked as though they would be the better for an Easter holiday.

Next day Paulos returned in a great hurry, saying that although we had not been expected so soon, still, everything was arranged. He was a nice, cheerful-looking, round-bodied little man, and we felt we could depend on him, so asked him to get our twenty-one camel-loads forwarded for us by mule as soon as he could. This he promised, and was as good as his word.

It poured in torrents during the night and the next morning, and a draggled-looking lot we were on toiling up the steep plateau side along a track said to have been made by the Italian prisoners. It was not much of a road, but it was better than some of the break-neck tracks over the hills which we had already traversed. The country on the top of the plateau was again a complete change from that which we had recently traversed. After passing the village of Balchi, where customs duties are exacted from caravans, we found ourselves in a highly cultivated district, watered by numerous

streams, and showing every sign of prosperity. The soil was as black as coal, and looked like being excessively fertile, and many were the huts and villages scattered about. Then up another hill and into a rolling prairie country of yellow grass as far as the eye could reach, except where ranges of hills in the far distance cut the outline of the ground. But here was a change again from below, for not a tree of any sort or description was to be seen, and very few huts.

These sharply defined changes of landscape at different heights along our route are a feature of the country. It was almost like going upstairs into a different storey in a big house,—gravel walk and stone flags down below, luxuriant drawing-room scenery on the first floor, bedroom scenery on the second, and granary in the attics. The granary was to last till Addis Abbaba, for during the following three days there was no change whatever in the landscape.

At Chaffé (Tyaffé) Dunsa, a nice little streamlet, where we halted on this day, there was a good deal of small game in the way of bustard, duck, and francolin, but no breads, sheep, or supplies of any sort, except a handful brought in by the old chief of the nearest village, came to hand. To make sure, however, that our letter from the Hawash, announcing our arrival for the 28th, had not miscarried, Mr. Rodd sent off another one the same afternoon.

Next day to Akaki, a six hours' march, which brought us within eight miles of Addis Abbaba. Here we had hardly settled down when a horseman, or rather muleman, was seen approaching from the direction of the capital, and was announced by some of our long-sighted Abyssinians to be no less a personage than M. Ilg, Councillor of State and Adviser to His Majesty on Foreign Affairs. Shortly afterwards he rode up and introduced himself in excellent French (he is a Swiss) as being the bearer of greetings from the Negûs. He said that Mr. Rodd's two letters had arrived together only that morning,—this was probably in consequence of the first messenger "Eastering" on the way,—and that, in consequence, we had not been expected quite so soon. His Majesty regretted very much that previous arrangements for a great religious festival would render it difficult for him to receive us formally on the next day, but suggested to the British Envoy that the Mission should either proceed on the morrow to Shola, a spot only an hour from the town, or else that it should take up, unofficially, its residence in the town on the morrow, and the King would receive it in due pomp at his palace on the day after.

Mr. Rodd unhesitatingly selected the latter course, and M. Ilg, after waiting in vain for some tea which we proposed to give him but could not, owing to the total absence of fuel in the neighbourhood, said that we should be met next morning at Shola and

escorted to our house, which would be quite ready for us by that time.

The appearance of a European gentleman in frock-coat and orders in the wilds of Abyssinia came somewhat as a surprise to us, for though we knew of M. Ilg's presence and station at Addis Abbaba, we had grown somewhat estranged to civilised life and the dignity of a frock-coat. M. Ilg, in person a pleasant-looking man with a fair beard and spectacles, is a Swiss engineer who came to Abyssinia twenty-four years ago in search of a career. He has gradually by hard work and intelligence become indispensable to the King, who has long consulted him on European matters, and, without abandoning his interest in commercial and engineering enterprise, he has now been officially named "Conseiller d'Etat" to His Majesty.

Just opposite our camp here were some strange-looking caves dug out of the cliffs above the little river which foamed below us. They were quite sixty feet above the stream, and to all appearances unapproachable; and yet their regular semicircular shape and equal level pointed to the impossibility of their having been formed by nature.

Close by the camp were some large stones with level tops, on which were cut out two rows of little saucer-shaped depressions, ten in each row. They were encrusted with lichen, and very old, and the only thing our followers knew about them was that

the Gallas sometimes played games with similar "boards," using little stones, or peas, as the dice or "men." We wondered whether these were relics of a prehistoric age, for the caves were much like those known as Troglodytes', and the game-boards might have been hundreds, or even thousands, of years old.

Next morning we started off by seven o'clock, and soon passed Shola, where no one appeared to meet us. Shortly afterwards we came in sight of our long-desired goal, which looked in the distance like a huge encampment of straw-thatched huts; but still nobody appeared. The place seemed to be deserted, for far up on the hill we could see thousands of white-robed natives crowding all in one direction.

We knew that we were to be put up in the old compound of the Compagnie Franco-Africaine, so, as Petros knew the house, we wended our way thither, and actually walked into the courtyard of the compound before anyone appeared to receive us. We had once more, it appeared, arrived earlier than we were expected, and the Azaj, or royal steward, who had been deputed to meet us, was still engaged in putting up tents and preparing the houses. No sooner, however, was the mistake discovered than M. Ilg and the Gerazmach Joseph Negussié [1]

[1] Chief interpreter to the Emperor, an intelligent and pleasant-mannered official, who has been in Europe and speaks excellent French.

arrived with explanations and apologies of the amplest description. Soon afterwards a long procession filed into the compound with a munificent present of food of every description from the Palace.

CHAPTER IX

RECEPTIONS AND CEREMONIALS AT THE CAPITAL

The house, or rather collection of houses, in which we now found ourselves, once belonged, as before mentioned, to a few French merchants who called themselves the Compagnie Franco-Africaine. This company went to smash several years ago, and the compound was occupied after the war by the Russian Medical Mission. The French Mission under M. Lagarde had also made use of it. It was a palisaded enclosure on the side of a grassy hill, containing several huts and three big round Abyssinian tents. The huts were of different sizes, but all of stone and rubble, neatly thatched with dhurra stalk, and mostly full of fleas. The biggest hut, a large round building about twelve yards across and thirty feet high, and formerly used, as to the lower storey as a storeroom, and as to the upper as a counting-house, was annexed as mess-hut, the lower room being locked and unusable. An oblong hut with two rooms was assigned to Mr. Rodd and Wingate, whilst the rest of us officers lived in our own or the Abyssinian tents; the remaining huts were

apportioned amongst the servants, and utilised as cook-houses, etc.

The horses and mules were tied up outside in lines, and the Aden Troop tents pitched close by. Then the Abyssinian muleteers and people were told to camp outside on the other side of the enclosure, and the Somalis were given a couple of small tents near the Aden Troop. No sooner was this done than

OUR COMPOUND.

the Abyssinians began to grumble at not being given tents too. I pointed out that we really could not be expected to supply tents for nearly two hundred men, but reasoning works slowly on the African mind, and three or four times a day they used to come up and ask for tents. Eventually, in self-defence, we gave them a small tent (which smelt so horribly ever afterwards that none of us could use it), and after about a

week procured another from the palace, and with these they had to be content.

As the neighbourhood was reported to be infested with horse and mule thieves, we drove most of the animals into our enclosure every night, and tried to picket them down ; but the ground was hard, and the pegs wouldn't hold, so that we had at first to put up with mules wandering among the tent-ropes and poking their noses inquiringly into our huts.

Forage was, as always, a difficulty ; and as we could never get enough grass for them, and the grazing around was extremely poor, added to the fact that almost every mule was covered with sores and in a shocking state of emaciation, we handed them over *en masse* to the Azaj, to send them to villages a day's march off, where they would stand a better chance of getting food and picking up strength for the return journey.

On his visit to us this day, M. Ilg announced that Menelik would receive the Mission in state on the following morning at 9.30 ; so the rest of the day was spent in settling down, and in making preparations to deck ourselves in our best for the morrow.

At 9 a.m. the following day the proceedings were heralded by the arrival of M. Ilg, accompanied by the Gerazmach Joseph, both being in full dress, and wearing the order of the Star of Ethiopia—a big eight-pointed gold filagree star, suspended round the neck by a ribbon of the national colours, red, yellow, and green.

Shortly after their arrival the Abyssinian troops began also to arrive, and soon the hillside became covered with thousands of men, in their picturesque red and white shammas, relieved here and there by the vivid colours of the silk shirts worn by those who have specially distinguished themselves in battle. Hundreds of the traditional green, yellow, and red

THE ESCORT ARRIVES.

Abyssinian pennons waved in the breeze, and the rapid and orderly manner in which these apparently undisciplined masses ranged themselves in two bodies of from three thousand to four thousand men each, forming the advanced and rearguards, was really a most impressive sight. The troops were accompanied by several of the royal princes,

the whole being under the command of the Affa Negûs (*i.e.* "Breath of the King"), or Lord Chief Justice, who had come at Menelik's command to personally conduct the Mission to the palace. We were subsequently informed that the presence of the Affa Negûs on this occasion was a very special mark of honour, and one which had been accorded to no other foreign Mission.

The Lord Chief Justice was a cheery old gentleman, dressed in a huge black hat, green silk handkerchief tied round his head underneath the hat, black silk cloak embroidered with gold, smart purple silk shirt underneath, and continuations of the fairest linen. This representative of the law was also armed with a long sword in a red scabbard, and his squires running alongside carried his rifle and gold-mounted shield; altogether he was a most imposing figure.

A good mule, gorgeously caparisoned, and covered with silk and gold embroideries, had been sent by Menelik; and mounted on this Mr. Rodd set off for the palace, accompanied by all the principal Abyssinian officers and officials, and preceded by the advanced guard with horn and flute players; immediately behind these followed a detachment of the Imperial Guard, distinguished from the rest by having their rifles covered with red cloth; then followed four sowars of the Aden Troop, then Mr. Rodd and the Affa Negûs, preceded by Bingham (in the full dress of the 1st Life Guards) and Cecil (in levée dress of the Grenadier Guards). Behind

Mr. Rodd came the other officers of the Mission, all in full uniform, also the native officer (jemadar) commanding the Aden Troop escort, and four more sowars. Behind these followed the Abyssinian rearguard.

In this order the procession moved forward at a slow pace across the mile of ground separating our camp from the King's palace.

Owing to the crowds of soldiery, it was rather difficult to see the country clearly, but our impressions of the day before were verified, for we saw nothing in any way resembling a town as we understand it: only grass downs covered with hundreds of huts of different sizes, resembling nothing so much as a huge camp.

As we passed along, our escort of something like ten thousand men was swelled by crowds of other people who ran out of their huts to see, and were every now and then chased off the track by perspiring policemen with long sticks. The stick seemed to play a considerable part also in keeping the escort in order, for officers and non-commissioned officers ran backwards and forwards shouting out orders, and enforcing them and the direction of the march by liberal application over the heads and shoulders of the rear ranks. It was difficult to see what formation this white-robed and dark-skinned army was supposed to be in, but it seemed something like columns of companies, each company three to ten deep; the drill, however, was not perfect, for

No. 8 would sometimes get mixed with No. 1, especially at the corners.

In any case, it was a curious sensation to be borne along in the hot sun amid a dense crowd of shouting humanity, dressed in all colours and every variety of garments, and all anxious to do us honour; and it will be long before any of us forget that morning.

THE KING'S DRUMS.

On approaching the high palisade of the Royal Enclosure, the sheep were, as at Ascot, separated from the goats, and as we filed and crushed in through the narrow gate, we were greeted by the quaint sound of a symphony in drums of different pitches. The noise grew louder and louder, and at last they burst on our view, — the King's Drums. Fifteen or twenty of them there must

have been : a row of negroes sitting on the ground, dressed in tall red caps and red shirts striped or starred with black, each with two drumsticks, and a big kettledrum on the ground in front of him. One drumstick was thick and heavy like a club, and the other was a thin switch, so that two notes could be produced out of the same drum. "Trrp, trrp, boom—boom—boom trrp trrp trrp" went the drummers in rhythmical cadence, and of all the sights that we saw that day this was the quaintest.

On entering the first enclosure, the procession wended its way through lanes of troops to the second enclosure, where a formidable array of nearly seventy mountain guns was drawn up, just outside the great reception hall. About forty-nine of these had been captured at the battle of Adua, and beside each gun was its detachment of artillerymen, also in a distinctive dress of scarlet or green and silk embroidery. Dismounting at the door of the oblong reception building, the Mission was conducted across a large and almost dark hall, thronged with people, into the presence of the Emperor, who was seated at the farther end in Oriental fashion on a daïs covered with silks and carpets, and under a canopy ornamented with silken hangings. He wore on his head the usual white muslin handkerchief, fastened across the brow with ribbons of pale greenish blue, with streamers hanging down the back ; a purple velvet cloak, richly ornamented with large silver plaques on each side,

was thrown across his shoulders, and he bore on his breast and around his neck the orders of Catherine of Russia and the Legion of Honour. He was seated on richly embroidered cushions. He cordially shook hands with Mr. Rodd; his powerful, dark, and smallpox-pitted face lit up with a pleasant smile as he greeted Her Majesty's Special Envoy, whilst he bowed to the several members of the Mission and begged us all to be seated. Standing immediately on his right were the various foreigners at present in Addis Abbaba, conspicuous amongst them being Prince Henri d'Orléans, le Vicomte Edmond de Poncins, M. Mourichon, M. Mondon Vidailhet (Director of Abyssinian Posts), M. Bonvalot, Colonel Leontieff, and two Russian non-commissioned officers in Cossack uniform, M. Savouré, and many others, some fifteen Europeans in all, most of them wearing their various orders and decorations. M. Ilg, in his capacity of Councillor, took up his position at Menelik's right hand. On his left stood the princes of the royal household and several of the principal Rases (governors of provinces), Dejazmachs (generals), Kanyazmachs (commanders of the right wing), and Gerazmachs (commanders of the left wing); whilst seated on the ground close to him were Ras Mashasha (son of the late King Theodore) and Ras Selassie (who, as Ras of Amhara, had some time ago headed an unsuccessful revolt against Menelik). The two latter were

practically prisoners. Grouped around the hall, in their gala costumes, stood all the native dignitaries of the capital, a gorgeous and striking background to the scene.

The traditional red-and-gold embroidered umbrella was held behind the King, while Dejazmach Gugsa, the nephew of Queen Taïtu, provided with a fly-whisk, stood immediately at the King's left hand.

Through the intermediary of his chief interpreter, Joseph, Menelik addressed a few words of welcome to the Mission, who were now seated in front of him, while immediately behind them the Indian sowars stood at attention.

The guns in the enclosure now boomed out a salute, and the members of the Mission at once rose, a compliment which appeared to gratify His Majesty, who immediately begged us to be seated. Mr. Rodd then addressed His Majesty in English, which was translated, word for word, by the interpreter (Wolda Haimanot) attached to the Mission, as follows:—

"In presenting to your Majesty the letter with which I have been entrusted by my Sovereign, Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, in the year in which Her Majesty has completed sixty years of her happy reign, being at peace and amity with all nations, I am charged to convey to your Majesty also a special message of friendship, together with

RECEPTION OF THE MISSION BY MENELIK.

the most solemn assurances of Her Majesty's peaceful intentions, and of her desire to renew and to strengthen the ancient happy relations which have subsisted between our two countries."

The Queen's letter was then formally presented to His Majesty, also one from His Highness the Khedive, and one from His Beatitude the Coptic Patriarch in Egypt.

After this ceremony was over, Mr. Rodd separately introduced each member of the Mission to His Majesty, who inquired after the health of Her Majesty the Queen, asked several questions regarding affairs in the east of Europe, and appeared specially anxious for details as to the progress of the plague in India.

We then took our leave, but before doing so, His Majesty invited us to take part on the following day in the ceremony of the consecration of the new church to be dedicated to St. George, and he informed Mr. Rodd that he would subsequently appoint a time for a private audience.

We were then conducted back to our residence with the same solemn state, M. Ilg and the Gerazmach Joseph remaining for some time conversing on the various events of the morning. In his official reception of the Mission the manner of the Emperor was both courteous and dignified, and the circumstances of our reception left a most favourable impression on us. We were informed that, in all, upwards of ten thousand troops

took part in the proceedings, and as the ordinary garrison of Addis Abbaba is small, numerous troops from the outlying districts had been called in to add *éclat* to the ceremony. We also subsequently ascertained that the appearance of the Mission, the scarlet uniforms, and the serviceable but very effective equipment of the Indian escort, seen for the first time in Abyssinia, produced a great impression.

In the afternoon several of us, including the head of the Mission, went to pay a visit to Madame Ilg, and were most agreeably surprised by the European comfort of the house, which had been built by the Negûs for M. Ilg. His wife had only arrived from Switzerland a few months before, and now found herself one of the small but select company of four European ladies in the capital—the other ladies being the wives of several French merchants, I think Messrs. Chefneux, Savouré, and Stévenin.

We then went to see Prince Henri d'Orléans, who, with the Vicomte E. de Poncins, M. Mourichon, and several others, had arrived ten days before us. They were living in a hutted enclosure not far from the Archbishop's house, and received us hospitably, the talk turning mostly on sport, travelling, and kindred topics. We were not able at the time to gather much of the intentions of the party, for the Prince only talked mysteriously of excursions into the neighbourhood, and shooting, and scientific expeditions to the south-west; but we gathered

that he intended to make a long stay in the country, and, in the fullest sense, to see what there was to be seen. Oddly enough, it came out in conversation that M. de Poncins, who had done a good deal of Indian shooting and spoke English capitally, had been put up in Cashmere by a cousin of Wingate's—another instance of the smallness of this our globe.

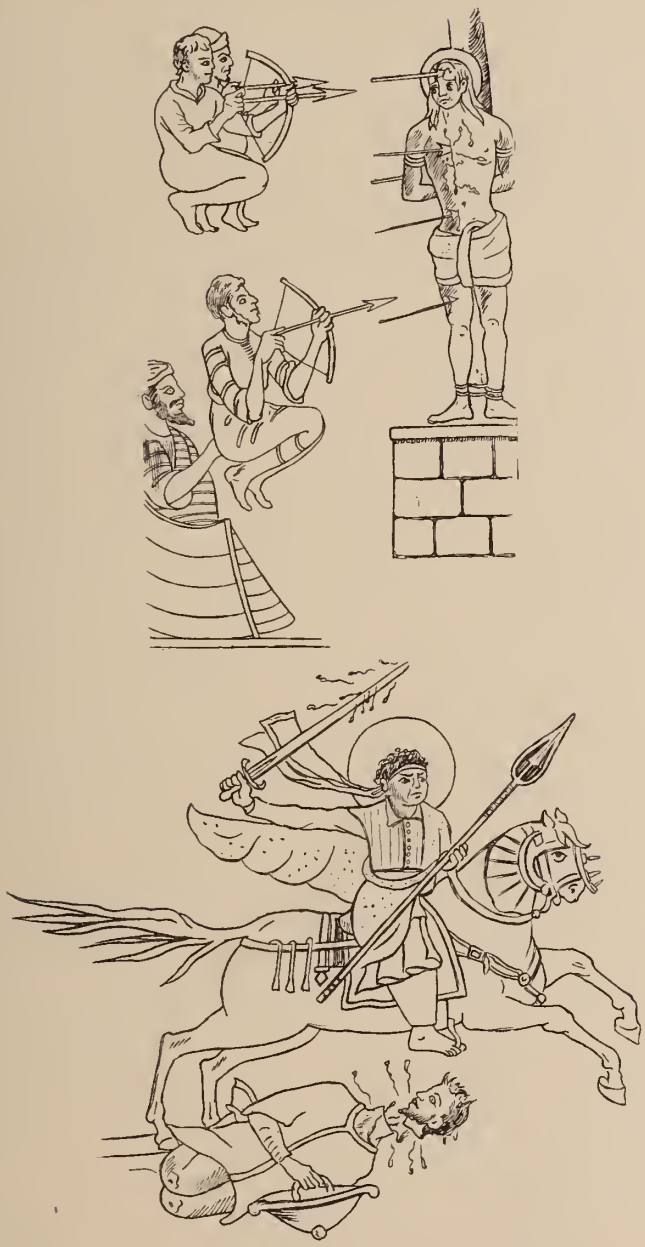
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

Next morning we went early, in uniform, to the new St. George's Church that was to be dedicated on this, St. George's, day. Although we were there punctually to the time,—8.30 a.m. I think it was,—Menelik had started a couple of hours earlier than he had said, and had just left the building.

So all we could do was to walk in and admire what there was to be seen.

The church was of the ordinary circular shape, on a hill about a mile from the palace and close by the market-place. Externally there was nothing particularly striking about it, except an elaborate episcopal gilt cross on the top. Inside was the usual square tabernacle arrangement covered with pictures of all sorts of sacred subjects. Four or five had been presented by the Russian Red Cross Mission as gifts from the Tsar, and were good modern ecclesiastical oil paintings of the Greek Church. The rest were of native work, some of them only half finished. They depicted the lives of various saints, and pre-eminent amongst them was a representation of the Day of Judgment, the Emperor (an excellent portrait) occupying a prominent position amid the prophets, saints, and other worthies. Below this was Hell; and there I could not recognise any of the likenesses.

It struck us that the art displayed here was of a comparatively high order; distinctly Byzantine in style and crude in colouring, it showed traces of good traditions, and the drawing, especially of the hands and feet, was much superior to what one would have expected in a land so long cut off from contact with civilisation. The curious old traditional canon of Abyssinian art was also visible here—that all good people should be represented full-face and all bad ones in profile: thus it comes



ETHIOPIC ART (*from the Church of St. Mariam*).

about that in battle-scenes the armies of Abyssinia have always their faces turned over their shoulders towards the observer, whilst the enemy, shooting at them in profile, would seem to reap an obvious advantage over their careless foes.

On our way back from the church we paid a visit to the "Abuna," the Archbishop Mathios, head of the Christian Church in Abyssinia. We found him at home and expecting us, sitting in state upon a daïs in a large circular room, and surrounded by deacons, priests, and acolytes. He was a benevolent looking old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and was dressed in black and violet silk robes. Sitting by his side was the Bishop Petros, Abuna in the time of King John. Although Menelik had deposed the latter prelate in favour of the former, these two appeared to bear each other no malice, and lived together in complete amity.

The Mission advanced into the room, and each member in turn bowed over the Abuna's hand and kissed the cross which was extended to him. Then we sat down, and Mr. Rodd informed His Beatitude that he was the bearer of letters from the Coptic Patriarch in Egypt to him, to Petros, and to the Abuna Lukas, another bishop who was then absent from the capital on a visit to the south-west provinces. Mathios was much interested, and after expressing his thanks, inquired all about the latest news from the Coptic Church in Egypt.

Both bishops had been born in Egypt and educated

in Cairo and Alexandria. According to the Ethiopian law, no Abyssinian may hold the office of Abuna, which must always be held by a Coptic priest consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria; and when once the latter has entered the country, he is never allowed to leave it again, even for the most urgent reasons. These two high dignitaries, therefore, were exiles from their native country for good and all, and it can be readily understood how they hungered for news from their friends and relations in Egypt. Luckily Pinching was up in all the latest details, for his cholera work had brought him into contact with many of the priests at Alexandria and elsewhere; so he gave the bishops a full account in fluent Arabic of the most recent events connected with their church. Under the influence of his remarks both bishops relaxed their solemnity, and after pressing on us some tej and kabobs of something, they took leave of us, urging Pinching to come back speedily and look over the ailments of their household, especially a bad eye of the Abuna's—which I verily believe he affected for the sake of hearing more of Pinching's stories. I may here add that the latter often did come back, and was eventually, much to the envy of the rest of us, presented with a silver crutch-stick as used by the priests to lean upon in church, for he had promised to send the Abuna a pair of violet gloves instead of the bright dogskin ones in which His Beatitude used to officiate.

In the afternoon Prince Henry returned our visit, and had some difficulty in getting into our compound. For the native policemen, or guards, who had been sent by Menelik to keep intruders away from our camp, in an excess of zeal prevented him from coming near the house, and would have hunted him off had it not been for one of us overhearing the altercation. These police, by the way, were most irritating. They did not prevent us

from having two horses and a mule stolen during our stay, but kept away everybody who wanted to come and see us, whether his business was important or not. The result was that several merchants and curio-dealers whom we wished to interview were ruthlessly driven away, and many things which were sent us were refused admittance by the police on the score of their orders.

A somewhat exciting incident occurred in the

evening. A mail was going out that night, and I was busily writing letters in my tent, when I heard a row going on outside, and yells, and gallopings, and shouts of laughter. Then there was a silence, and all of a sudden a heavy body seemed to hurl itself against my tent-ropes; I felt one break, and the tent was shaken to its foundations. Then another bump, and another rope gone. So I went hastily

out, and discovered that a fine young black bull, a present from Menelik, had got loose, and had found his way into my compound. There he had taken a dislike to some red handkerchiefs of mine that were hanging up to dry on the tent lines, and was doing his best to ruin, not only them, but my clean wash as well, for he was stamping on this and covering it with his gore; this was flowing

from several wounds in his head and shoulders—inflicted apparently by stones.

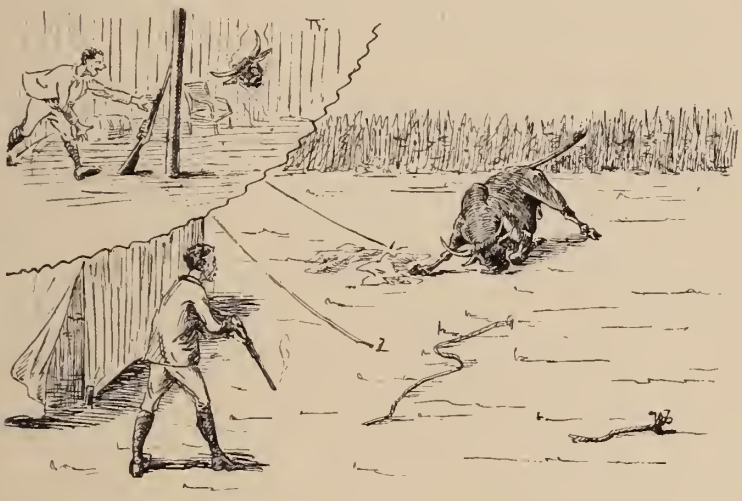
I rapidly bethought me of the correct thing to do under the circumstances, and dived into my tent to get a cloak wherewith to scare him away. This I quickly waved in his face, *à la toreador*, but instead of its having the desired effect, he caught sight of the scarlet cummerbund I was wearing,—which I

had completely forgotten,—put down his head, and charged. I fled.

Luckily he could not find the opening of the tent through which I had disappeared, and vented his wrath by playing general "hell-and-tommy" with the tent-ropes and butting violently at the canvas. If this went on much longer, he'd have the tent down, with me inside; so, making a virtue of necessity, I hurriedly picked up my Lee-Metford, which by good luck had the magazine full, sneaked

outside whilst his attention was engaged with the mangled wash again, and, as he saw me, and prepared to charge again, fired at his neck. He stood still for a moment, then tottered away a few steps, and came down with a thud.

Yells of delight from the Somalis and Abyssinians outside told that there were spectators of the tragedy, and in half a minute they had swarmed



into the compound, cut the beast's throat, and hauled him away, leaving a streak of blood along my best gravel path. We were obliged to have part of him for dinner that night; he was tough, but otherwise not bad. Strict veracity compels me to relate, by the way, that we discovered after his death that he was not a bull, but only an infuriated bullock: however, practically, there is not much difference.

That evening we received a present of more tej and bread from the bishops, for we had sent them a large processional silver cross for the Abuna, and a small gold one with chain for Petros, in addition to the letters from the Patriarch.

CHAPTER X

PRESENTATION OF GIFTS—THE ETHIOPIAN ROYAL FAMILY

As it had been arranged that Her Majesty's gifts for Menelik and his Queen, Taïtu, should be presented on the following morning, we arrayed ourselves again in uniform, and proceeded with a large escort to the palace at 9 a.m. The previous afternoon had been spent in cleaning up and polishing the various presents, and the early morning to dressing up our syces and police in new khaki tunics and lunghis (loin-cloths), and drilling them in carrying the presents.

Arrived at the palace, we were shown in to the same hall by a different door, and found the king seated on the same daïs, but not so gorgeously arrayed, and with but few followers. Now that we had more leisure to observe him, it was easier to form an idea of his personality. In height he stands about six feet, without shoes, and is stoutly built. His skin is very dark, and he wears a short curly beard and moustache. His face is heavy in cast, but is redeemed from positive plainness by an

extremely pleasant expression and a pair of most intelligent eyes. His smile is very wide, and shows an excellent set of teeth. He generally wears a large black Quaker hat over a white silk handkerchief tied round his head, and a black silk gold-embroidered cloak over a profusion of white linen underclothing; in fact, his "undress" garments, in which he received us now, are the same as those which the Affa Negûs wears in "full dress."

As we spread out the presents one by one for his inspection, he began to smile, and looked more and more pleased as the heap in front of him grew.

First came a magnificent polar bear skin,—one of the finest we had ever seen,—then a tiger skin, and then the skins of black bear, snow leopard, and jaguar. The snow leopard he did not think much of,—it was too much like the ordinary Abyssinian beast,—but the others were new to him, and these he appreciated very much. Then came a couple of large silver salvers, with the Lion of Judah engraved on them, and four silver branch candlesticks. Thereafter came two gold inlaid double-barrelled rifles—·450 Express by Holland; we afterwards learned that His Majesty would have preferred a single-barreled repeating-rifle, as he finds the double express somewhat too heavy. Next came a silver-gilt ewer and basin, and four silver-gilt rice-bowls. These he really seemed to like, and did not conceal his pleasure in their possession. "Other nations," he said, "have treated me like a baby, and given

me musical boxes, and magic lanterns, and mechanical toys; but you have given me what is really useful and valuable—I have never seen such things before." To these succeeded a pair of good field-glasses, some silk embroideries, and a Persian silk carpet, which also pleased His Majesty very much; and finally he was given a life of Alexander the Great, printed in Ethiopic. This was a reproduction of a manuscript found in Magdala, and was printed in London by the generosity of Lady Meux.[1] With this, too, the king was delighted, and discussed the possibility of having other books similarly printed.

Mr. Rodd then asked permission to present the Negûs with Her Majesty's gifts intended for Queen Taïtu, but Menelik refused, and insisted that we should present them in person.

We were therefore conducted to the Queen's own house, a two-storeyed building with red tiles,—the only tiled house in the country, by the way,—and situated on the highest point of the little hill covered by the King's enclosure. Here we waited on a balcony for a few minutes, and were then ushered into her private apartments.

The Queen was seated on a daïs surmounted by a white canopy. She herself was swathed in voluminous white garments covered with a black

[1] This book, which has been admirably translated by that celebrated Orientalist, Dr. Wallis Budge, of the British Museum, had been also prepared for the press under his direction, and the excellence of the Amharic type particularly struck His Majesty.

silk cloak, and was partially veiled, so that only one eye and part of the cheek was to be seen. She was of stately proportions, with small hands and feet, and her skin was wonderfully fair for an Abyssinian. After we had been introduced by her chamberlain, we sat down, and the presents were brought in, consisting of a diamond and emerald necklace, a large silver looking-glass, and some silk embroideries. Her Majesty showed no emotion whatever on receiving these things beyond a slight bow, but at once expressed her acknowledgments at being remembered by the Queen of England in her Jubilee year, and asked many questions regarding her age and marvellous activity. What seemed to strike her most was that our Queen, at the age of seventy-eight, should undertake such long journeys; but then Taïtu had never seen a train, and judged of all travels by the wearisome mode of progression per mule. She also asked a great deal about the Jubilee, how many children the Queen had, and how many grandchildren—what they were like, and so on. Her questions gave the impression of intelligent and genuine interest, and her demeanour was not wanting in dignity.

Bright coloured carpets of French make covered the floor of the room, an immense gilt clock reared its length against one wall, and French ornaments and curtains of dimity completed the furniture. A number of pet dogs looked at us with some suspicion, and two or three ladies-in-waiting and boys—rather

QUEEN TAITU.

difficult to distinguish apart in their white draperies —stood behind their royal mistress.

Queen Taïtu has the reputation of being a woman of much ability, and it is generally understood that the king owes much of his success to her counsels. She is now forty-three years of age, and, as mentioned above, is rather stout according to European ideas. She seldom goes out, and takes most of her exercise in her garden, which she has brought, with the assistance of an Armenian gardener, to a considerable state of perfection. When she goes outside the limits of the royal enclosure, she is mounted on a mule, and her face is closely veiled. There is a general order that when she appears the public should disappear : under the circumstances, therefore, the Mission was highly honoured in being received by Her Majesty.

Taïtu is the daughter of Batul, formerly Ras of Gondar, a central province of Abyssinia, famed for the white skins of its inhabitants. Originally one of the Hereditary Princesses of Semien, of very fair complexion and great beauty in her youth, she was first married to Waldo Gabriel, one of King Theodore's generals, but the latter put her husband into chains shortly after his marriage. On Theodore's death she married Dejaj Tekla Giorgis, whom she divorced, and was then married, for the third time, to the governor of a province whom King John subsequently imprisoned. She then retired to a convent, but quitted it to marry the Kanyazmach Lekargacho. It was at this period that the king

became enamoured of her, and in 1883, all obstacles having been removed, she became his wife. Menelik is thus her fifth husband, but she has borne him no children.

Having given a few details with regard to Queen Taïtu, it is only fair to do the same with regard to her illustrious consort. Without diving too deep into the past hazy history of Abyssinia, it is necessary to give a slight retrospect, in order to show how Menelik comes to find himself ruler of Shoa and King of kings (Negûs Nagasti) of Ethiopia.[1]

As is well known to the students of legendary history, the famous Queen of Sheba who paid a visit to King Solomon came from somewhere in Abyssinia. The so-called "island of Meroe" (not Merawi, where the Sirdar's advanced post was up to six months ago), between the Atbara and the Nile, has numerous pyramids and remains of ancient grandeur on it, and this is by some supposed to have been the home of the lady in question. Others again say that she came from a good deal farther south-east — say Gondar way. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that Magueda, or Nikaula, or whatever her name was, went to see Solomon, and came back much impressed by him and his riches. The resultant child was named Menelik, and he, educated in Jerusalem, succeeded his mother in 986 B.C., introducing a good deal of Jewish law and customs into the country.

[1] For a fuller historical abstract, *vide* Appendix A.

We will now skip a couple of thousand years or more, and, passing by the time of the Arab (or Somali?) invasion of Abyssinia under Muhamed Granyé in the sixteenth century, come to the Galla invasion which followed it. After the Gallas had overrun most of the country, burning and destroying all the monasteries and literary treasures that the Arabs had overlooked, and cutting the throats of what few Abyssinians dared to oppose them, they began fighting among themselves. This was the opportunity for the country to assert its independence, and one Atia Yera Yakub, ruler of Shoa, became the popular hero, defeating the Gallas in many engagements, and freeing all the south of Abyssinia from their rule. His son, Wassan Seget, married the daughter of the then King of kings (who was supposed to be a direct descendant of Magueda), and thus became definitely a Ras of the Ethiopian Empire.

Wassan Seget's son by this marriage, one Sahela Selassé, thus had—according to popular tradition at all events—some of the original Menelik blood in his veins, and this he passed on, with the kingdom of Shoa, to his eldest son, Hailo Melekot. It was during the reign of the latter that Theodore, a powerful bandit chief and no more, usurped the Ethiopian crown, and called himself King of kings. He lost no time in demanding the submission of Shoa; and, Hailo having hesitated, Theodore entered its then capital, Ankôber, and asserted his authority

by the unnecessary mutilation of a number of prisoners.

It was at this period that Menelik, the son of Hailo Melekot, was taken prisoner, and became one of Theodore's pages.

Shortly afterwards (1867–68), Menelik took the opportunity of Theodore's preoccupation with the campaign against ourselves to fly from Magdala, and at the head of only a few followers he entered Ankôber, where he deposed and executed Theodore's governor, Ato Bezab, and seized the reins of government. He was then about twenty-six years of age.

Meanwhile, Theodore had committed suicide at the capture of Magdala, and Kassa, Johannes, or John, a Tigrin chief who had rendered us valuable assistance in the way of transport and scouts, and received in return a number of guns and stores which were too much trouble for us to take away, had proclaimed himself, with our approval, King of kings. I believe, as a matter of fact, he had no right to the title; but in Abyssinia, more even than in most places, might is right, and he was crowned "Conquering Lion from the tribe of Judah, Johannes, appointed of God, Negûs Nagasti of Ethiopia."

Menelik continued with varying fortunes to govern Shoa till 1881, when King John, alarmed at his growing strength, entered the country with an army, and Menelik at once agreed to pay the necessary tribute, and resume his ordinary position as Ras of Shoa. This position he occupied, several times

breaking into open rebellion against the King, till John was killed fighting the Dervishes at the battle of Galabat. This was in 1889, and Menelik at once took advantage of the disorganised condition in which Northern Abyssinia now found itself, to proclaim himself King of kings. Ras Mangasha, natural son of King John, several times attempted to raise a revolt and to seat himself on the throne that he considered as his own; but in no case could he get a sufficient number of troops together to make head against the powerful ruler of Shoa; and, what with difficulties with the Italians and with his own people, he has now sunk to a third-rate position in the background.

Since his accession, Menelik has been busily occupied in crushing the Gallas and the neighbouring provinces and sultanates which refused to own his sovereignty, and in consolidating his rule over the whole of Abyssinia. That he has to a great extent succeeded in his aims will be recognised by the way in which the turbulent Rases of the northern provinces have, under his guidance, made headway against the Italians, culminating in the crushing defeat which they, supported by Menelik himself and all the available Ethiopian forces, inflicted on their enemies at the battle of Adua in March last year.

The Negûs' personal appearance has already been described; as to character, he is indeed a most enlightened ruler. It has, in very sooth, needed an exceptionally strong man to weld the heterogeneous

and disloyal elements of Abyssinia into a (more or less) harmonious whole, but this Menelik has accomplished. By an almost superhuman activity and attention to every detail, he has succeeded not only in consolidating the country in a manner never previously attained, but in gaining the respect and affection of his people. Thoroughly alive to the necessity of keeping touch with European nations, if he wishes to be considered a civilised monarch, he is, for his situation, extraordinarily well acquainted with what is going on in

MENELIK.

the world, not only from a political, but from a general and even scientific point of view. Were his subjects but one-tenth part as anxious as himself for civilisation and progress, Abyssinia would indeed become a serious factor in the world's game ; but, as it stands, beyond a very few men in the King's immediate *entourage*, there is hardly a soul in the country who desires a state superior to that in which he at present finds himself.

Menelik's manners are pleasant and dignified ; he is courteous and kindly, and at the same time simple

in manner, giving one the impression of a man who wishes to get at the root of a matter at once, without wasting time in compliments and beating about the bush, so often the characteristics of Oriental potentates. He rises every morning at 3 a.m., goes to early morning chapel, and at 6, or sooner, receives the reports of his secretaries. For the next three hours he is busily engaged in answering letters, and deciding on matters in which his judgment is appealed to. During the rest of the day he is extremely active, and supervises every detail of government, no matter being too small for his attention. He also aims at being a popular sovereign, accessible to his people at all hours, and ready to listen to their complaints. In this he appears to be quite successful, for one and all of his subjects seem to bear for him a real affection.

To sum up, the difference in character between Menelik and his people is most marked, and is entirely in favour of the former. Perhaps in few countries is the contrast between the upper class, or aristocracy, and the proletariat so striking as here.

An account of the Royal couple would be incomplete without a reference to some of the other Royalties and great men of Abyssinia.

Before marrying Taïtu, Menelik had three concubines, and was by them the father of one son and two daughters. The son died at the age of thirteen, nine years ago, and the daughters are married, one to a Dejazmach, governor of the Wonomigra Gallas, and the other, Zaudito (Judith), to Ras Mikhael, governor

of the Wollo Galla country. This latter chieftain, formerly a Mohamedan, by name Muhamed Ali, was son of Queen Wargit of the Wollo Gallas, who fought against Theodore, and he was forcibly converted to Christianity by King John. He is a man of pleasing address, of strong character and many rifles, and he has three sons by Judith, of which the eldest, Ajfa Wasun Sajed, is already a Dejazmach in Leka.

Menelik's uncle, Ras Darghé, now an old man of over eighty, is reported to be a most charming old gentleman, and well disposed towards Europeans. Unfortunately he was not at the capital when we were there. He has three sons living, Tsemma, Asfau, and Gugsa, the latter of whom was one of the victims in the bogus so-called "abduction of the Abyssinian Princes" two years ago in Switzerland, whither his father had sent him to be educated. One of these three is popularly reported to be nominated by Menelik as his successor.

Ras Makunnen is the son of Menelik's sister, Tanina Wirk. He married one Shamabit, but she died two years ago, and her relict spouse is now said to be going to marry again, this time a daughter or granddaughter of, I think, Ras Darghé. He has two sons by Shamabit, one of whom we met at Addis Abbaba.

Ras Mangasha Tekkem (no relation of the other Ras Mangasha) is head of all the Rases, but does not belong to the royal family. He is a man of much sagacity, and his counsels are much in request in

State affairs. He is governor of Amhara, otherwise known as Gondar.

RAS MANGASHA TEKKEM.

Ras Wali (or Olyé) Ibn Batul is brother of Taïtu, and governor of Yeju.

Ras Wolda Girgis is the son of Menelik's sister, Om Halosh, and is governor of the south-western districts.

Ras Wolda Gabriel is no Royalty, but governs a huge tract of country to the south-east.

Tekla Haimánot, formerly Ras Adal, is King of Gojam; he is said to be loyal to Menelik, but not in any way distinguished. He was made king by John.

There are also numerous kings and sultans under Menelik's rule in addition to the above. The most important are Abu Jefar, Sultan of Jimma; Kumsa, formerly Sultan, now Dejazmach, of Leka; Janito, Sultan of Kaffa, and Tana Gobyé, King of Walamo. These, and many others, have been brought by the Negûs to acknowledge his sovereignty.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE AT ADDIS ABBABA—MARKET—TRADE, ETC.

As we were now to spend a fortnight or more in the capital, it may be advisable to give a description of it, and this I do by borrowing the results of Wingate's fertile pen.

"The camp of Addis Abbaba (accent on the first A's, please), for it cannot be called a town, is situated at the foot of the Entotto hills, and covers a very large area; the ground is undulating, turf-covered, and intersected by numerous valleys, at the bottom of which run small streams. The Emperor's enclosure completely covers a small hill situated almost in the centre of the camp which it dominates. The whole of this group of buildings is known as the 'Gebi.'

"The dwelling-house is called the *Elfiñ*, a two-storeyed whitewashed building about forty-five feet high; the roof is red-tiled, and the various windows, balconies, and exterior staircases are painted in several colours—green, yellow, red, and blue. Besides this building there are the *aderash*, or principal hall of reception, and dining-hall, a large oblong construction

capable of accommodating six hundred to seven hundred persons; the *saganet* or clock-tower,[1] where the Emperor dispenses justice on two days during the week; and the *guoda*, or depôt, a white building which serves as the Emperor's storehouse.

"In addition to these buildings there are, within the royal enclosure, the workshops, arsenal, carpenters' shop, etc., and a private chapel.

"All around the Gébi are grouped the enclosures of the principal men of State, officers, and others, the importance of the individual being measured by the size of the enclosure and the number of the smaller huts grouped around it.

"All the huts in the town are of the same form, circular or elliptical, with thatched conical roofs; there are very few two-storeyed buildings; but some of the houses, more notably those of the Europeans, are oblong in shape, and the roofs are of the ordinary pent shape, with three or four small peaks capped with circular wooden moulds, serving the double purpose of keeping the thatch in position, and of ornament. As the feudal system prevails in Abyssinia, almost every chief of a province, or Ras, has his compound in Addis Abbaba, and, the hut accommodating generally an insufficient number of followers, it is supplemented by tents of all shapes and sizes.

"The capital therefore presents the appearance of a gigantic camp, and indeed this is actually what it is.

[1] The clock has long served as a nesting-place for a variety of birds.

"The King's headquarters are never for many years in the same place: Ankôber, which was the former capital, is now practically deserted; Entotto succeeded Ankôber; and this place was deserted for Addis Abbaba (or 'the new flower') in 1892; but sooner or later a new spot must be chosen, for gradually all the wood in the vicinity is being cut down and consumed, and when the distance from the forest becomes inconveniently great, the capital must be removed elsewhere. It is said that the next site for the capital will be in Metya, a district lying to the west of Entotto.

"The summits of the Entotto mountains, on the southern slopes of which Addis Abbaba is situated, rise about 1500 feet above the camp, and are crowned by a huge fortress (now disused and in ruins) and by two large churches, viz. St. Raguel and St. Mariam. On the other three sides there is an extended view over undulating prairie land, large rolling grassy slopes, with very few trees. Due south, and distant about thirty miles, can be seen the Zukala volcanic mountain, on the top of which there is a lake and a celebrated monastery. To the south-west lies the mountain of Dalletti, to the south-east the mountains of Herrer, and to the north-west Mount Managasha, on which are the ruins of an old Portuguese church; near this mountain lies the large forest which is gradually being cut down to supply fuel and building materials for Addis Abbaba."

As for the climate, it was perfect. It must be

ADDIS ABBABA—VIEW OF THE PALACE.

remembered that we were now over 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and although, owing to the time of year and the latitude, the sun was perpendicularly overhead at noon, it was never unpleasantly hot. An ordinary soft felt hat was quite good enough for all purposes, and some of us wore only the usual cap of tweed all day. At night it was cool, sometimes unpleasantly so, and at these times a north-easterly wind used to come sweeping down with considerable violence. We were in luck, however, as to weather on the whole, for during our stay of seventeen days we had not a single shower of rain, although during the previous month it had, we were assured, poured every day.

The rains were still our bugbear. If we could not manage our treaty business before the heavy rains came on, we were done, and should have to stay on at Addis Abbaba for another three months. Opinion in the town was rather divided on the subject—some said the rains began at the end of May, some said the middle, whilst others asseverated that they had never known the heavy rains come before the 15th June. We trusted the last-mentioned people might be right, for when the rains do come, they effectually prevent all travelling. Day after day falls the steady downpour, with hardly a glimpse of sun in between. A shower has, in this delightful country, been known to last for four days without a minute's cessation, and the natural consequences are, that at this season the country is impassable for mud and water, whilst every

ditch and valley becomes a roaring torrent. The unhealthy time is just before the heavy rains, when the light rains have begun to fall, and the hot sun dries them up into mist and vapour; and just afterwards, when the country is bathed in steamy heat, and is most miasmatic for a time. Oddly enough, the real heavy rains are always ushered in by an epidemic of coughing amongst the populace—effects of the light rains, we presume.

As it turned out, we got away easily in time before the rains descended on Addis Abbaba, but we received a nice little dose at various places on our journey down country.

As for the country round the capital, it would, except to the northward, make an excellent field for cavalry manœuvres. Mile upon mile of rolling prairie, covered with rough grass in most places, and clean short turf in others, would make an ideal ground for General Luck to work his sweet will on. The only awkward feature would be the sudden little valleys which here and there intersect the ground, and these would have to be negotiated with care. Even in the town, to walk from our camp to the market, a short mile of excellent turf, two, if not three, of these gullies had to be crossed. As usual, the paths down and up these were execrable, and, except in one place, close to the Gebi, there was no sign of a bridge of any description. All the hills were covered with scrub and bush of a most British description. I shall not forget my joy on finding ripe blackberries and mush-

rooms—real mushrooms too, and in May!—as we scrambled to the top of one of the nearest hills to take some bearings on to different points; and although our botany was not equal to telling us the scientific names of all the shrubs and wild flowers we met there, they had a strangely familiar look and smell.

The ground itself was distinctly volcanic in origin, for of the hills around, several, notably Zukala, were extinct craters. The soil on top was thin but fertile black stuff with rock close underneath, and the paths up to Entotto cut through ridges of ironstone. So much iron is there in the neighbourhood that thunderstorms are attracted to the ridge, a circumstance which led to the founding of a new capital on the plain below. At the same time it struck us as curious that the top of the hill on which Entotto stands, or stood, is made of pink chalk. Geologists please explain.

After we had presented the Queen's gifts and returned to camp, several of us went to call on Colonel[1] Leontieff. This officer, whose name has lately been a good deal before the public as second to Prince Henri d'Orléans in his duel with the Count of Turin, is a most charming type of Russian, and received us with every hospitality. In person tall, with a fair beard and a slight stammer, he had now come out to Addis Abbaba for the third time, bearing presents from the Tsar. Amongst other things which

[1] Subsequently raised to the dignity of Count.

he had brought for Menelik were a "graphophone" (much the same as a phonograph), some Russian non-commissioned officers and forty brass instruments wherewith to construct an Abyssinian band. He acknowledged with regret that so far the embryo bandsmen were not a success, and had not a vestige of music in their souls. His plans were vague, and included a journey to Omdurman to visit the Khalifa —but apparently he was ready to go anywhere interesting at a moment's notice. No visit to a Russian is complete without a glass or two of champagne, and after an excellent recital by the graphophone of *Tannhäuser*, "Guardmounting at Berlin," and a few other up-to-date novelties, which sounded rather strange in the depths of Abyssinia, we took our departure.

The Easter festivities were now happily drawing to a close—for during the past week we had been able neither to get through any political business, nor to buy either forage, meat, or grain, owing to the market not being open. Although the Abyssinian Easter lasts such a long time, there is perhaps some excuse for it; the natives observe Lent and Passion Week very strictly, and eat nothing as long as the sun is in the sky. They also have numerous other fast days in the year, and on these they neither eat nor work.

Speaking of Easter and St. George's Day brings to mind numerous discussions and bets we had on the subject of the Abyssinian calendar—whether it was

the same as the Greek, or the Coptic, or twelve days behind, or thirteen, or seven, or none. At last we applied to Kedanu to arbitrate, and he gave his opinion. Then we asked another Abyssinian, and his opinion was totally different. A third man did not agree with either, and finally we discovered that but few of them knew their own almanac; not one of these three even knew the correct year,[1] according to the Abyssinian reckoning! By striking a mean, and taking a further authority, this time the Abuna himself, we came to the conclusion that the Ethiopian calendar is far superior to ours. They divide up their year of three hundred and sixty-five days into twelve months, each of thirty days, and the extra five (or six in leap year) they stick in at the end and treat as holidays. This system is far simpler than our brain-tearing one of all the months having different numbers of days, and the 29th of February coming in every fourth year (and not always that) to mix it all up again.

The year begins on the 10th September,—which seems an odd date,—and the week days are the same as ours, but seven days behind, so that their Easter Sunday was on our Sunday, but a week later, and their St. George's Day, instead of being on our 23rd April, was on our 30th April, or their 23rd of Mazir.

After strenuous exertions, we made out the following calendar :—

[1] 1889.

Abyssinian.		Gregorian.	
1st day of	Máskaram	1889 = 10th Sept.	1896
„	Takémt	„ = 10th Oct.	„
„	Hadár	„ = 9th Nov.	„
„	Tessas	„ = 9th Dec.	„
„	Tarr	„ = 8th Jan.	1897
„	Yekátit	„ = 7th Feb.	„
„	Magáwit	„ = 9th Mar.	„
„	Mazir	„ = 8th Apr.	„
„	Genbwet (Ginbot) .	„ = 8th May	„
„	Sani	„ = 7th June	„
„	Amli	„ = 7th July	„
„	Nas'hi	„ = 6th Aug.	„

Whilst the five extra days at the end (or six in leap year, the last one or leap day being termed *Kadis Yohannis*) correspond to our 5th (or 4th) to 9th September, and are called the *Quággimi*. Anyone in search of active brain exercise should work out a few conundrums as to comparative dates in, say, A.D. 1905.

It was not till eight days after Easter Sunday that the market was opened, and then we poured down to see it and to order in provender and other things for our beasts.

The market-place lies close to the church of St. George and to Colonel Leontieff's house (shortly going to be turned into a custom-house), and is on the slope of a hill easing down towards the palace. As we came up, we were requested by Petros to dismount, for no animals are allowed in the precincts; and, having done so, we walked into the odoriferous crowd.

The market is a mere congregation in the open of people who squat in rows according to the material

they have to sell, with their goods either displayed on the ground, or in shallow baskets in front of them. Purchasers and loafers wander about between the rows, and a noisy hum of voices goes on all day. Up aloft in a straw sentry-box sits the Nagadi Ras, or head of the merchants, whose business it is to superintend the market, put a stop to rows, and settle all disputes that are brought before him. Nearly all the sellers were, we noticed, Gallas. Abyssinians there were, too, in good numbers, but these for the most part confined their attention to the sellers of swords and the cloth-merchants, leaving their womenkind to do the marketing of household goods, and taking small interest in the grain and corn dealers.

We were woefully disappointed with the market. Not a curio nor a quaint article of any sort was to be obtained; no silver, no embroidery, no curious weapons, no decorated pottery or anything showing the arts and crafts of the natives—if they had any. Nothing but the commonest of articles and provisions, grain, grass, sheepskins, fuel, common American, Manchester, or Indian cottons, and trumpery German and Italian hardware was to be seen. Hardly anything of native manufacture was to be had, except very ordinary swords and shields, a few rough spearheads, and some native woollen cloth. "Where's the bazaar?" we demanded of Petros. "Bazaar? there's no bazaar—this is the bazaar." "But surely you must have some tradesmen, some industries, some manufacturers?" This had to be explained carefully,

but when it had sunk in, he shook his head and said, "There are some merchants here,—like what you see going about buying or selling,—but nobody manufactures anything." "But if you want a bed, or a table, or, say, a plough, what do you do?" "Oh, you walk about the town until you hear of somebody who has one to sell. Oh yes, it may take weeks before

TYPES IN THE MARKET.

you get it—but what does it matter? There are one or two carpenters and workers in leather in the town, but I wouldn't advise you to employ them—they don't know anything about their business, and are very bad. The only workers of any use here are the Armenians and Indians, and there are very few of

them ; they only make what they are told to make, and never have anything to sell."

This we found afterwards was absolutely true. There were no trades, no shops, and no industries. If you want to build a house, it takes an eternity before you can get it done. Even after finding out a hut-builder, and giving him elaborate instructions, it will be weeks before he takes the trouble to begin. After a time his men set leisurely to work, and after a week's work they demand their wages. This you give them, and then they go away to spend it, and do not come back for a week, or a month ; even then you generally have to hunt them out yourself, and to induce them to go on with the work you have to give them money—and then they stay away to spend that ! It is hopeless. One French merchant told me his hut had been building for the last eight months and was not yet half finished. It is the same with all the other trades and matters of business. Existence in Abyssinia is a hand-to-mouth affair, and neither forethought nor organisation appear to exist anywhere.

At Addis Abbaba, "Tattersall's" is represented by a large stretch of turf to the south of the market, whereon horses, mules, and donkeys are shown off and bought or sold. An excellent law, which might be with advantage imitated in England, makes it criminal for anyone to sell a horse for more than fifty dollars. Mules, on the other hand, may run up to a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars, or even more.

The coinage of the country is peculiar. No coins are current except dollars, and these are of the Maria Theresa 1780 description, the same that pass muster along the coasts of the Red Sea, the Sudan, and other places. They are worth at Addis Abbaba about seven to the sovereign, *i.e.* about 2s. 10d.[1] apiece. At Harrar the usual exchange is nine to the sovereign. But when you have paid a native in these dollars, the chances are that he will find fault with most of them—either they are too old, or they are too new, or Maria's nose is not the right shape, or there are not enough pearls in her necklace, or her shoulder ornament is too big, or too small—there is no limit to the fancies they have. Menelik tried, at the instigation of M. Chefneux, the principal French merchant at his capital, to introduce a dollar with his own effigy on it, and the Lion of Judah on the other side.[2] Thirty thousand dollars, and the same value in small change, were minted and struck in Paris, and beautiful coins they are. But the Abyssinians would have none of them. Here and there some of the larger merchants will take them at about 2s. 3d., but on the whole they are useless.

For small change they use the *amolé*, or bar of salt. This is a block of hard crystallised salt about 10 inches long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in breadth and thickness, slightly tapered towards the ends; five go to

[1] This represents the approximate value. It must not be supposed, however, that a sovereign could readily be exchanged or would find any takers in the market.

[2] *Vide* outside cover.

the dollar at the capital, but its value varies according to the distance it has to be brought from Lake Assal, a salt lake near the entrance to the Red Sea. People are very particular about this too: if it does not ring like metal when flicked with the finger-nail, or if it is cracked or chipped, they won't take it. It is a token of affection, also, when friends meet, to give each other a lick of their respective amolés, if they have any handy, and in this way the material value of the bar is also decreased. For still smaller change cartridges are used, of which three go to the salt. It does not matter what sort they are, whether "scatter-gun" or rifle cartridges, nor, in the latter case, does it matter whether they are Berdan, Gras, Remington, or any other ammunition. Some sharpers use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in some dust and a dummy bullet to make up the difference, or else they take out the powder and put the bullet in again, so that possibly in the next action the unhappy seller will find that he has got nothing but miss-fires in his belt; but this is such a common fraud that no one takes notice of it, and a bad cartridge seems to serve as readily as a good one.

A very large proportion of business in the country is carried on by a system of exchange, the principal traffic being in cotton cloths, provisions, cattle, gold, civet, or ivory. Most of the export trade is carried on in these three latter commodities, and in coffee and wax besides. Huge quantities of coffee come

down from Kaffa (a province to the south-west of Addis Abbaba and just north of Lake Rudolf, and whence the original name of coffee comes), and, besides the produce of the Harrar gardens, are transported to Aden and Mocha. We were informed that in the latter port it often undergoes a transformation, and is re-exported under the name of "Genuine Mocha Coffee."

The wax comes, as may be surmised, from the great quantities of bees which are cultivated almost throughout the country, and finds its way to other countries, though its passage through the hot Somali plains is not unattended by some risk to itself.

Civet is not very largely exported, as, although of great use to perfumers and others in Europe and elsewhere, there is not much to be had. One of the French merchants tried to make a "corner" in civet two or three years ago, and was nearly ruined in consequence.

Ivory mostly comes from the Leka and Jimma provinces, where huge herds of elephants are reported to roam, untouched except by the few professional hunters. It is sold by the *farasla* of about 40 lbs.

The gold comes from the west of Leka and the Beni Shangul country, where it is washed from the rivers. It is said that there is not very much there, and that the cost of extracting it amounts almost to its own value. This may, however, be a libel disseminated by interested people for their own ends. It may be mentioned that Menelik himself is the

chief person interested, and that the price has lately gone up from sixteen to twenty-eight dollars per ounce. This gold is made up into little rings about the size of a finger-ring, and is nearly all bought by the Hindus at Harrar for the Indian market.

I am afraid that there will be no chance for a long time of a boom in "Beni Shangul Consolidated" or "Leka Goldfields Limited," for Menelik is well aware of the value of his property,—if it *is* his property, which the Dervishes are inclined to question,—and is extremely chary of granting concessions with any bearing in this direction. He has, however, lately, by M. Ilg's advice, despatched thither two mining engineers—one French, M. Camboul, and the other a Swiss—to find out whether it would be worth while importing mining plant for working it on a large scale. It is reported, by the way, that the country is very unhealthy, and kills off numbers of the natives employed in gold-washing.

CHAPTER XII

LIFE IN CAMP—RAILWAYS—TELEGRAPHS—FOOD—
LUNCHEON WITH MENELIK

HUT AT ADDIS ABBABA.

The time passed very quickly during our stay. Except on feast-days, fast-days, justice-days, and Sundays, — which, to do them justice, generally occupied at least four days of the week,—Mr. Rodd

would go every morning to the King and spend an hour or two in discussing affairs in general, and in particular the treaty which we hoped to make with him. For the rest of the Mission, there was generally plenty to be done in camp—looking after the animals and supplies, settling squabbles amongst our Abyssinian followers, arranging matters with regard to our departure, and trying to dispense justice in the numberless little incidents which arose between the very varied sections of our retainers. These latter were nearly always on the subject of food, which matter had to be very carefully adjusted so as not to offend the religious susceptibilities of anyone.

The Aden Troop would not eat beef—at least, some, the Hindus, would not, whilst the Mohamedans would. Then they were very particular about their ghee, in case it should be contaminated by the presence of beef fat. Then their rice ration was different from, and was always getting mixed with, that of the Somalis; and the latter would refuse their meat-ration if they thought the animal's throat had not been cut by a Mohamedan. Then squabbles would arise because the goat distributed to one section of Harraris was not as big as the sheep given to the Somalis, or *vice versâ*; and then the Somali messman and cook would complain that he had been "done in the eye" by an Abyssinian who gave him the wrong change, or false weight, or something. And meanwhile, although the King was most liberal

in sending us daily supplies, a large percentage would always get unaccountably lost on the way. Then one day the water-women would not turn up, or bring bad water, or the rill which supplied us was choked and turned off somewhere above our camp for the benefit of some grandee who had chosen to pitch his tents above us. Then the grass and forage was always short, and more had to be bought; and then the Abyssinian guard would prevent the forage-women from coming to camp, and this had to be inquired into; and then there would be a row, and somebody would get his head laid open, and then he would have to be looked after and the clubman punished —altogether it was endless, and gave us plenty to do.

Besides this, we received a good many visitors of different nationalities, and returned their visits in various parts of the town. On one occasion Mr. Rodd and Wingate went to see the "Breath of the King," who, it will be remembered, fulfils the duties of Lord Chief Justice in the kingdom, and presented him with a pair of field-glasses and a piece of good embroidery. His lordship received them affably, as might be expected of the Affa Negûs; and was particular to impress on them how much the Emperor was beloved by his people, and how the prosperity of Abyssinia had augmented of recent years. He then went on to say that he had never before been called upon to personally conduct a foreign ambassador to His Majesty, and that in doing so Menelik

had shown his preference for the British Mission over all those despatched by other countries. This might be perhaps "blague," but the Breath proceeded to emphasise his remarks in a practical manner by inviting his visitors to an immediate meal, although they had only just finished luncheon.

Accordingly a species of low basket table was placed before them, and on this some thirty or forty Abyssinian breads (somewhat resembling the Indian chupattie, but larger) were laid; a maid-servant then brought in a substance consisting of meat swimming in mulligatawny soup, strongly seasoned with Abyssinian pepper. Tearing off some of the under pieces of bread, she proceeded to steep these in the soup, and laid them on the top layer of breads. Then, taking the meat in her fingers, she sliced it up with a clasp knife, and, eating a small piece with some soaked bread to show that it contained no poison, she served it to them on the circular breads which act in lieu of plates. She then proceeded to hand them the tej in small flagons, over which a piece of rag was thrown to keep away the evil eye. At the conclusion of this repast a species of native spirit distilled from honey and flavoured with aniseed was handed round. This is a most potent liquor.

Small cups of very sweet coffee flavoured with cardamum brought their meal to a close, and after effusive compliments they took leave of their genial host. The servants generally consume the remnants of their masters' food, seated on the ground and in

the same room. During the meal it is customary to close all doors to keep off the evil eye.

In pleasant contrast to this "*dejeûner sans fourchette*," we were invited on the evening of that day to dinner with M. and Madame Ilg. The comfort of the surroundings and the civilised white tablecloth, silver and glass, besides the excellence of the meal, prepared under the superintendence, if not by the hands, of our fair hostess, appeared to us like the height of luxury after our sojourning in the wilds,—and this without offence to our worthy Egyptian cook, Usta, whose skill in lighting a fire in a pouring thunderstorm I have never seen equalled.

Our host was himself a sportsman, and showed us photographs and trophies of the chase; amongst others, a photo of a big elephant he had killed in the Azabot Galla country. In answer to our inquiries, he told us that the Abyssinians are no sportsmen. Occasionally they organise an elephant-hunt, and go out to the tune of three hundred or four hundred strong. After a wonderful amount of ammunition has been expended, during which process generally three or four men are killed owing to the wild firing, the elephant falls, riddled with bullets. Then, when he is at his last gasp, the greatest man there gives him his *coup de grâce*, and the party comes back rejoicing, with much feasting and merrymaking. The great man is received at Court as a hero, much honour is paid to him, and the elephant's tail is nailed up as a trophy on his dwelling-house. He who slays a lion is

entitled to wear the aureole of lion's mane, which certainly makes a most becoming head-dress. But, singly, as above mentioned, the natives are not sportsmen, and they are no use as *shikaris* or gun-bearers, generally bolting at the approach of big game.

M. Ilg also told us some details about the railway which was going to connect the country with the sea, *viâ* Harrar and Jibuti. He and M. Chefneux had obtained the concession from Menelik three years ago, and in course of time he hoped that not only would the riches of the country pour through this channel, but that the railway would be produced on to the Upper Nile. This, however, he admitted to be a somewhat Utopian dream, especially as the Somalis, through whose territory it would pass, were violently opposed to it, and had even gone so far as to obstruct the preliminary survey party.

Although the country over which it would run offers but little difficulty to constructing a railway, we heard enough during our stay to make us imagine that the Abyssinians themselves are an obstruction, and that a large number of the chiefs, at all events in the more western portion, would strongly object to such a new-fangled idea, on the grounds that it would introduce into the country the all-pervading white man, whose encroachments they are determined to resist. We saw no reason, however, for the failure of a prospective railway between Harrar and the coast; it would tap a very rich country, the provinces

of Harrar and, indirectly, of Shoa, and any opposition by the tribes in between should be easily dealt with.

Then we got on to telegraphs. I think I omitted to mention that on our way up country, a single telegraph wire, an uncovered copper strand, ran alongside the route as far as Burka, but was in several places lying in coils along the ground. It appears that it affords considerable amusement in the way of gymnastic exercise to the troops of monkeys who inhabit the woods through which it passes, and that these acrobatic performances have a good deal to do with the frequent breakdowns. On arriving at a certain spot called Batanissa, near Lake Tyer-tyer, we found the French telegraph camp, and I interviewed the chief, one M. Drouin, on the subject of his work. He was annoyed with the British Mission for, as he said, denuding the country of men, and, consequently, of his workmen, as they were taken away from him in order to bring us supplies. He was, however, full of enthusiasm, and said that the wire would be in working order up to Addis Abbaba by the 20th of May,—it was then the 18th of April. I supposed I must have grinned on receiving this intelligence, for he immediately offered to back his opinion for £10,000 sterling. Not having quite so much money about me at the time, I was forced to decline the bet, and rode off; but I would have bet him a fiver with pleasure. When I told this little story to M. Ilg, I think by his expression he would have liked to have gone halves with me. He agreed

A SCION OF NOBILITY.

that it would not be up for another six months, and that even then it would require a quantity of men and a large staff of experienced clerks to keep it going. However, he said that Menelik was very keen to connect Addis Abbaba with Harrar by wire as soon as possible, and that therefore it would prob-

ably be carried through by the end of the year. The concessionaire is M. Chefneux.

As we were on the subject of communications, I asked what the arrangements were about mails and posts. It appears that here again the French are to the fore. They have established a post office at both Addis Abbaba and Harrar, and a mail about once a week goes through to Jibuti. M. Mondon-Vidailhet is the "Directeur des Postes Ethiopiennes," the same gentleman who is said to write to *Le Temps* such glowing accounts of the wonderful civilisation of Abyssinia. It is, however, not much used, and, it is said, will shortly be abolished. This is not to be wondered at, since the French Government pay all expenses and Menelik takes all the receipts. A series of very neat postage stamps, with an excellent likeness of the Negûs, are used on the letters; philatelists are therefore warned that they are likely to become rare in the immediate future.

Besides this French mail there is no regular arrangement for despatching letters. Menelik's messengers travel between the capital and Harrar about once a week, but, outside royal circles, private individuals have to shift for themselves.

We have, however, drifted from the subject of dinners.

Some of the food beloved by the Abyssinians, and the manner of eating it, has been already described; but a slight account should also be given of the way in which the lower classes usually consume

their meals. It should be noted that the ordinary breads of the country are very thin, flat cakes, about the size of a handkerchief, which look and taste like sour, uncooked crumpets. They are also generally damp, flabby, and full of grit.

When an Abyssinian sits down to a meal, which he does crosslegged or squatting on the floor, he has a pile of breads alongside him, and commences operations by wiping his hands on the top one, which seems to serve the purposes of a napkin. The next one he folds in four and dips into a bowl full of red pepper mixed with ghee (clarified butter); soaking it well in the mixture, he kneads it up in his hands, and crams it into his mouth. If you happen to be a particular friend of his, he may insist on your eating a bit that he has torn off. The red grease looks rather nasty, but tastes—for I have tried it in minute quantities—a good deal better than it looks.

After three or four of these breads, he turns his attention to the meat. He prefers this raw, but it is often cooked. Taking a large hunk in the left hand, say the hind leg of a sheep or half a dozen ribs of beef, he draws his sword (always worn on the right side) and carves off a manageable slab. This he crams into his mouth as far as it will go, and slices off the mouthful—with his sword—close to his lips. Then he masticates the piece,—an operation of some difficulty, for the mouthful is fairly large, and repeats the process. Liquid assistance to wash it down is afforded by draughts of tej or talla out of a horn cup,

or, if a piece is unusually obstructive, out of the gombo. The upper classes, of course, take their food more tidily, but these were the manners at table of our soldier escort.

Little seems to be eaten besides bread, red grease, and "butchers'" meat. There are practically no vegetables in the country, or fruits, except here and there some bananas. Chickens are eaten, but they are very skinny; game birds, such as ducks, geese, bustard, francolin, etc., they will rarely touch, or even cook, if they can help it. Eggs they will hardly take the trouble to collect, and when they do eat them, they seem not to mind if they happen to be a week or two old. Milk they are fond of, but keep it in burnt-bark vessels, which give it a taste unpleasant to our palates: in some parts of the country the Gallas put in unmentionable liquids to keep it sweet. The honey they eat is good, but it is always full of comb, dirt, and dead bees.

An Abyssinian's stomach seems to be very elastic, for he can put away in it a wonderful quantity of food at a sitting. I have been told that two men have been known to eat a sheep in a night, and can almost believe it on seeing the powers of some of our retainers in that direction. But, on the other hand, they can go without food for a day or two, or even longer, without inconvenience, doing hard work, or marching, all the time. They rarely drink water, except on a journey: even the poorest seems to have his supply of talla, that nasty weak beer already

referred to, which, in addition to its other crimes, is generally warm, and dirty as well ; for they do not appear to think it necessary to use clean water in its manufacture.

Tej is extremely popular with all ranks, but it is only the middle and upper classes who can afford it. It is decidedly intoxicating, and the apostles of temperance, were they to visit the country, would find their work cut out for them. Araki, a strong spirit brewed from grain, is also drunk.

One day, the 6th May it was, a messenger arrived early from the palace to say that the King desired us to partake of luncheon with him, as it was the custom every Thursday to invite the officers and officials to have their midday meal in the large audience hall, and His Majesty thought we might be interested in the sight. At 11 a.m. a large escort arrived to take us to the palace, and on arrival we found the Emperor seated on the daïs, while on his right was a table laid for eight persons in the European fashion, spotless tablecloth, and service of Sèvres china, bearing the Lion of Judah burned in colours.

We were asked to seat ourselves at this table, and an excellent European luncheon was served, interspersed here and there with Abyssinian dainties, of which red pepper formed the principal ingredient ; whilst Burgundy, very superior tej, and powerful araki circulated alternately. Meanwhile Menelik, seated on his daïs and enveloped by silk cushions, and surrounded by his courtiers, was being served

in the usual Abyssinian fashion. A large ornamental basket containing the breads was placed on a small table in front of him, covered with a silk cloth, and beside him was placed a vase containing a bouquet of flowers. Soon after he had begun to eat, his principal men of State, ministers, priests, and generals, entered, and, seating themselves on the floor, the most important nearest the Emperor, were served with the dishes out of which the Negûs had just eaten, each individual being also provided with a flagon of tej covered with a piece of silk. During the meal, Menelik, his officials, and ourselves, were shut off from the rest of the hall by closely-drawn curtains, and when the King drank, sneezed, or coughed, or blew his nose, his attendants were ready with their tobes to screen him from the public gaze. It is also customary that when an inferior approaches a man in high authority to speak to him, he invariably covers his mouth with his tobe, and, bending low, makes his communication in a whisper. The lowness of the bow varies according to the rank of the person addressed, those addressing the Emperor bowing almost to the ground.

When His Majesty had finished eating, he considerately invited us to smoke. This invitation was characteristic of the Negûs' modern ideas, as, up till quite recently, in the days of King John, smoking was punished by the lips being cut off. But Menelik, without revoking his predecessor's ordinance, has suffered it to fall into abeyance; and although he

never smokes himself, and does not encourage it, he is always most anxious that his European visitors should eat, drink, and smoke as they are accustomed to do in their own country.

The curtains were now drawn aside, and immediately the azajs (or stewards) began placing large baskets of food on the floor of the great hall, about six feet apart, in rows.

When this was completed, the doors were thrown open, and the entry of the principal officers, who had not already dined, was heralded by a blast of shawms (those used on this occasion were, Colonel Leontieff informed us, a gift of the Emperor of Russia, and were an exact model of the old Abyssinian shawm). The officers, entering in most orderly fashion, their tobes thrown back as a salute, seated themselves in groups of ten round each basket of breads. Cooked meats were then served to them, and each guest was provided with a large horn tumbler filled to the brim with tej : in less than a quarter of an hour the meal was over, the empty tej tumblers were fitted into one another, and removed to the servants' platform to be refilled ; and at a sign from the master of ceremonies, the guests filed out by the opposite door in the most orderly manner. The doors were then closed, the baskets replenished with breads, and some five hundred of the next senior officers and officials were admitted as before, and the feast repeated, the shawms being blown at odd intervals by way of a band accompaniment ; and by repeating the ceremony

four times, upwards of two thousand individuals were provided with a most substantial meal. We took our leave before the last batch entered, and did not, therefore, see the consumption of brondo, or raw meat, which is generally given to the inferior classes, and is recognised as the national Ethiopian dish. This raw meat is said to be consumed whilst still palpitating, being well seasoned with pepper and other condiments.

The practice of eating raw flesh generally gives rise to tapeworm, but this fact seems to have no deterrent effect on the Abyssinian, who prefers to endure the intestinal discomfort to giving up his favourite dish. A violent dose of the bark of the "kousso" tree, taken once a month, appears temporarily to rid the body of this most objectionable disease.

Before leaving the dining-hall, the Emperor interviewed Mr. Rodd and Pinching, and asked the latter some very intelligent questions on the latest discoveries in medical science; he appeared specially interested in the discovery of anti-venine as an antidote to snake-bite. He remarked that in Abyssinia, when a person was bitten by a snake and could not himself come, a friend of the bitten individual was immediately despatched to the court to receive medicine from the King by proxy. Menelik, though admitting that such treatment could not possibly be effective, said that he had seen so many cures worked by this means that he believed there must be something in it; and when Pinching suggested that

possibly it was a case of faith-healing, he readily accepted this as the explanation.

As His Majesty seemed so keen about science, Mr. Rodd on the following day presented him with a microscope, which was the first he had seen ; he was greatly interested in it, and amongst the many new inventions which he said he wished to see, he remarked the Roentgen ray apparatus had the greatest interest for him. Unfortunately, Mr. Rodd, who had intended to bring one of these apparatus, was prevented at the last moment from doing so by the suggestion that it might be looked upon as magic ; and when he told this to Menelik, the latter laughed heartily, saying that it was true the priests might have so argued in the days of King John, but that happily they lived under a more enlightened rule now.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ARMY

A CHAPTER must now be devoted to perhaps the most important factor in Abyssinia, the Army. As can be easily understood, we, the members of the Mission, being most of us soldiers as well, were very anxious to find out the secret of the crushing victory gained by the Abyssinians at Adua. It has been suspected that they must have had European officers to train and lead them, or at all events to organise the masses of men who appeared on the field, and to arrange some system of supply and transport for the vast quantity who for weeks managed to subsist in that most barren of countries, Northern Abyssinia.

It was not easy to get hold of any details at Addis Abbaba, for—leaving out of the question the difficulties encountered by our not knowing the language, and by having to do everything through a very limited supply of incomplete interpreters (Speedy always excepted)—the few people in authority that we made friends with sufficiently to be able to ask them questions about the army appeared to be extraordinarily ignorant on the subject. They did not

know anything about any portion of the forces outside the troops that they were immediately connected with, and stared vacantly at us when we asked about numbers, organisation, or supply. The fact was, the whole fighting force of the nation is based on rather a go-as-you-please system, or rather a want of system, and one could hardly blame one's informers for not knowing the answers to questions on matters which did not exist.

We knew of course beforehand that, formerly, an

A GENERAL.

Abyssinian army was simply raised by the feudal system ; *i.e.* every Ras or governor of a province collected the men in authority underneath him, that these collected those below them again, every man bringing his own retainers, and so on, until the whole available fighting force of the province was afoot. This system had been in force since the days of Moses, and, up to the time of our first standing army raised by Cromwell, was in force in our own country.

But we thought that, in order to bring about the results attained in the Adua campaign, some other powers must have been in action as well, to secure the proper organisation of the troops, the lines of communication with the distant provinces, and, above all, the adequate supply of provisions to the army in the field. However, it appeared that progress in military matters, as in all else, is an extremely slow mover in Abyssinia, and practically no advance, except what was directly due to Menelik's initiative, had been made in these matters since the days of Theodore.

The reason of this is, no doubt, that, until the present Negûs came to the throne, the Rases and Princes of Ethiopia had never been consolidated into what the text-books call one homogeneous whole, and, even now, it will take Menelik a long time to weld the heterogeneous masses of his subjects into a body capable of receiving even the first impressions of a fighting organisation as we understand it.

He has, however, begun his task, and his first efforts have been directed towards embodying a permanent and standing army. Since he has taken the matter in hand, a certain proportion of each Ras's army has been told off to act as standing garrison for the province, the numbers being fixed by the Ras. These garrisons united form Menelik's new creation. The chief drawback to this arrangement is that such a decentralised army cannot afford to Menelik the same support as one which is under

one head and one direction, especially as several of the Rases are by no means distinguished for their loyalty. However, it is no doubt of importance that there should be men in each province available as soldiers at a moment's notice, and the Negûs appears to be satisfied with the result.

Although the system is not in the least comparable with any European one (except, perhaps, the Montenegrin), we may give these two divisions thus formed European names, calling the one just described the Standing Army, and the remaining horde of able-bodied retainers the Militia.

The only practical difference between these two is that the men composing the former are permanently embodied and paid, whilst those of the latter are only called out in case of war, and in no case receive any pay, only loot. Otherwise, there is no difference in organisation, arms, hierarchy, or otherwise.

The pay of each man of the Standing Army is nominally ten dollars a-year, besides occasional clothes for himself and forage for his horse, should he have one. We were told, however, that he rarely gets as much as four or five dollars a-year. His allowances amount only to seven handfuls of grain per month, besides three and a half for his wife and one and three-quarters for each child ; there is, therefore, an obvious temptation to supplement the necessary food by raiding and robbery. The pay of the officers is higher, and may range, with luck, up to ten pounds a-year.

The combined forces of the Standing Army amount to over seventy thousand men; those of the Militia to quite a hundred and forty thousand more.

The above numbers include all the Abyssinian fighting men who could be raised within a month or so, but do not include a large number of Gallas and others, slaves, servants, peasants, etc., who could be forced into the ranks in time of national danger, and would make efficient spearmen.

For purposes of comparison, we may state that the number of men who took part in the recent campaign against Italy, which terminated in the disaster at Adua, was estimated at close on two hundred thousand, of whom nearly three-quarters were armed with rifles.

The ranks and hierarchy in the army are as follows :—

1. Melik.—King : commands the combined Abyssinian forces.

2. Ras.—Governor of province : general of an army.

3. Lukúmukas.—Equerry : there are only two of these ; they may wear the same dress as the King, excepting the crown. In action their duty is to wear the royal dress so as to attract the bullets from their master to their own devoted bodies.

4. Dejazmach.—Shortened, as a title, to Dejaj, literally, "door ruler" : a general.

5. Fitaurari.—Literally, "horn of a rhinoceros" :

commander of the advanced guard, corresponds more or less to brigadier-general.

6. Bejirondi.—Two of these only: they are a species of Royal Transport and Engineer officers. The first, B. Balcha, is in charge, on a campaign, of the treasury, and B. Katamma transports Menelik, his baggage, and his suite; they have a roughly organised transport corps for these duties, and advise on roads, line of march, etc.

7. Kanyazmach.—Ruler of the right wing.

8. Gerazmach.—Ruler of the left wing.

These two are equal in rank, and roughly correspond to our rank of colonel.

9. Balámbaras.—Literally, "head lord of a fort" or fortress commander; does not necessarily stay in a defensive position, but takes the field.

10. Yeshambal.—Captain of one thousand.

11. Mato.—Captain of five hundred.

Captains of two hundred and fifty, one hundred, and fifty, and of smaller units have no distinctive titles.

The head of the Artillery has the title of Tobbasha.

The titles of Ato (Aito, Atu, Ito) and Lij (Lig or Lik) are met with, but are not military. The former corresponds to our "Mister," and the latter to an Esquire who possesses a certain amount of land.

The word Shûm means civil governor of a district.

The above ranks, although thus laid down in order of precedence, are not always so in practice; it depends on the strength and number of followers of the person in question. Thus, although each Ras is supposed to have under him a Dejazmach and a Fitaurari, and each of the latter a Kanyazmach and Gerazmach of his own, still, in certain cases a Fitaurari may be more powerful than a Ras, and even a Balámbaras may command more men than a Dejazmach, although nominally far below him.

None of these titles are hereditary, though as a rule a Dejazmach's son is on his father's death given the title of Fitaurari. The King has absolute power in distributing ranks and titles, and may elevate or degrade any man in the kingdom according to his own will and pleasure. A little of this power is delegated to Rases for use inside their own provinces.

Roughly, a Ras will command from five thousand to forty thousand men; a Dejazmach or Fitaurari, three thousand to ten thousand men; a Kanyazmach, Gerazmach, or Balámbaras, two thousand to five thousand men.

There is no organised division into the three arms, as in Europe. Every man is a foot soldier, unless he happens to possess a horse; whilst the horsemen are gathered together under chiefs, and form a species of Cavalry. The Artillery is nearly all at the capital, and gunners are trained as occasion serves. There are no Engineer, Transport, or

Medical arrangements; an attempt has, however, been made at organising a Commissariat, which will be referred to later.

Although there is no division into regiments, battalions, and companies, Abyssinian troops can be quickly got into roughly organised masses, and move over the ground with great rapidity. The directed movements of large bodies of men—it cannot be called drill—are carried out largely with the assistance of the voice and the stick. Numerous small chiefs receive their orders from the head of their unit, and proceed to carry them out by running up and down, shouting, and hammering out their men in the required formation or direction. The process is not conducive to smartness, but it is effective, and is an improvement on the old plan whereby men followed their chiefs in masses, without semblance of order.

Armament.—The Abyssinian soldier's arms are the rifle and the sword; often a shield is carried as well.

Practically every man has a rifle. Nearly every system of single-loader is represented: the larger proportion of rifles are Remingtons, then come Gras, Vetterli-Vitali magazine rifles, and Berdans; amongst other systems noted were Chassepots, Mausers (single-loaders), a Styrian rifle with falling block and lever, name unknown, occasional Winchesters and Peabody-Martinis, Martini-Henrys being rare and much prized, and here and there a Kropatschek. With

the exception of the Vitalis mentioned above, and taken at Adua, there are very few repeating rifles in the country; this, no doubt, is owing to their price being higher, and few being on the cheap market.

A good many old muzzle-loaders, mostly in the last stage of decay, were seen.

The chiefs carry carbines, Winchesters or other rifles, many carrying sporting single-loaders. As a rule the rifles are not well kept, being often rusty, or clogged with mud and dust. To save the trouble of cleaning out the barrel and to prevent dirt getting in, the muzzles are corked up with bits of wood and rag, or tufts of grass.

The bayonet is not used, except occasionally as a side-arm in lieu of a sword.

The price of a rifle varies from eighteen dollars at Harrar to twenty-two dollars at Addis Abbaba.

Up to a few years ago, there were hardly any breech-loading rifles in the country besides Remingtons. These had been nearly all taken from the Egyptians in their disastrous campaigns of 1876 and 1877, and the few other rifles in the hands of the natives were either old muzzle-loaders or odds and ends of sporting rifles. For all these they had very little ammunition. But when the French began to awaken to the importance of their little colony of Obok, they poured in goods through Jibuti into Abyssinia. A very large proportion of these imports were rifles and ammunition, and the

stream has not yet ceased. It is calculated that over a hundred thousand rifles have thus been imported, and when the cargo of the *Doelwyck*—captured last year by the Italians and subsequently released—has been sold, there will be considerably over two hundred thousand rifles in the country.

The Abyssinian soldier is not a good shot. Every man carries a belt full of cartridges, but he is not particular whether they all fit his rifle. A variety of kinds are carried by most men, some cartridges even being dummy ones, and others having no powder in them. This custom arises from the universal one already referred to of using cartridges as small change (fifteen to seventeen to a dollar), so that a buyer cannot be certain of receiving rounds of the right bore for his rifle; also, many dishonest persons extract the powder and bullets, or fire off the cartridge, filling up with dummy powder and bullet, before passing it on as coin.

Ammunition stores exist in all the provinces, and from these cartridges would be issued in time of war. The position of these stores is kept very secret, and in some cases it is death to approach them.

The Cavalry is chiefly composed of Galla horsemen; their arms are rifle, throwing javelin, shield, and spear for close work. Their organisation and discipline is of the loosest, but they are said to be dashing horsemen and good reconnoitrers. The horses are poor-looking, but hardy. Owing to the universal introduction of rifles, the cavalry is not

now so numerous as formerly, and is reported not to exceed five thousand altogether.

The Artillery consists of about eighty little mountain guns, of all calibres and systems. About fifty of these were taken from the Italians, and others from the Egyptians in their 1876 campaigns. They are nearly all kept at Addis Abbaba, though a few are distributed in the various provinces.

The gunners are under the Bejirondis above-mentioned, and do not get much training, as the guns are almost always kept housed, and there is probably not much ammunition for them.[1]

Every Abyssinian who can afford one wears a sword, worn on the right side. The usual shape is highly curved, and sharpened on both edges, with no guard. The object of this sickle-shape is to cut over the adversary's guard with the concave edge on to his head and neck; it is, however, a cumbrous weapon, and only of use for cutting, not for thrusting or parrying, which, indeed, no Abyssinian ever does. The sword is drawn from its leather scabbard by a back-handed motion of the right hand, elbow outwards. The handle is made loose, so as not to interfere with the twist of the wrist in changing edges. The steel is very fair.

Other shapes are longer and straighter; the Dervish cross-handle sword is much esteemed, and the Italian infantry officers' sword is becoming popu-

[1] Count Leontieff has quite recently (January 1898) taken a large quantity out with him.

lar. An order was also given for thirty swords to the pattern of the Indian sowar's sabre.

The Abyssinian wears no knife, and uses his sword for everything, from killing people down to cutting a beefsteak or a pencil.

The Gallas and other natives who wear no sword usually carry a Danâkil knife in their belt; this knife has a strong curved blade of about ten inches, the handle and sheath being generally ornamented with brass wire.

The Abyssinians proper do not use spears. The Gallas, however, being debarred from the use of rifles, make use of this weapon. As a rule, it is about seven feet long, coarsely made, and with a laurel-leaf shaped head.

The shield is circular, convex with a boss in the centre, and usually made of buffalo or oxhide. It is tough and hard, and easily turns a sword cut.

The shields of the chiefs are generally ornamented with silver, usually a present from the King as a mark of distinction. In the case of Rases and other high functionaries where the King wishes to do them honour, he presents them with a shield covered with purple or black velvet, and embossed in gold.

The Abyssinian soldier's dress is the ordinary native one; he has no uniform or badge of rank. It consists of a pair of linen or cotton trousers reaching half-way down the leg, and a shirt of the same material coming down to the knees. Besides these, he generally has a sheet or *shamma* of white stuff

wound round him, and over his shoulders. If he can afford it, he wears a *jano*, *i.e.* a shamma with a broad red stripe; this is of thin native woollen stuff, and is very warm. In cold or wet weather, those who can afford it wear a hooded cloak of brown goat's hair; this costs two dollars, and makes an excellent greatcoat.

These clothes are seldom washed, and they soon assume a dingy brown hue. The hair is cut short, and no headdress, stockings, or shoes are worn.

The higher officers wear the same dress, with the jano, and generally a cloak of dark-coloured silk; they also wear a white or coloured handkerchief tied tight round the head, and hanging down behind; bare legs. On special occasions, a silk shirt (*kamîs*), generally striped in different colours, is worn, with a jano according to circumstances, and a *gôfer*, or decorated and embroidered cloak, or a lion's skin. In the King's presence, or in church, the jano must be worn over the kamîs round the waist, and flung from behind over the right shoulder, the salute being given by taking the end off the shoulder. On these occasions, too, a brilliant-coloured silk handkerchief encircles the head.

In war-time the kamîs is always worn, covered with a *lamd*, or plain skin or cloak; in action the jano is discarded. Badges of rank there are none, but to those who have distinguished themselves in war, or lion or elephant hunting, decorated shields, cloaks, and lion skins are given. A man who has

ABYSSINIAN OFFICERS.

distinguished himself in battle, or slain a lion or elephant, receives an aureole of lion's mane. Exceptional deeds in the field or in the seat of government may also bring as rewards gilt armlets and coronets. But the highest honour of all is the *kûfta*, a hat shaped like a brimless top-hat, generally covered with black or purple velvet, and ornamented with gold or silver. This distinction is given only for valour, and carries with it a gold or silver mounted shield, and an ornamented sword scabbard. The scabbard is enriched by silver bands, nominally one for each five men killed.

It is to be noted that, whatever his rank, every officer carries a rifle or carbine, besides a sword.

Few revolvers were seen, and these few were all of the cheap French pattern.

With the troops many flags are generally carried, each consisting of three triangular pennons, of red, yellow, and green respectively, nailed on to a long, thin, and generally crooked staff. These flags are for show only, and do not denote companies or units of any kind.

In order to feed his Standing Army, Menelik has given orders for depôts of food to be collected at various centres, and distributed to the men. This arrangement is for the purpose of preventing the robbing and raiding of inhabitants for food, as has hitherto been the case.

Although the Mission had no opportunity for judging personally of the manœuvring power or

morale of the troops, the general opinion at Addis Abbaba seemed to be, as regards the former, that large bodies of men could be mobilised and concentrated at required spots in comparatively short spaces of time, and that apparently disorganised masses would quickly, in the hour of action, resolve themselves into more or less coherent units, and obey the voice of their leaders.

All accounts of Abyssinian actions agree that their efforts are directed towards encircling an inferior enemy with greatly superior forces, reserving their fire till close quarters are reached, and then attacking on all sides at once. They appear rarely to attack unless in greatly superior numbers.

The Shoan soldier is of medium height, averaging 5 feet 7 inches or so, broad-shouldered and sturdy. His features are negroid in character, and though the nose is generally straight and well formed, and the facial angle fairly Caucasian, his hair is woolly and his lips are thick; his complexion of a burnt umber colour. His head is generally covered with rancid butter and other inhabitants, and he is not given to washing. He is an excellent and rapid marcher, and can live on next to nothing. No food for two or three days is not by any means an uncommon hardship to him, but at the same time it must be allowed that, given the opportunity, he will gorge himself to repletion with meat and beer, and drinks his fill whenever occasion offers. His natural instincts are not humane, and although Menelik does his best to

stop them, the cruelties that distinguished the soldier of fortune in the dark ages come natural to him. As regards discipline, he obeys his leader through fear, or when the orders chime in with his own inclinations; he is also said to be obedient in action; at other times he is independent. He looks upon highway robbery and the raiding of villages in search of food as a natural privilege of the soldier's profession, and does not understand being checked for so doing. His reconnoitring and spying work is good, but his shooting powers do not appear to be brilliant.

The reasons for their great victory at Adua appear to be their immense numerical superiority, the fact that the whole nation was fighting for its existence, and the extraordinary and fatal mistakes made by the Italians in pushing forward Albertone's brigade far ahead of the others into the enemy's position, whereby it and the others which came up singly to assist it were destroyed in detail, whilst there was no inter-communication between the different parts of the force. It will be noticed that though the Abyssinians numbered nearly a hundred thousand to sixteen thousand in this battle, they did not themselves attack the enemy, but waited until he advanced against an impossible and unreconnoitred position.

Eye-witnesses state that in the rout which followed, the cavalry pursued with vigour as long as the enemy was on the run, but that if only a small body of Italians halted and faced round on them, they did not renew the attack.

The Italians do not seem to have fixed bayonets, but did very considerable execution with their rifles; the many wounded men seen in Shoa testify to the truth of this.

Nearly all the breech-blocks which the Italians threw away were picked up again by the enemy and fixed into the captured guns.

The only European officer in the action on the side of the Abyssinians was M. Clochette,[1] formerly of the French Marine Artillery; he arrived late the night before, and took no personal part in the battle. A Greek merchant was the only other European present on Menelik's side. Colonel Leontieff arrived two days afterwards.

The Abyssinians allow that they were so short of food and the necessaries of life that they would have been forced to retire within a week without fighting. A severe murrain had also broken out amongst the mules and horses, not touching the donkeys, and disease and starvation was rife among the troops. We made particular inquiries about the transport of provisions during this time, but were everywhere met with the answer that there was no permanent system of transport. Large supplies were at first collected at Burrum Diru, half-way between Addis Abbaba and Adua, eight days from either. When these were exhausted, every man brought along his own provisions and belongings on a donkey or two, and was reinforced by his wife or relations bringing

[1] Since dead.

more food. When that was gone, he scraped together a little food and lived on the country. Eventually, he ate the donkey, for there does not seem to have been enough forage for even these hardy little beasts. The Abyssinians were all in a state of semi-starvation and misery when the battle was fought.

The Abuna Mathios, who was present, told me that seven separate actions were fought that day. Three thousand five hundred Abyssinians were killed, and thousands more wounded. Colonel Leontieff stated that a hundred and forty thousand men either took part in the action or were close at hand.

Menelik during the action made strenuous and successful efforts to organise rough dressing stations, food, water, and surgical assistance for the wounded.

At the close, the Italian prisoners were all drawn up in front of Menelik's tent, and roughly divided off into sections, which were handed to the different generals to look after. Those who were lucky enough to be in Menelik's own section got enough food on the way to the capital to keep body and soul together, but large numbers of the rest suffered from starvation. The whole country through which they passed was so impoverished that there was no means of supplying their wants. The wounded Italians were mostly given mules to ride, and only the unwounded ones walked.

On arrival at Addis Abbaba the Italians appear to have been wonderfully well treated, and the

attitude of the king afforded no grounds of complaint for future recriminations on this score. He wished to treat them as would a civilised monarch, and he appears to have succeeded very well. He even gave them money, one issue being of three dollars apiece, and he held all the inhabitants in whose houses they were billeted responsible for the safety and well-being of their guests-of-war.

One rather funny story came to light anent this. A Shoan horse-soldier was one day taking his prisoner out for his morning constitutional, when the latter began to admire his horse. In the few words he knew of Amharic he gave his warder to understand that he would like to see if he could ride in his saddle, and as the two were apparently on friendly terms, the horseman dismounted and the Italian got up. No sooner had they reached a secluded spot than there occurred what might have been expected: the Italian rammed his heels into the horse's ribs and disappeared, followed by a harmless bullet or two! Some days afterwards the mortified Ethiopian was met (by a servant belonging to M. Ilg) prowling through the woods, with a rifle in his hand, and was asked what he was doing. "Well," said the Shoan, "you see I have lost my Italian, and there'll be the devil to pay at the next inspection when he is found missing; so I go out stalking every morning now to see if I can't catch another!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE FESTIVAL AT ST. RAGUEL'S

SHORTLY after our luncheon with Menelik, we received an invitation to attend the feast of St. Raguel, at the church of the warrior angel of that name, on the heights of Entotto.

We had been told to be at the church about 9 a.m., and were therefore enjoying our respective beauty sleeps at 5.30 a.m. on the morning in question, when the murmur of a copious crowd broke upon my slumbers, and, peeping out of my tent, I found that a large escort had come to fetch us at that unearthly hour. The alarm was at once given, and after a hurried breakfast, we started off inside of half an hour, dressed in "review order," *i.e.* khaki tunics, white breeches, boots, and gold sword-belts.

It was a lovely morning, and the ride up to the church would alone have been worth turning out for, let alone the picturesque sight we were going to see. Although the church of St. Raguel, visible on the skyline from our camp, did not look more than a couple of miles away, it turned out to be nearer four, and as the ascent was pretty steep, it was some

time before we got there. The track, formerly the main one from the old capital to the plain, wound up the hillside from the turfy plain, first through ploughed fields and huts, and then through thick low bushes and cuttings in the red ironstone, or sandstone, rock. Up a steep ascent to the church of St. Mariam, and then up another one of turf to the westwards, and we arrived at the top of the range — my aneroid showing 9800 feet. To the north the country spread for miles in rolling plains and broken hills in the direction of Mount Salali, visible in the blue distance and giving its name to the province. Under this hill is the town of Ras Darghé, the king's uncle and governor of the province, and to the north-westward were the wooded hills of Metya, where the capital will probably find a new home.

Of the old capital of Entotto only a few huts are left, beside the ruins of what must have been an exceedingly strong fortress. Some broken walls are still in existence, and the remains of a large round stone tower dominate the height; but the most extraordinary portion of the fortress is the deep ditch cut in the solid rock. Quite 12 feet deep and 18 feet broad is it; the labour of hewing it out must have been immense, for the rock is not a soft one, and infinite labour of slaves or prisoners must have been spent in its construction. The ditch almost surrounds the fortress, and must have formed a complete defence in itself, besides the two parapets, one above the

other, which command it throughout. It is strange that the newer palace at Addis Abbaba does not present any such marked features of defence; all it has consists of a palisade about 15 feet high—not particularly strong—and two internal stone walls. Perhaps it is because Menelik wisely desires to rule by love and not by fear.

As we approached the top, we noticed swarms of white-shirted and trousered men with rifles clambering up the hill by short cuts towards St. Raguel, and as we came near the church, the press became so great that we could hardly jam our mules through. As we crammed in through the narrow ruined doorway in the old stone wall, we came close on top of the church, and a few steps down a crumbling old buttress—we had left our mules by this time—took us into the space surrounding it, now full of a crowd of dignitaries and priests and their followers. All round the precincts of the church, and extending for a long distance to east and west, were squatting soldiers in single rank, with their backs to the church, as if on the look-out for an enemy, and rifles pointing to the sky.

The Negûs had already arrived at the church,—he, it appeared to us, was always being an hour too early for his appointments,—and the service had commenced before we reached it. We were at once ushered into the building, which is, for a change, octagonal instead of circular, and well-constructed, painted white, with broad stone steps outside, three tiers of windows,

and surmounted by a huge silver globe topped by a cross.

About half-way up the outside of the building a solidly-constructed wooden gallery ran completely round, and to this we directed our steps, passing through a door and down some more stairs into the church. Here we were placed close by the King, who, leaning against the wall and surrounded by the bishops and clergy in full canonicals, was reverently listening to the service.

At the close the Abuna came round with a large gold cross, and this we kissed. Behind him came a procession of priests and boys, some of the latter wearing great silver openwork tiaras like that of the Roman Pontiff, with fringes of silver hanging down over their eyes. Others carried crosses and pictures of our Lord and the Virgin, and one youth bore an accordion, which he played weirdly at intervals. Some of the priests carried open umbrellas of green or purple cotton, and all wore strangely embroidered vestments of violet, green, or gold.

The procession having disappeared outside among the populace, the Negûs took up a position on the balcony aforesaid, and beckoned to Mr. Rodd to sit beside him and the Abuna, whilst the remainder of the Mission stood close by. Then began the curious religious dance commemorative of King David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant. Three sides of a square are formed by the priests, deacons, and acolytes, and in the centre are the principal

THE FESTIVAL AT ST. RAGUEL'S.

dancers, who, to the accompaniment of three huge silver drums and the beat of the sistrum, sing a rhythmic chant in which the others join, following the movements and gestures of the principals, who move slowly at first, and then more quickly backwards and forwards in the open space, across a carpet. Round about the church were crowds of spectators, and among them were most of the foreign visitors in Addis Abbaba, who were conspicuous in taking photographs of the various stages of this curious ceremony.

Towards the close of the dance, the Emperor rose, shouldered his rifle, a small Winchester, and, requesting the Mission to follow him, marched solemnly three times round the gallery, the assembled crowds and soldiers below acclaiming him as he passed, and the women at the same time giving vent to the shrill "wo-wo-wo-wo" in just the same way as Egyptian and Sudanese women do farther north.[1]

There was silence for a moment, and then a deafening *feu de joie* was fired by the soldiery with quite exceptional precision—nearly as good as on the Queen's Birthday parade at Aldershot. Starting from those nearest the church, it thundered backwards and forwards over the hill, running for more than a mile down the ridges in either direction, till the distant puffs of smoke hung in the air for seconds before the reports were heard. One trifling differ-

[1] *I.e.* by tapping their lips rapidly with the palm of the hand.

ence from Aldershot was noticed: if a man had not loosed off his rifle in time when it came to his turn, he didn't care, but loosed it off when the *feu de joie* was over, so that there was a gentle sound of "independent firing" as a *finale*. It really was a very pretty and effective sight, and exceedingly well done. We were told afterwards that fifteen thousand soldiers were present, and that ball ammunition was used; this was corroborated by Prince Henry, who told us that the last time there was a similar pyrotechnic display the bullets kept raining into his compound for some minutes!

The *feu de joie* over, the Abuna pronounced the benediction, all standing, and just as the parties were about to disperse, a large armed body of men suddenly appeared on the summit of the ridge close to the church. This proved to be the bodyguard of Ras Mikhael, governor of the Wollo Gallas, and son-in-law of the Emperor, who had just arrived from his province. The bodyguard, dismounting, bowed three times to the ground; and then Ras Mikhael, entering the church, was greeted most affectionately by his father-in-law. The latter very considerately suggested to Mr. Rodd that he and the officers of the Mission, in order to avoid the dust, should proceed independently of him to the foot of the hill, where he requested we should join him in the royal procession to the palace.

It was a remarkable sight to watch the large body of men descending the steep mountain sides,

and forming up in the plain below to receive the King, whilst another equally large body followed behind. Waiting at the point indicated, the Emperor approached, preceded by his scarlet drummers, who were now mounted on the cruppers of their mules, each with a large drum on the right side and a smaller one on the left. We now drew up, dismounted in line, and saluted him. This attention appeared to be much appreciated by His Majesty, who turned out of his path and rode towards us. Halting before Mr. Rodd, he personally thanked him, and then begged him to mount and ride between him and Ras Mikhael, the other officers following behind. In this order the procession advanced solemnly towards the palace, and when near our camp, Menelik ceremoniously took leave of us. By his manner and bearing throughout the day's proceedings the Emperor would seem to have chosen this occasion of his public appearance in the midst of his army to pay this significant mark of attention to the Mission, and nothing could have exceeded his courteous consideration.

CHAPTER XV

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER

We had not been long in the capital before we found that the disaster to the Italians at Adua had been prolific of unpleasant results to other people besides themselves. We noticed during the first day or two that when any members of the Mission went for a walk, some Abyssinian or other was certain to murmur, or even to shout, at them the word "Ali." Not knowing what this meant, or imagining that it was perhaps only an Ethiopian abbreviation of the word alien, we took no notice of it, till it one day came out in conversation with some of the other Europeans that this was an abusive epithet. It appeared that the generic name for an Abyssinian, according to the Italian idiom, is "Ali,"—in the same way that our men talk to natives and others as "Johnny,"—and when these quantities of Italians were taken prisoners, their captors retaliated on them by calling *them* Ali. It was a poor form of repartee, but it became universal in the country, and the name has stuck. All white men are now included in the same category,

and the common people cry "Ali" at any European stranger. Menelik has tried to stop it, but has not yet succeeded.

Accordingly, the next time we heard the word, we turned round and raised our sticks in a threatening way; this was generally sufficient, and in nearly every case the utterer of the word curled up and ran away.

RAS MIKHAEL'S CAMP.

But on one occasion Wingate and Cecil went out for an evening stroll near Ras Mikhael's camp, and matters almost took a serious turn. Several of his soldiers jeered at them, and two or three began picking up stones to throw at them. This was not to be stood, and although the soldiers

dropped their stones and fled on seeing the two officers coming towards them with uplifted riding-switches, the latter marched on through the camp amidst yells of "Ali," and went straight to Ras Mikhael's tent. Luckily, the Ras was in, and, still more luckily, one of the only two Abyssinians at Court who could speak French was with him. To him Wingate, bristling like a gamecock with righteous fury, recounted the incident, and the Ras most warmly sympathised with him, and was profuse in his apologies. He said he had himself been trying to put an end to the custom, but feared his men were for the most part mere savages from the wilds of the Wollo Galla country, who had never been to Addis Abbaba before. However, he would promise that it should not occur again, and, as an earnest, would have all the camp punished.

This was hardly necessary, and Wingate thought it would not be right for the whole camp to suffer for the fault of two or three. So Ras Mikhael said he would punish only the guilty ones, and, after pressing some tej and cakes on our members, sent an officer with them to identify the tent in which the culprits had taken refuge. Then he fell in an escort of fifty men, and the two white officers marched home in triumph, a respectful silence being observed during their progress through Mikhael's camp.

This Ras, by the way, had impressed us—leaving out of the question his sensible conduct on this

occasion—as being a very pleasant man, and of considerable will and character.

The incident described above was only one of many similar ones; but in every case the aggressors fled if the smallest resistance was shown. They would bully and brag as long as there was no one to stand up to them, but were humble enough on the slightest show of retaliation; very different this from a Somali, who will at once draw his knife on the aggressor.

When I have said that the Shoans are hardy, that the muleteers are good at reducing unmanageable animals to obedience, and that they are kind to their dogs, I shall have summed up such of their virtues as became most apparent to us.

In dress the natives of Southern Abyssinia are not picturesque, except on great occasions, and then the dresses (already described under "Army") of the higher officers are exceedingly gay and brilliant. But in ordinary life the Shoan is dingy.

The upper classes have one or two strange mannerisms or customs which are worth referring to. Among them is that of keeping the mouth covered. It may be due to superstition, or to prevent the evil spirit or the cold wind from entering; but almost all the Abyssinian gentlemen one meets have a fold of their shamma or jano hitched over their mouth, and it would seem that the more they desire to impose, the higher they hitch it. Another, and it would appear contradictory, form is to leave

the mouth free in the presence of superiors, but, when addressing them, to cover it up again, or at all events hold a fold across until the conversation is finished; this custom may, however, have its origin in practical considerations.

As already mentioned, the Abyssinian wears his sword on the right side; he is therefore obliged, when mounting or dismounting from his mule, to do so on the off side. It looks odd at first, but I presume our own custom of mounting on the near side is traceable to the fact that we have always worn our swords on the left. In any case, the mules of the country will not stand being mounted *à l'Européenne*, and many were our difficulties before we recognised their reasons for objecting; the worst of it was, that when we were in uniform, our swords of course being on the left, we had to climb up on the right; this led to one or two minor catastrophes at first.

Officers of the Ethiopian army as a rule ride mules, but on State occasions, and when going to war, they are generally preceded by a horse with gay trappings, which is only mounted when the actual moment of battle arrives. Neither horses nor mules are ever shod; this, as can be imagined, plays the dickens with the horses' feet in rocky country.

As previously remarked, horses are very much cheaper than mules, and may not be bought or sold for more than fifty dollars—about £7 sterling. This

is not unnatural, for the native breed is not good. The horses are small, and little up to weight, and although said to be hardy, in our limited experience of them we did not find it so. Like most Arabs, they are fast in a short gallop, but are no use for steady, continuous work.

When two friends of the upper classes meet in the street, or an inferior meets a superior being, the resultant bow has the appearance of much courtesy, for the individual bows his head quite to the level

SALUTATIONS.

of his knees. But it has also an absurd side to it, for the curved red-scabbarded sword swings up into the air like an infuriated tail.

The Abyssinians are fond of tobacco, but they do not smoke it, in consequence of King John's barbarous edicts on the subject (*vide* p. 184). They use it either as snuff or for chewing purposes. In the latter case they wear the plug between the lower teeth and the lower lip, and the results are not entirely pleasing. Nor is another custom of theirs

in connection with chewing very attractive, for when an inferior speaks to a superior, he takes the juicy plug out of his lip and sticks it behind his ear.

As in most Oriental countries, so in Abyssinia, the women do most of the hard work, and are treated more as servants than as wives; they do all the cooking, and fetch water in large earthen pots which they carry on their backs, and which are held up by a rope or strip of cloth passing over the chest. Their only dress is a large strip of

A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

native or American cloth (which is seldom washed), and which, folded in four, forms a very complete covering for the body, and if necessary for the head; though as a rule the ordinary women go about with their heads uncovered and their hair cut short. They also wear a band of cloth round the waist.

The upper class women sometimes wear the jano, and also trousers, as their usual means of locomotion is on muleback. Some women wear their hair in a series of plaits extending from the

brow to the nape of the neck, running in lines parallel with the curve of the top of the ear, and ending up in a sort of fan-shaped arrangement, the whole dressed with a mixture of rancid butter, mud, and cow dung; in the north, I believe, many of the men affect this style of coiffure as well. They usually also wear a black cloak when in the open. All Christian men and women wear a blue silk cord around the neck, on which are suspended crosses, charms, earpicks, etc. Many Galla women wear skins around the loins, their breast and arms being left bare. They also wear large bangles of zinc, copper, iron, or ivory, and quantities of glass beads, the usual necklace of large coral-red beads harmonising well with their bronze skins.

The Shoan women are to our eyes unattractive in feature. Their ideas of personal adornment, besides the coiffure mentioned above,—which, by the way, is renewed every month, and takes three hours to do, even at the hands of the most experienced hairdressers,—are primitive, and consist chiefly in staining, or tattooing, their hands and gums blue. Evidently it is a sign of beauty to show a great deal of gum, for Madame Ambashyé, whose acquaintance we had made in Chercher, showed about two inches of bright blue above her upper teeth, and we were told she was considered exceptionally favoured by nature. She was a woman of large and stately proportions, and highly favoured also as regards the size of her family, for she had had

fourteen children so far, and hinted with pride that she did not think her innings was yet at an end. All but two of the little Ambashyés were dead; yet she took the loss philosophically, and hoped for better things, as — but I don't know why these family details should be inflicted on my long-suffering readers.

COIFFURES.

The Galla women, on the other hand, are well made, cheerful-looking, and sometimes excessively pretty, even according to European ideas. Some of the younger ones, with short black curly hair, good teeth, clear bronze skin, and a bright smile, had very

pretty features and shapely figures. Little girls have, strangely enough, the top of their heads shaved, with the hair hanging bushily round the tonsure, and giving them the appearance of the Venetian fashion of wearing the hair in the fifteenth century. As they grow up, the hair is frizzed out in a variety of artistic forms, approaching those of the Hadendoa Arabs in some cases, and in others it sticks out in big bunches on either side with a careful thick fringe over the forehead. Married women sacrifice this personal adornment, and wear a sort of double chignon tied up in a black bag. The pewter ornaments are roughly scratched with the most primitive of designs; one of the most popular being a sort of pewter tie, a triangular cravat of the metal depending from a string tied round the neck.

The Galla man is usually a well-built individual, with bronze skin and good features, and is superior in height and appearance to the Shoan. He wears his hair either frizzed out all round or cut into a shape ridiculously like a judge's bob-wig. He often shaves his upper lip and cheeks, leaving a "Newgate fringe" or a Yankee goatee, and in this semblance has the appearance of a respectable brown butler with a limited wardrobe.

His dress is either that of the Abyssinian, or else consists of merely a loin-cloth and a sheet. His only weapon is a spear seven feet long, and, occasionally, a Danâkil knife is carried as well.

These Gallas are the subservient race in Abys-

sinia, and form the agricultural and serving classes. They are prevented from combining and rising against them by being denied rifles or ammunition. Many of them have the frightened or harassed look of a subject race who do not love their masters, and no wonder! With a fertile country and a perfect climate, one would expect that the Abyssinians would cultivate the land like any other natives, and pasture flocks and cattle in the grass valleys for their own use. But this is far from their thoughts. Rather than do any work themselves, they would let, or make, others work, and possess themselves of the proceeds of their labour.

With the exception of the king and a few enlightened dignitaries, it may be said that no Abyssinian wishes for progress or civilisation in any form. He hates a white face, and is anxious to keep all Europeans out of the country.

How far his character is derived from his ancestry I do not pretend to judge; but as it may be of interest to some people to know how he is bred, I venture to give a slight sketch of his ancestral stock in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI

DESCENT—LANGUAGE—EDUCATION—LITERATURE—RELIGION—JUSTICE

The Abyssinian of to-day is descended from a variety of races; the very name by which we know him (Habeshi) signifies in Arabic a mixture or confusion.

The subject of his origin has never been thoroughly determined. Amongst the various theories in vogue, however, authorities seem to be agreed that there was an aboriginal race, or at all events a race from which other tribes sprang, in North-East Africa, termed the Bega or Bija. Remnants of the Bega language exist, and bear an affinity to the speech of the Hadendoa, Amarar, Halenga, Beni Omar, Habab, and the present Tigrin or Gîz of the Abyssinians, so that these races can understand, here and there, a little of each other's language. It is therefore probable that the Abyssinians were originally descended from the Bega, and are akin to the tribes mentioned. A quite recent authority (Professor Reinisch) has now decided that the original stock, and the Gîz language, came with

the Sabæans from the south of Arabia; but where doctors disagree, etc.

Although language often affords a clue in determining descent, it must be taken in connection with other indications, such as type and history. The type is, briefly, Arab in the north, and negroid in the south of Abyssinia, including Shoa; whilst history shows immigrations, peaceful and otherwise, of Jews, Arabs, Portuguese in small quantities, Gallas, and Somalis, and importation of negroes; the name Habeshi, therefore, seems an appropriate one.

To account for the foreign traits in the Abyssinians, a glance at their history shows that the Jewish blood dates from the time of the Queen of Sheba; the Arab from the numerous invasions from Arabia, culminating in the conquest of the country in the sixteenth century by Muhamed Granyé and his followers (by some believed to be Somalis), and to expel whom the Portuguese were vainly called in; and the Galla blood from the conquest of Abyssinia by these people not very long after the victories of Granyé.

The Gallas overran the country from the south and south-west, but soon fell to fighting among themselves. The consequence was that the Abyssinians soon recovered themselves, beat the Gallas in detail, and drove them out, treating those that were left as serfs and tillers of the ground. From these forefathers has the present Galla population sprung, held

thoroughly in subjection, and kept down in every way by their Christian masters.

The natives call themselves Amhara (which may point to an Amarar descent), and their central province goes by the same name; the Arabic name of Habesh for their country is disapproved of.

As to language, the usual dialect is termed Amharic, and is stated to be of distinctly Semitic origin; it therefore in all probability came in the first instance from the direction of Arabia.

Whatever its origin, there is no doubt that it is very difficult to learn. It took Speedy, who is an accomplished linguist, several years to learn it, and, on looking into the matter, we all agreed it was hopeless for any of the rest of the Mission to try and pick up enough during our visit—except a few very ordinary words—to be of any practical use to us.

To start with, it is somewhat like Chinese in its construction, for it has a vast quantity of characters,—two hundred and fifty-one I think is the exact number,—and each character signifies a syllable. This is not quite so bad as the Chinese with their fourteen thousand letters and odd; and another favourable point in the comparison is, that Amharic is written in a civilised way, from left to right, instead of from the top to the bottom of the page. But if one comes to think of it, two hundred and fifty-one letters are quite enough for any alphabet, especially if they are as difficult to form as those of Ethiopia. The characters mostly look like a complicated series of

semaphores, with arms pointing in every direction, and dots, blots, and dashes in different positions on, or hanging to, those arms—each dot, blot or dash, or combination thereof, meaning something different. And those that are not semaphores look like a travesty of every form of domestic utensil.

The annexed illustration gives an idea of what the writing is like, and its pronunciation, phonetically taken down as follows from a genuine Shoan, gives an idea of the sound. It is, I may add, the patent for the order of the (third class of the) Star of Ethiopia, with which order the Negûs was graciously pleased to decorate me. The signature is that of the Gerazmach Joseph: Menelik's seal at the top.

"Moa anvasa z'emnagada Ihuda, dagamawi Menelik seyuma Egziab'her Negûsa Nagast za Etiopia.

"Ihennen davdabé lamiaiyu sowatch hullu sala-amtaien satallo. Baakmeroacheunna bokatachu be-gulbetacheunna babalhatacho yakabbaru Nagastats arvanyuchacheunna wadajuchachun agilgayochache-unn endi shällamu. Enyam hodajachinnen (Kaunte Galeïkhanen) basostanyau yemengustachinnen y'Eti-opiân yakavür kokav neshanachinnen shelemanaun. Yehennen yakavür nishan badaratu endizan fakada-nilatal.

"Tasâfa ba Ginbot sabatekan asrasemint mato samanya zatan amatam Meharrat ba Addis Abbaba Katamma. Tasâfa."

Colons represent the divisions between words;

ሞዓ፡አንበሳ፡ዘ[illegible]ደ፡ይሁዳ፡ዳግማ
ዊ፡ምኒልክሠዩመ፡እግዚአብሔር፡ንጉሠ፡
ነገሥት፡ዘኢትዮጵያ፡ይህነን፡ደብዳቤ፡
ለሚያዩ፡ሰዎች፡ሁሉ፡ሰላምታዮን፡እሰ
ጠለዑ፡በእእምሮአችውና፡በውቀታች
ው፡በጉልበታቸውና፡በብልሃታቸው፡
የክበሩ፡ነገሥታት፡አርበኞቻቸውና፡
ወዳጆቻቸውን፡አገልጋዮቻቸውንም፡እ
እንዲሸልሙ፡እኛም፡ወዳጃችንን፡ኮንት፡
ክላይኸን፡በ፫ተኛው፡የመንግሥታችንን፡
የኢትዮጵያን፡የክብር፡ኮከብ፡ንሻናች
ን፡ሸልመነዋል፡ይህነን፡የክብር፡ንሻን፡
በደረቱ፡እንዲይዘው፡ፈቅደንለታል፡
በግንቦት፡በ፯ቀን፡በ፲ወ፰፻፹፱ዓ
መተ፡ምሕረት፡በሐዲስ፡አበባ፡ከተማ፡
ተዳፈ፡

G. Joseph Negrone

double colons mean full stops. Several words very like Arabic will be noticed, *e.g.* "hullu," "salaamtaien," "samanya." The meaning, word for word, is as follows :—

"Conquering lion from-the-tribe of-Judah, second Menelik appointed of-God, King of-kings of Ethiopia.

"This letter who-see to-men all my-salutation I-give. Through-their-knowledge their-understanding their-strength their-prudence honourable kings their-gallant-men their-friends and-their-servants as-they decorate. We-also our-friend [my name] with-the-third of-our-kingdom of-Ethiopia glory of-the-star of-the-decoration we-have-decorated. This of-glory decoration on-his-breast that-he-may-put we-have-allowed-him.

"Written on Ginbot seventh-day eighteen hundred eighty nine[1] in-the-year of-our-Lord at Addis Abbaba town. Written."

As the reader can see, it is a liquid and musically-sounding language, notwithstanding the appalling length of some of the words, which bid fair to rival some of Mark Twain's best German ones. It is a pity that it is not done justice to by the natives, for they nearly all, both men and women, have shrill falsetto voices of a most jarring and unpleasant pitch.

The other language above referred to as being of Bega origin, Giz, or Ethiopic, is much older, and

[1] Corresponding to our 14th May 1897.

is spoken in parts of Tigré. It is used in the church services, and generally for literary purposes throughout the country. The written character is the same.

It is only the upper classes in Abyssinia, besides the priests, who can read Ethiopic, and very few of them can write it. It said that the Negûs himself is unable to write, and this is the more likely as he always has a secretary at hand to do his writing for him. One or two people, before my leaving England, asked me to obtain for them a specimen of Menelik's signature to add to their collection of autographs; this explanation may therefore, I hope, serve in lieu. His Majesty's only form of signature is to impress the royal seal — previously pressed on ink, damp graphite, charcoal, or something black—on the document, and even this is sometimes done for him.

The level of education in the country is very, very low; in fact, it can hardly be said to exist at all. In the principal monasteries an ignorant and indigent clergy inculcate the religious youthful aspirants with rudiments of religion, and teach them sufficient to enable them to conduct the service in Gîz, but beyond this the priests are as ignorant as the rest of the people. For lay education there usually exists as an appurtenance to each church an individual known as an *istomari* or teacher. He gains a precarious livelihood by teaching children a few of the Psalms of David by heart, but nothing more. There are no village schools, no colleges, nothing. The depth of ignor-

ance displayed by the ordinary Abyssinian is astounding. So the mass of the people grows up in the fond belief that Abyssinia is the greatest country in the world. Since their victory over the Italians last year, they have become considerably swollen with pride. They always thought they were the finest nation on earth, and now they are sure of it. In their eyes, political Missions to Menelik from European powers simply mean the bringing of tribute to the greatest sovereign in the world. The bigger and the richer the presents, the higher does the national self-esteem rise; and we perhaps, who thought we were impressing the natives with the power and magnificence of Great Britain, were in their eyes merely an outward and visible sign of their own superiority!

The Abyssinian literature is confined to manuscript books written by the priests; these are nearly all of a religious or historical character. They are written on parchment and bound very much like our own books, except that what a publisher would call "bound in boards" must be in their case taken absolutely literally. In some cases the wooden boards are sewn up in stamped calico or similar stuff, and the whole book is fitted into a leather case and slung over the shoulder by straps—looking at a distance as if the bearer were just going to a race-meeting.

Some of the books are very neatly written, and roughly illuminated with figures of saints, or decora-

tions of different sorts. But it is rare to find a really good old book. The treasures of the monasteries in bygone days were ruthlessly burned by the Arab and Galla invaders, and although we made every endeavour to learn what had become of certain valuable manuscripts, which, according to the authorities of the British Museum, ought still to be in the country, we were told by the bishops that everything previous to the fifteenth century had been destroyed at that period by their enemies.

There is, indeed, a monastery built on an island in Lake Zuai, about three days' journey to the south of Addis Abbaba, and here, according to information received by German savants and others, there should be missing portions of some of the old gospels, the Book of Enoch, and a mass of stuff relating to the early history of the Christian Church at Alexandria and elsewhere. But on our mentioning this to the Emperor, and asking if we might not perhaps photograph portions of any of these old manuscripts he might have in his possession, he said he regretted very much that it was impossible, as they no longer existed. Only last year he had been to Zuai and had overhauled all the treasures there; but there was nothing of much value, and in no case anything dating back further than the Arab invasion. As an earnest, he sent us an old book which he said was about the most valuable of the whole, but this turned out to be only a copy of the gospels, written in the reign of King David of Ethiopia, about 1520 A.D.

We made the best of it by photographing half a dozen pages, but it is doubtful whether the result will turn out to be of any special interest.

An Ethiopic printing-press has been introduced by an enterprising French merchant, but it is never used.

With regard to religion as practised in Abyssinia, I cannot do better than quote from the words of Wingate's diary, which put the whole thing more neatly and concisely than I am capable of doing.

"Of the priests, few know how to write, though most can read; but in point of general education the Moslem village Imam of Egypt stands on a considerably higher level. They are the propagators of the wildest superstitions, and, astute to see that civilising agencies must lead to a diminution of their power, they are the rabid opponents of education and progress of any kind. Menelik himself is too sensible a man to be guided by this worthless class; nevertheless they are a power in the country, which he cannot afford to ignore, and the religious question is not the smallest amongst the many problems with which the present enlightened ruler of Abyssinia is beset."

In order to see the priest at work, it is only necessary to attend service at an Abyssinian church. He runs rapidly through the service, leaning on his crutch, and looks about him, with his mind obviously anywhere except in his work; whilst, as for the behaviour of the onlookers, they shuffle about, and

talk, and stare, and look round, and are more inattentive than the congregation of even the most fashionable of our West End churches during a wedding ceremony.

A glance at the history of the Abyssinian Church might not be out of place here.

Legend has it that Menelik, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, on his return from Jerusalem, where he had been educated, brought with him a number of Jewish scribes, whom he distributed throughout the country, and by whose means Judaism became the adopted religion of Abyssinia. Others say that Judaism was introduced by the Sabæan merchants, many of whom hailed originally from Palestine, although their Chartered Company of those days had its seat in Southern Arabia. There are still many native Jews in the country, and many of even the Christian customs bear a decided Jewish imprint, *e.g.* the distinction between clean and unclean animals, the eating only of cloven-footed beasts, etc.

Judaism seems, however, to have gradually lost its hold on the country, for in 330 A.D. we find that a young Christian monk of Tyre, one Frumentius, was wrecked on the coast, and, having been appointed tutor to the young king of those days, persuaded him, apparently without the smallest difficulty, to embrace Christianity. Frumentius thereupon made his way to Alexandria, was consecrated by Saint Athanasius, bishop of that place, and returned with

several assistants to Abyssinia, where he soon succeeded in converting the entire country to Christianity.

The presence of Portuguese in the sixteenth century caused a small percentage of the inhabitants to adopt the Catholic form, but contact with Egypt induced the majority to adhere to the Coptic form, which is, with a few slight differences, that now universally adopted throughout the country.

As regards Christian European Missions, there is, as already mentioned, a Roman Catholic one at Harrar, under the direction of Monseigneur Thaurin, a French Franciscan. But Menelik is determined not to allow the brethren into Shoa, and draws a rigid line at Laga Hardim, beyond which they may not pass. Having regard to the low status of the Abyssinian clergy, this mission is not really so much a case of "sending coals to Newcastle" as it would at first sight appear. But the worthy missionaries make but little progress, for the state of his soul does not appear to possess any interest whatever for the average native: who considers it sufficient to proclaim that he is a Christian, and to let everything else go by the board.

There are, of course, a large number of Gallas in the country who still embrace the Moslem faith, and from time to time wholesale baptisms take place, the *modus operandi* being to drive the victims *en masse* into a river, divide them into two parties, and baptise one party as "Wolda Gabriel" and the other as

"Wolda Yesûs." But such conversions are merely a matter of policy, and in point of religion are quite worthless.

Before leaving the subject of the Abyssinian people, it would be advisable to make a very few and incomplete remarks on the subject of justice and civil government.

The King is the supreme judge, and his Lord Chief Justice, the Affa Negûs, whose acquaintance we have already made in these pages, comes next to him. In the provinces the Ras takes the place of the King, and minor cases are dealt with by the military and civil governors (Dejazmaches, Fitauraris, Shûms, etc.) of the district; the final court of appeal being the royal one at Addis Abbaba.

The King sits in judgment on Wednesdays and Fridays as a rule, in the *Saganet*, or Clock Tower. The Affa Negûs stands a few paces in front of the complainants, who are generally kept some distance off the King; and the Agafari, or court door-keeper, directs the proceedings, with the assistance of an olive switch, of which he makes free use.

The accused has the power to procure the services of an advocate to plead his cause. Possibly in no country in the world is the system of procuring false testimony so rife as in Abyssinia. 'To swear by the death of the King,' is the usual form of oath, and is supposed to be very binding; but, in point of fact, it becomes a mere matter of usage, and would

not appear to affect, in the slightest degree, the falseness of the evidence given.

The administration of justice in Abyssinia is of a very primitive description. In murder cases, the Ras or governor of the province collects all the evidence, which is sent, together with the prisoner, to the King. The latter submits the case to a council of seven priests, who consider the matter for a week. If this court find him guilty, the relatives of the murdered man are asked whether they desire the murderer's death or blood-money ; in the former case, the execution is carried out by the relatives, and death is generally meted out in the same manner as the murderer dealt it. In the latter case, or should the murderer be unable to pay the blood-money, he is bound to serve the family until such time as he can wipe out the debt.

In Abyssinian law, accidental killing counts as murder. One quaint case there was in which a man fell off a tree on to a friend below and killed him. He was adjudged to perish at the hands of the bereaved family in the same manner as the corpse. But the family refused to sacrifice a second member, so the culprit escaped.

We were often pestered at Addis Abbaba by an individual, who had shot at a hyena and killed a man, for money to free him. His sentence was to wear chains until he could collect 200 dollars as blood-money for the dead man's relations : an excellent example for the improvement of the nation's musketry.

Executions generally take place in Addis Abbaba on Fridays. All cases of debt come up, in the first instance, before the Affa Negûs, with a final appeal to the Emperor. The case must be proven by witnesses, and if it cannot be at once paid, the debtor must serve his creditor until he is clear; but during this period, should the creditor ill-treat the debtor, he becomes subject to severe fine penalties.

If an assault or other crime is committed, the prisoner is liable to various penalties, such as prison or fine, or in some cases mutilation; but if the prosecutor chooses, he can forgive the prisoner, and the latter is set free.

The method of detecting crime is odd. A priest is sent for, and if by his prayers and curses he cannot discover the criminal, a small boy is sent to sleep by means of drugs and told to dream. Whatever person he dreams of is fixed on as the criminal; no further proof is needed. This system, it may well be imagined, allows of a considerable opening for fraud. If the boy does not dream of the person whom the priest has determined on as the criminal, he is kept under drugs until he does what is required of him. The evil eye is firmly believed in, and every sort of superstition is rife, Menelik himself being about the only man in the kingdom who does not take heed of omens and portents.

Marriage before the Church is the exception. If a young and loving couple elect to live together, they do so for the most part without invoking the sanc-

tion of the Church, which regards them officially as excommunicated. If or when either party gets tired of the other, he or she may leave her or him, and go and live with, or marry, somebody else if they choose. The results of this process are very complicated, and would, in any other country, lead to endless questions of paternity, illegitimacy, and so forth. But in this country matters are simplified very much by the father for the time being, who makes his selection of boys and girls as seems best to him, calls

A MASHER.

them his sons and daughters, and accepts them as such. Thus, although a man may call himself, for instance, Wolda Emanuel, or Wolda Girgis, it does not follow that he is a son[1] of either of those worthies: he has simply been adopted, and if recognised by the adopter as a son, he *is* a son to all intents and purposes. Ras Mangasha is an instance in point, for though he claims to be the son of King John,—and

[1] "Wolda" meaning son; query, Arabic Walad?

may be so, for all one can tell to the contrary,—he was not recognised as his son during his lifetime, and therefore cannot strictly claim the succession.

As to civil government, Menelik is an absolute ruler, and the system of government is practically despotism of a most pronounced type. There are no ministers or ministries, and no public offices, though one or two foreigners, such as MM. Ilg and Mondon, have recently succeeded in obtaining the titles of "Councillor of the Kingdom."

A species of Royal Council is occasionally summoned to deliberate on vital matters of State, of which the King is president, and a few of his special generals, etc., in whom he has confidence, are members;[1] but, in point of fact, Menelik adopts the system of decentralisation, and delegates his authority to the various Rases and governors, preferring only to give his decision on points of great importance, which his delegates have failed to dispose of.

It is the King's prerogative to fix the amount of taxation, but it probably falls to the lot of the tax-payer to produce a great deal more than the amount originally demanded, for the host of officials—from the Ras down to his lowest henchman, none of whom receive fixed salaries—are bound to make all they

[1] The members are nearly always the following (when available) :—
Ras Mangasha Tekkem.
Ras Makunnen.
Ras Darghé.
Sultan Abu Jefar.
King Tekla Haimánot.
Ras Mikhael.

can; and this constitutes a system of tax-farming, in which the weakest must invariably suffer most.

In spite, therefore, of an organisation in advance of most other African natives, the system is venal and oppressive. Menelik is doubtless aware of this, and efforts are occasionally made to introduce a fiscal system of some sort; for instance, we were informed that the King's object in making gold dust, ivory, and other products imperial monopolies was to increase the funds of the Government treasury, in order to establish a regular system of payment to the standing army. In short, Menelik is practically a merchant king, and the system of his government despotic and absolute. In many points, it has a modern parallel in what we know of Zubehr Pasha's rule in the Bahr el Ghazal, except that the latter depended largely for his prosperity on slave-hunting. Menelik assured Mr. Rodd, in the most emphatic terms, that he was doing all in his power to put down slavery, and there is little doubt that persons caught *in flagrante* are very severely dealt with. Nevertheless, whatever Menelik's efforts may be (and there is no doubt that they are genuine), the conditions of the country, the system of government, the wholesale admission of firearms, and the want of control, are all factors which conduce to slave-raiding and slave-driving, both of which are still carried on to some extent in Abyssinia at the present time.

CHAPTER XVII

PERSONAL GOSSIP—CURIOS—MUSIC—FINAL RECEPTION —DEPARTURE

During our stay at Addis Abbaba we made the acquaintance of most of the French merchants in the town. This was not very difficult, for there were altogether not more than five or six there at the time of our visit. M. Chefneux, Menelik's chief commercial adviser, and, in fact, chief merchant in Abyssinia, was away in France on matters connected—so it was said—with the railway, of which he is part-concessionaire with M. Ilg. Messrs. Savouré, Stévenin, and Monatte were, however, there. M. Michel arrived two days before we left, and we met M. Trouillet, who was coming up with his wife, on the way down. Of these M. Savouré had been longest in the country. A good-humoured, rotund little man, formerly agent of the Compagnie Franco-Africaine, which I have above referred to as having come to grief several years ago,—M. Savouré was not getting on so well as he could have wished. The fact remained that whereas five or six years ago money was flowing in, business was now very slack. He

was not making anything like so much now as formerly, and his receipts were decreasing year by year. He had been in the country for twelve years.

M. Monatte was in like state. He had come out only a few years previously, with the intention of making his fortune. Led on by the specious accounts that he had heard and read of the high civilisation of the country and of the numerous opportunities for growing rich which presented themselves to a man of energy, he had arrived expecting to find an El Dorado, or, at all events, a field in which it would be possible to make some money. But he had been grievously disappointed, and found that, instead of increasing, his small capital had decreased to such an extent that it would even be difficult to reach home. There were several others in the same plight, we were told, and their feelings at being brought out here so far and then finding no field for business at the end, can be imagined.

The reason was not far to seek. Menelik had gathered all the trade of any value into his own hands, and was now literally a merchant-king, besides being a millionaire and a monopolist. Having absolute power in the country, and being able to impose his own duties, or exempt his own goods from them, how and when he chose, it is no wonder that he had quickly shouldered out the other competitors and had increased his own profits enormously at the expense of theirs.

The large sums of money that he has made by

this means will now, I have not the smallest doubt, be applied conscientiously by His Majesty towards improving the state of his country in general. But it needs no Bagehot to see that, unless a merchant is in some sort of partnership with the King, he will have a very poor time in the way of business, and had better not sink any capital in the country for, at all events, some years to come.

Among the remaining Europeans was one M. "Dubois," an elderly man with a weak chest and obviously in bad health. He was the *doyen* of the Europeans, having been in the country for twenty-seven years, and was now Ras of Katamoira,[1] and inspector of woods and forests at Mount Managasha. "But," as he told me with a feeble smile, "the Negûs never carries out my recommendations, so I might as well give it up. But it brings me in enough to live on, and that is all I care for, as I cannot go back yet to France for another three or four years." Poor old man: he belonged to one of the oldest families in France, but had committed some offence against the laws of his country which obliged him to remain absent for thirty years and one day before he could return a free man. [I see that, nevertheless, he returned to France shortly after we arrived in England, and died—according to the newspapers—in an hotel at Lyons.]

Comte Raymond de Choiseul was also in Addis Abbaba. He had been sent out by the Ladies'

[1] A range of hills near Choba, which he had never visited.

Branch of the Italian Red Cross Mission to try and recover the last stray Italian prisoners. He told me that only nine, as far as anyone knew, were left. Two he had with him, two more were ill in various provinces, three more were so far off that they would be a long time coming, and two others were detained by their captors, who refused to let them go—they were too useful. My informant had arrived two months before, meaning to stay three days and go back; but, as far as he could see, he would be there another two months at least, all through the rainy season. However, being a cheerful little man, he looked on it rather in the light of a joke, and did not seem to mind.

Of other strangers there are but few,—one or two Armenians and half a dozen Indians. The chief Armenian, Tigrane by name, is court jeweller, and works chiefly in gold and silver filagree. Gold ornament is, by the way, the privilege of the royal family, and no one except of royal birth is allowed to wear so much as a gold earring without leave from the Empress, who distributes her permits sparingly.

Haj Kawas, the chief court carpenter and constructor, and executor of commercial commissions for Menelik, and member besides of a few other trades, is the chief Indian in the capital. He is a native of Peshawur and a Mohamedan, as his name implies, and is a wily and successful merchant as well. He had a bad leg when we were in the town, so Pinching used

to go and doctor it, and we paid him numerous visits. In outward appearance he was a big, wild-looking old gentleman, who looked like an Afghan chief, with his hooked nose and hawk's eye; I daresay he was one. But he treated us with great politeness, and offered to sell us a heap of ivory tusks which had just come in. It seems that all the best ones come from Leka, though there are large quantities of elephants in Jimma as well. On our asking to what size the very big tusks ran, he told us an affecting story of how once there was a very, very old elephant in Leka. His tusks were so big and so heavy that he could hardly carry them in his old age. So he called in three sturdy young elephants, and with his tusks and head resting on the front one's back, he was supported by the other two, one on each side. Thus he used to take his morning constitutional, and was often seen by the Leka hunters, who used to shed tears at the sight, and forbore to kill the ancient object of so much devotion. Eventually he was gathered to his forefathers, and the tusks were sent to Menelik, who, in a moment of generosity, sent them as a present to the King of Italy. This was many years ago.

After this touching recital, we, of course, could not bother Haj Kawas with vulgar questions as to the weight and length of the tusks; but a merchant told me afterwards the tusks were eight feet long—or was it eighteen?—and weighed a hundred and twenty-four kilos apiece. I felt inclined to ask, with Terry,

"Dear me, is that possible?" but may have misunderstood him.

There is one French gentleman that has not yet been referred to, and that is M. Bonvalot. Coming out with Prince Henry as far as Jibuti, but, owing to a quarrel there, not accompanying him up country, he arrived on an "exploring and scientific" mission shortly before we did. However, he did not honour us by a visit, but went and stayed at M. Clochette's camp, several miles out of Addis Abbaba, helping that officer and his subordinates, Sergeants Fèvre and Véron, to get an expedition ready for the purpose of penetrating in the direction of the White Nile. It was expected that he was going to accompany it, but he did not do so, and turned back, arriving in Europe about the same time as ourselves.

During our stay we heard of the disaster to the Bóttego expedition, and the death of its leader. But though we made every endeavour to ascertain the truth, the stories told us varied so in their main points that it was impossible to get at the facts of the case.

Our stay at Addis Abbaba was now drawing to a close. We had collected a considerable amount of information in general about the country, political and otherwise, and as for the treaty, that, too, was approaching completion. We therefore devoted our spare time to collecting souvenirs and curios of the place, mostly of a very primitive order, and reeking with rancid butter. Amongst other things, I got hold of a couple of musical instruments, consisting of a

one-stringed fiddle, and a sort of lyre-banjo. The artist from whom I bought them was kind enough to give us a recitation on them before parting, but the performance was hardly good enough to warrant my engaging him for the Queen's Hall. Like all Oriental music, the Ethiopian melodies are simple, timeless, almost tuneless, lengthy, and monotonous; they abound in irritating shakes and curls where they are not wanted, and they are generally in a minor key. But in one respect they have the advantage over that much-belauded instrument the Scottish bagpipes, for they always finish correctly on the keynote. I tried to note down one or two of the tunes, but it was hopeless: there was no beginning and no ending, and nothing to, so to speak, catch hold of, for there was no time or rhythm.

The fiddle forms the solo instrument; it is strung with black horse-hair, and played by an angular bow rather like a double-bass bow, but coarser, and the tune is formed by the base, not the tips, of the fingers of the left hand. On the lyre-banjo is played the accompaniment to a song. But an Abyssinian voice is absolutely devoid of beauty: it is a harsh falsetto, and the music is always produced through the nose. The only other instruments used are the drums, shawms, and the one-note flutes or horns already referred to—the latter being pieces of bamboo about a yard long, and blown into sideways.

Of silver work very little was obtainable, and what there was came all from Gondar, and was of

ancient manufacture, consisting almost entirely of female ornaments, bracelets, anklets, or rings; these were generally hung with little chains and bits of metal to make a tinkling sound. We were in hopes of securing specimens of the silver-mounted shields carried by the higher officers; but except Mr. Rodd, who was given a gold-mounted shield and a couple of spears, we were disappointed in this particular.

The weapons were poor, and, but for the quaint sickle-shape of the swords, were hardly worth buying. The good spears, like many other good things in the country, are made in Leka or Jimma. The making of swords and spears, by the way, is the only trade at which the Abyssinians condescend to work. All other articles are made by the Gallas, including leather and wickerwork ornamented with beads, baskets, leather water-jugs, etc. etc. The gorgeous embroidered cloaks of silk or velvet worn by the upper classes on gala days, are, I believe, made in France.

At last, on the 14th May, it appeared certain that we could start on our return journey on the morrow. A board was held in the morning to draw up a general statement about the mule transport, for our old cripples had not yet by any means all recovered from their fatigues on the up country journey, and about thirty more had had to be bought. It was of course possible now to dispense with a good many animals, for we had consumed a good deal of our provisions during our stay, and had left many mule-

loads of presents with His Majesty ; but still, we were by no means overburdened with transport as it was, and looked forward with some dread to a repetition of our difficulties on the way up.

At noon a procession was reported as advancing towards our camp, and shortly afterwards the Gerazmach Joseph arrived from the palace, bringing with him ten horses, saddled and bridled, and with trappings studded with little plaques of silver. These, he announced, came as a present from Menelik ; and besides these, His Majesty had been graciously pleased to confer on us the various classes of the Star of Ethiopia. These he proceeded to give us, with their patents : gold filagree stars, eight, seven, or five-pointed according to the class, to be suspended round the neck or elsewhere by native-made ribbon of the national colours, red, yellow, and green. Then we put on full uniform, for the last time, and, decorated with our new orders, and carrying with us the insignia of a G.C.M.G. for the Negûs, we proceeded to the palace under the escort of a crowd of Abyssinians, for the signature of the Treaty, and for the purpose of taking leave of His Majesty.

Menelik received us this time in a half-open room or kiosk at the top of a flight of steps. It struck us that he was looking rather worried, but this may have been easily accounted for by the heavy work he had had during the last two or three days in getting the Treaty settled to everyone's satisfaction. After a few polite remarks on either side, Mr. Rodd informed

His Majesty that he had been commissioned by the Queen to invest him with the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George, and that with his permission he would perform the ceremony of investiture. Accordingly, Bingham, Cecil, and I withdrew, and returned with the insignia pinned on a cushion which was covered with the Union Jack. With Bingham on one side and Cecil on the other, both with drawn swords, I carried up the cushion, and Mr. Rodd, with the rest of the Mission standing, placed the collar of the order round the King's neck, and affixed the cross to his breast. Menelik appeared to be greatly pleased with this honour, the more so as it was entirely unexpected; and then we proceeded to business.

The two copies of the Treaty were then brought up, signed by Mr. Rodd, and sealed with the Negûs' great seal, this being previously dabbed on a damp ink-pad.

This done, we showed His Majesty a brand-new five-shilling piece, with the latest portrait of the Queen on one side, and St. George, joint patron-saint of Abyssinia and England, on the other. The King took much interest in it, and accepted it with pleasure. Thereafter we took our departure, Menelik shaking hands with each member, and wishing him a safe journey. Mr. Rodd then, at the King's request, remained a short time longer in private conversation with His Majesty, whilst we retired round the corner and tried to photograph ourselves as a group.

On the way back, we paid farewell visits to the Abuna and the Affa Negûs. The former was almost in tears at the idea of our going back to his beloved Egypt, which he was destined never to see again, and sent many messages by the faithful Pinching to his colleagues and friends of the Coptic Church. He also commended to our care a lay brother (who might have sat for the portrait of Peter the Reader—in *Hypatia*), who was going back to Alexandria, and gave Pinching, again much to the envy of the rest of us, a silver sistrum as a souvenir. Poor old gentleman! we, who, most of us, were looking forward to the return to civilisation, could sympathise with his feelings.

The "Breath of the King" was as gay and genial as ever. He handed round tej, and was delighted beyond measure at one of us officers, who, in his endeavours to sit down gracefully on the floor cross-legged, was prevented by the tightness of his overalls, and rolled over backwards. He would have kept us there all the afternoon with his overwhelming hospitality, but we pleaded preparations for the journey, and made our escape.

Later on in the afternoon M. Ilg and the Gerazmach Joseph arrived at the compound with further official documents, exchange of notes, etc., for signature, and the King's most recent views on the subject on which we should have to debate with Ras Makunnen. By 6 p.m. the business of the Mission in Addis Abbaba was finished,

and we could complete our arrangements for the morrow.

On Saturday the 15th May, therefore, our caravan was loaded up, and started for Akaki by 10 a.m., under the charge of Shahin Effendi. We officers remained behind till the afternoon, for there was still a certain amount to be squared up, and M. Ilg had very kindly bidden us to a farewell luncheon. The matter of tips was rather a serious one, as there were so many hands to fill—officers of the escorts, camp-guard, attached police, water-women, butter-women, forage-women, people who had brought the daily supplies, people who hadn't but pretended they had, etc. etc.; but at last they were all sent away with their hands full. I have grave doubts whether they were satisfied with the results of our distribution, for they all evidently expected to be made rich for life; but they all got dollars, or tobes, or cotton handkerchiefs, or something.

I then went off on a small hunt by myself, for my cartridge-magazine had been stolen two days before out of my tent, and I was anxious to recover some, at all events, of the two hundred cartridges that were in it.

Colonel Leontieff had kindly called my attention to the theft by sending me some of my own cartridges which he had found circulating in the market; but although I made every endeavour, and reported my loss in the right quarter, *i.e.* to M. Ilg, nothing came of it—the rounds had evidently been distributed as

soon as taken. The only consolation was that a large proportion were Lee-Metford and eight-bore elephant rifle cartridges, so that they were of no use to anyone.

A more serious loss, however, was that of Avarra and his section, who had been detained on a charge of theft. A theft had been committed in some huts near our camp, and he and his men used to sleep in a tent not far off. So the little boy who was called in to dream dreamed that one of Avarra's men was the thief. As, however, none of the group would confess to it, the tentful was fined fifty dollars between them, and had to pay up; but they were detained for two days on the charge. His mules therefore had to be driven, loose, by a scratch lot of boys and loafers that we picked up at the last moment, and as our muleteers were not released till the next day, we were nearly three days in an uncomfortable and disorganised state in consequence.

Whilst we were enjoying the excellent luncheon provided by M. Ilg, the Gerazmach Joseph arrived, bearing an autograph letter from Queen Taïtu to Mr. Rodd. In this, she regretted very much that indisposition had prevented her bidding good-bye to the Mission, but begged that Mr. Rodd would take a small present from her to the Queen. This turned out to be a very quaint double gold necklace, built up of small plaques of filigree work, connected by golden rings and beads. It was of native manufacture (probably from Gondar), and was a copy of the one the Queen of Sheba wore when she made the

acquaintance of King Solomon. It appeared that this necklace is traditionally worn by all queens of Ethiopia. Taïtu also requested Mr. Rodd to bear her affectionate greetings to our Queen.

As we were lingering over our coffee, the big drum began to beat in the Gebi, and in a few minutes we walked to the verandah and looked out. From every direction, and as far as the eye could see, white-robed masses were pouring into the town, all making in the direction of the Gebi, which was only about half a mile from where we stood. The crowd of troops grew larger and larger, and at last we heard the sound of one-note flutes and of many voices just outside the fence of M. Ilg's garden.

By the red cotton bags in which the men's rifles were cased, we knew them for the Imperial Guard, and in truth they turned out so to be. We therefore bade adieu to our kind hostess, and were escorted by the Negûs' Household Brigade to the open space in front of the palace enclosure. Here our attention was called to two figures sitting in the balcony of the Elfiñ, which proved to be King Menelik and his fair consort. We therefore climbed down off our mules, and, standing in line, bowed solemnly three times to their Majesties. A wave of the hand acknowledged the salute, and we remounted and rode on, turning our faces homeward, and our backs, perhaps for ever, on the capital of the "King of kings."

At this juncture the familiar sound of the King's Drums fell on our ears, and, to our great amazement

DEPARTURE FROM ADDIS ABBABA.

and gratification, they pushed their mules through the crowd and took up a position in front of us. This was an unheard-of honour, for never before had they played for anyone except kings and royalties. No other Mission had been similarly treated, and, swollen with pride and satisfaction, we marched on to the sound of "Boom-boom-boom-trp-trp-trp-boom-boom-trp-boom-trp-trp-trp," etc.

Meanwhile the vast masses of the soldiery had divided up into two main bodies, one in front and the other in rear of us, and, as we proceeded, these split themselves up into further divisions of about a thousand each. There must have been something like twenty thousand men in the field to form our escort. As far almost as one could see, there was a running crowd of riflemen, all in their best white clothes, and the chiefs in their most gorgeous garments. In this sea of brilliantly-clad men, broken on all sides by hundreds of gaily-coloured banners, our little party of nine in travel-stained khaki felt almost engulfed. It was a wonderful sensation being thus carried along, and brought home to us the fact that a strong power was doing us honour to the best of its ability.

The Commander-in-Chief for the time being, and head of the Rases, Ras Mangasha Tekkem, rode alongside Mr. Rodd, and many other generals and high dignitaries, including Dejaj Kasusu (nephew of Queen Taïtu) and Ras Mikhael's officers, went to swell the crowd. M. Ilg and I rode together, but what with the flutes, and the shawms, and the drums,

and the chattering, and the trampling of thousands of feet, it was almost impossible to keep up a conversation.

For three miles, as far as Shola, we were accompanied by this magnificent escort, and then the time came to say good-bye. We pulled up and got off our mules, and the mounted Abyssinians did the same; and then, with many hand-shakings and many cordial words on both sides, we said farewell. Among the last to say good-bye were M. Ilg, the Gerazmach Joseph, and the Azaj who had been in charge of our party and camp.

Passing through a lane of men about ten deep on either side, we now trotted quickly on to Akaki, and arrived there in considerably less time than we had taken on the way up. Shahîn had long ago pitched the camp in its old form, and by the time we sought repose we had thoroughly shaken down into the old camp-life once more.

CHAPTER XVIII

AKAKI TO LAGA HARDIM

NEXT morning we were off betimes, and quickly traversed the rolling prairie that lay between us and Chaffé Dunsa. I rode my new charger, a young grey of about 14.2, and found him an exceedingly slow walker and very green. He had no vice at all, and was a comfortable mount at a canter, but he had evidently never before been beyond the tether of his mamma's apron-strings. He took a great and close interest in everything he saw, stopping to smell flowers which were obviously new to him, and making a sad hash of his footsteps whenever we came to a bit of rocky ground. He was, however, a quick learner, and if he hadn't been so slow in his paces, I might in time have evolved an affection for him. As it was, I preferred my mule for the steep hills, and somebody else's horse for the level bits.

The weather was quite cool, almost cold, with sharp-edged winds and driving showers which reminded us of October at home; as long as we

were on these high plateaus, we certainly did not suffer from the heat.

As we were moving off on the following day, some Gallas began interfering with our men loading up. I don't know what the original quarrel was about, but soon the Gallas began shaking their spears at us, and looking as if they meant business. Whereupon three or four of our sowars quickly slipped cartridges into their carbines and looked smilingly at us for the word to begin: this was the first chance of fun they had had since leaving Zeila. But of course this could not be allowed, and in a few minutes things had quieted down, and the Gallas moved away grumbling.

Avarra and his men rejoined us here, having walked through the most of the night to catch us up, and, to our relief, the scallywags who had been pretending to drive the mules of his section were discharged.

We had slightly reorganised our transport arrangement by this time, and increased it by a section of "stiff 'uns," *i.e.* those who were unfit to carry loads at present, but who we hoped would recover enough to act as spare animals on the way down. But for the most part we were disappointed; for so many mules broke down during the first week that all the useful animals among the "stiff 'uns" were quickly used up, and the remainder only got worse and worse instead of better. There were also about thirty of our mules to pick up on the way

down, and these we relied on to tide us over the worst part; but, as it happened, these took such a long time being collected, and, when they did arrive, were such skeletons, that they were practically useless.

Next day took us to Godoburka. The descent of the gorge seemed much more impressive than

NEAR CHAFFÉ DUNSA.

its ascent—and more interesting too, for on the previous journey it was pouring in torrents, and the rain had prevented our seeing as much as we should otherwise have done. On this occasion there were hundreds of monkeys climbing about, tailless baboons, and not beautiful. The usual Abyssinian

monkey who inhabits the highland forests is, however, an excessively pretty animal. By name the Gereza, he has a coat of long black hair, trimmed with a broad fringe of white and silky hair running from both shoulders to a point near the root of the tail. His little black face is framed with long white whiskers, and his long black tail has a bushy white tuft at the end; altogether he is a handsome little beast. But he is of a more modest and retiring nature than the baboon, and is much more seldom seen.

Just before arriving at our camp, we met a largish caravan on the way up, and amongst the followers thereof we spied several with white helmets. It turned out, as we expected, to be Major Nerazzini, whom we knew to be on his way up country, bringing ransom money for the prisoners already released, and with further instructions for concluding a definite peace with the Negûs. With the major—a stout little man with black moustache—was also Captain Ciccodicola of the Artillery,[1] who had much distinguished himself in actions at Agordat and Adigrat, although he had not been in the Adua disaster. Amongst other items of news exchanged, they told us that Larissa had been taken by the Turks, and that there had been an attempt made to assassinate King Humbert. They had about fifty mules with them, most of which were carrying boxes of dollars.

[1] Subsequently appointed Italian Resident at Addis Abbaba.

We camped that day a good deal higher up than the previous time, and lucky it was that we did so, for it began to rain at 9 p.m. and did not stop till 5 a.m. next morning, when we found the whole of the valley swathed in a thick dripping mist which would have been most uncomfortable to sleep in.

We had previously seen, and written to, Paulos, asking him to get us some Galla or Danâkil camels at Godoburka to help us again across the Hawash plain as far as Laga Hardim. But although we had given him plenty of notice, and he had promised the camels, there were none at Godoburka to meet us. We tried to impress a few on our own account, but the Galla in charge refused to travel our pace, and said he must have seven days to do the journey in. As we intended to do it in four, there was obviously no chance of coming to terms, and we reluctantly had to do without.

On leaving the camp, over squashy, muddy ground, into which our mules sank fetlock-deep at each step, we came across a dozen camels lazily making their way towards the gorge. An interview with their Danâkil drivers elucidated the fact that these were our camels that Paulos had promised, a day late. But no inducement would make their owners hurry. The saddles were four or five hours off, and even if they sent for them at once, they would not be able to start till the

following day or the day after. If we wanted them, we must go their pace — nothing would induce them to go ours.

Then we tried to buy some donkeys on the road, but their Galla owners thought we wanted to steal them, and drove them hastily away. At last I observed a man lying by a stream with two small donkeys gazing at him, and told Petros to ask if he would sell them. At first he would not even take the trouble to answer, but eventually said he didn't mind selling one. "How much?" "Six dollars." So the money was quickly paid over and the donkey driven along. We had not gone a hundred yards before the man ran up and said he didn't want to sell after all; so, rather disgusted, I gave him the moke back, being a small one, in return for the dollars, and rode on. Then a shout from behind again, and he said he *would* sell, after all, but would only take five dollars. Marvelling at the extraordinary honesty of the man, I concluded the bargain for the second time, and he stood in the road looking at the money. Suddenly he rushed up, nearly between the forelegs of my horse, causing that valuable animal to shy violently, and seized the donkey round the neck. I was getting somewhat tired of his antics, and had begun telling him in the best British to "get out of that," when he changed the aspect of affairs by imprinting a series of fervent kisses on the animal's nose.

I was somewhat touched, and told Petros to tell

him that if he was really so fond of the donkey I wouldn't buy him. However, the man stuck to the dollars and watched his favourite till it was out of sight. "At last," I thought, "I have come across a decent Abyssinian"; but I was mistaken. After going half a mile, the donkey began to dawdle dreadfully, and eventually sat down, refusing to budge. I don't know if this was the result of home-sickness, but after dragging the animal on for a couple of days, we found it was quite useless to trouble it further, so left it. Evidently the dramatic instinct was highly developed in the vendor.

On the road, or rather off it, we saw a good deal of game: a flock of wild geese, some plovers, sand grouse, lesser bustard, and guinea-fowl, and in one place, all together, six of the huge ground-hornbills. These are, as doubtless many of my readers already know, big black birds of about the size of a turkey, with great curved beaks bent downwards, and adorned with a sort of short horny tube through which they blow, making an odd noise that can be heard at a considerable distance. Some of the game-birds were shot, Speedy also getting a great bustard, and Swayne arrived afterwards in camp with a warraby antelope, or "klipspringer," as I believe they are termed at the Cape. The scrub was also full of little birds; in one place I came across sixteen little things, like brown kingfishers, holding a concert. They were all screeching at the tops of their

voices, and so occupied with their chorus that they took not the smallest notice of me. It seemed as though the smallest birds had the biggest voices, for these little kingfishers made a most abominable noise. On one occasion, too, I remember hearing a very loud cry in the top of a thick mimosa tree. Never having heard this peculiar cry before, I fired at where the noise came from, and down fell—a little black bird no bigger than a sparrow!

On arriving at Tyoba, we found that Paulos had come on with the tail of the caravan, for the purpose, as he said, of looking after the supplies and transport. This was very kind of him, and we were glad to have him, as he was a cheerful little man, with a sense of humour; but we very shortly found out that his real reasons were two, one being to get himself doctored by Pinching for some slight ailment from which he was suffering, and the other to do a bit of business on his own account: as for the supplies and transport, he let those look after themselves.

The business he was after was swords. He had seen the broad sabres that the Aden Troop carried, and had coveted them. He had been entrusted, or so he said, with a commission from the Negûs to buy thirty of these sabres, but I think he hoped we were going to present them to him. However, we only gave him the name and address of the firm—in Persia, I think—which manufactures them. This did not entirely satisfy him, but as he got no more, he soon left us.

The hardest piece of the journey was now before us, and earnest were the consultations to determine how best to cross the Hawash plain in the increasing heat. At last it was settled to push on to Tadechamalca—thirteen miles—in the morning, and after watering ourselves and the animals, and filling up the water-tins, to march half-way across the Fantallé

TADECHAMALCA.

plain and camp, as it was reported that there would be plenty of grass there by this time for the animals.

This was accordingly done, and by 10 a.m. next morning we had reached Tadechamalca. It was very hot already, but nothing to what we expected on the plain. Luckily, however, as we marched on,

clouds began to gather, and the sun's rays scorched no longer. On arriving at the top of the hill overlooking the plain of Simuñ, as it is called, Gavraot and his muleteers declared that they saw a big pool of rain-water, and said we ought to camp there. I was quite agreeable, but, unfortunately, my field-glasses showed no signs whatever of a pool. So we pushed on, and, after another twelve miles from Tadechamalca, came across some cracks and holes in the rocky bed of a dried-up torrent. These were mostly full of water, and Gavraot had the impertinence to tell me that this was what he meant by the big pool. There was enough water here for the human portion of the caravan, besides the water-tins supply, but the mules and most of the horses had to go without. So here we camped.

As it happened, the shortness of water for the transport animals did not matter in the least, for the grass was long and moist, and at nine p.m. it began to rain heavily.

Réveillé had been fixed for 3 a.m., and at that hour I peeped out of my tent. But it was still pouring in torrents and pitch-dark, so we concluded to wait a bit. By 6 it had almost stopped, and we began to load up, the sopping tents considerably increasing the burdens of their mules. The morning was wonderfully cool, and, as we proceeded, we came across running rivulets where at our previous passage had been nothing but dry sand and rock. The defiles and rocks of the Fantallé range required careful

stepping even in broad daylight, and caused us to congratulate ourselves on having surmounted them so successfully in the dark on our way up.

We had been walking over the soft soil beyond Fantallé for some time, when I saw Ismaïl, who was riding just in front, stop and peer intently into the distance. "What is it, Ismaïl?" I asked. "Oysters, sah!" was the unexpected answer, in an excited whisper. "Look, dere dey go!" and, looking in his direction, I saw, not a cluster of fleeing bivalves, as might have been expected, but a herd of ostriches pacing over the ground as hard as they could go. Swayne, half a mile ahead, had already seen them, and had galloped after them to try and head them off to the left. After a moment's consideration, I galloped in the opposite direction, Ismaïlu, with my rifle and a variety of camp impedimenta hung about him, bumping after me as best he could on my mule. Then we heard a couple of rifle shots far in our left rear, and the birds luckily headed back the way they had come. So we dismounted, handing our animals to a Somali who had followed us, and ran forward as fast as we could, bending low and keeping bushes as far as possible between ourselves and the ostriches. Ismaïlu's extraordinary keen sight told us they were going slower now, and at last they began to feed about four hundred yards to our front. With very careful stalking we had decreased this by a hundred and fifty yards, when suddenly all their heads went up and off they tore, away from us. No earthly use

trying to follow them, as they were going about forty miles an hour : all we could do was to count them, and we made out fourteen or fifteen. The cause of this was that the wretched muleteers had pushed on with the caravan along the track, and the noise they made singing and yelling at their mules would have been enough to frighten the steadiest ostrich that ever broke egg. I fear my language on rejoining them was the reverse of parliamentary. Swayne's shots, by the way, were long running ones, and, although he is an excellent shot, had had no result.

Swayne soon afterwards saw some hartebeests in the distance, and went after them, Ismaïlu following him—with my rifle and luncheon—without my knowledge. Before we arrived in camp, some of the Somalis found a large python crossing the path and murdered it. I had previously had a flying shot with a rifle at a great bustard—with, it is needless to say, no result ; and, a little farther on, I had found some elephant spoor : so that altogether, including a view of some more ground hornbills and some gigantic centipedes, we had more excitement in the way of animal life that day than we had had for a long time.

On coming to the gorge of the Hawash, we found the river had swollen to such an extent that it was practically unfordable, so we crossed it by the iron bridge made by Messrs. Trouillet & Stévenin in 1894. This was put up in order to supersede the wooden bridge, built by M. Ilg some time ago in the

same place, as the latter was getting rotten. It was a work of great difficulty, M. Trouillet told us afterwards, getting up the girders from Jibuti, but once the material had arrived, the whole thing had been finished in ten days—not a bad record for two white men and a crowd of unskilled natives. To make matters worse, the King had used for other purposes the cement sent from Europe to build it with, and M. Trouillet had to make his own lime from stone brought from the Minjar province, three days off.

The result is good, but the bridge would be too weak to stand anything but ordinary pack-animal traffic. For nine months in the year it is blocked at each end by a broad abattis of thorn-bush,—to prevent people from using it when the river is fordable,—but during the rains it is left open. It has a single layer of planking, and it is painted red, white, and blue—I presume owing to the engineers' love for "la belle France."

As the weather was so extraordinarily cool, we pushed on to the Katyinwaha, which now, instead of being a clear, rippling stream, was a rushing, muddy river, and camped on the little hill just overlooking it. I arrived with the advanced party at 1.40, but the rearguard did not turn up till nearly 5, many animals having broken down from weakness, and one or two mules having departed this life. Swayne and Ismaïlu arrived with the rearguard, not having got a shot, and when I upbraided the latter for leaving me rifleless and luncheonless for

so long, he only burst into a merry peal of laughter! It was no use trying to be angry with him—he could not take anything seriously.

From the little hill we could overlook all the Hawash plain, and see the volcanic nature of the country. In the evening the lights were very pretty, the sun setting behind the jagged Fantallé rocks, and casting red, purple, and brown effects on the landscape; so Mr. Rodd and I did our best to reproduce them in our sketch-books. But here we were almost prevented by a strange cause—swarms of May-flies arriving and covering everything, books, paints, water, and clothes with their cast-off wings, and crawling off nakedly down our necks and up our sleeves. Jacko, the camp monkey, also did his best to dissuade us by jumping on to our laps and drinking the paint-water: so at last we gave it up in disgust.

Next morning we started with what might have been a serious row. The two sowars who were always posted to prevent muleteers from sneaking out of camp in the morning too soon, or with partially-loaded, or even unloaded mules,—as they were fond of doing,—stopped one man, an Abyssinian, and sent him back to his section. On the native losing his temper, and refusing to go, the jemadar came up, and the man drew a knife on him. He was promptly disarmed and made prisoner; but the remainder of the Abyssinians near began to hustle the sowars, who were with difficulty restrained from showing fight in earnest. Matters were quieted down by

Bingham and Cecil, who came up at the moment, and the affair was subsequently made the subject of a court of inquiry. It was difficult always to preserve the peace between the various races; the fact was that Indians, Egyptians, Somalis, and Harraris "palled up" quite comfortably, but one and all agreed in disagreeing with the Abyssinians.

That day's journey, winding through the jungle paths and up that fearful Itu range, where the camel had come to grief on the night march, was a hot one. Leaving Katyinwaha at five, we pitched camp at Laga Hardim on the far side of the river about midday, but again the rearguard did not come in till five, having been twelve hours on the march. However, we were now entering the land of plenty, at all events as far as our animals were concerned.

The tents had hardly been pitched when loud sky-grumblings on all sides announced the approach of a thunderstorm, and in five minutes we were enveloped in a perfect deluge. That storm lasted two hours, and another one began at 7 p.m. which lasted the whole night. Having retired to bed as usual after dinner, I had just fallen into a comfortable sleep, despite the roaring and beating of the tempest, when an extra loud clap woke me up again, and the almost perpetual lightning showed me that whereas, when I went to sleep, my tent was of the usual oblong shape, it was now circular, and was apparently closing in upon my devoted head. Visions of the Inquisition rushed rapidly through my mind as I

rolled out of bed and found myself up to my ankles in water. I lit a lantern with some difficulty, for matches and candle were sopping wet, bundled on a greatcoat and a pair of gum-boots and went outside. My lantern was blown out in a second, but the lightning showed me that in very truth my tent *was* circular, owing to the corner pegs having lifted in the wet soil. Ten minutes' work with an axe, digging more trenches and driving in the pegs again, restored the tent to its pristine shape, and grounded the articles that had been floating about; so I returned to bed to enjoy a well-earned repose. But this was almost impossible, for the violence of the storm rendered sleep out of the question till the small hours of the morning. This form of weather was, I may remark, what the natives term the "light rains." It was as well, under the circumstances, that we should be out of the country before the beginning of the "heavy rains."

We had traversed the foodless distance between Godoburka and Laga Hardim in considerably quicker time than we had taken on the way up, in spite of the absence of camels on our latter journey: the number of hours up country—including marching and resting—being a hundred and ten and a quarter, and down country seventy-eight and a quarter. So, in order to rest our beasts a little and dry the tents, and give time for the camels to catch us up, if they meant coming, we did not leave Laga Hardim till nearly noon on the following day. Just before we

left camp, the Prince de Lucinge and his companion arrived, the former having killed three elephants the only day that he was in the Azabot Galla country. He would have got more, but Count Le Gonidec fell so desperately ill just as they left the road for the elephant country that it was impossible to proceed any farther in that direction.

The Prince had had the intention of pushing on to Addis Abbaba, but had been deterred by hearing that all Europeans had been *congédiés* by Menelik, and that the latter would not allow any more to come up. This must have happened before we arrived at the capital, for Mr. Rodd had subsequently asked, and obtained, permission for one Mr. Ward of the *Daily Mail*, who was waiting at Harrar, to come up. However, the Prince had by now settled that in view of the approaching rainy season he would not go any farther, but would march down the Hawash through the game country towards Sidimalca, and thence pursue his way back to Jibuti *viâ* the Desert route.

De Lucinge had, I omitted to mention, brought out a Berthon boat with him, on a camel, and had in consequence had fair sport on the Haramaya Lake. But on arriving at Lake Tyer-tyer,—where both he and we had been informed that crocodiles and hippopotamus did swarm,—although he spent three days on the water, he found not only no hippo. or croco. in the flesh, but not even a vestige of them or their tracks.

CHAPTER XIX

LAGA HARDIM TO HARRAR

Our march that day was a short one of three hours over sticky ground to Galamso, and here we encamped on a hill covered with luscious, long grass. Knowing that we should probably have difficulties about the food supply for our hundred and eighty Abyssinian and Harrari followers, we had already warned the functionary told off by Ras Makunnen, into whose province we were now entering, as to where we should camp each day on the way down, so that the food should be ready for us. The Ras's representative, who, by the way, rejoiced in the poetic name of "Tachbelli," bowed and smiled, and said "Ishi," as usual, but on arriving at Galamso we found no food.

It was on this afternoon that we inaugurated in Abyssinia one of the blessings of civilisation—namely, an auction. The natives had never before seen such a thing, and when we drove up our eleven broken-down mules that we wanted to dispose of, and began the proceedings by making Stefan Birru address the few loafers that constituted our audience, crowds

hurried up from all the villages round and listened with eager ears. Then the bidding commenced. In a very short time the natives had grasped the idea, and began bidding against each other merrily. The excitement grew, and, fanned by the eloquence of Birru, who had at last found his true vocation, it rose to such a degree that several bidders lost their heads and began bidding against themselves!

The results were distinctly successful, for it appeared that this happened to be just the season for the natives to buy mules, since, as the rains were coming on, they could leave them out to grass for two or three months at no cost to themselves; they would thus be in good condition by the time the travelling season came round again, and would fetch good prices.

Next morning we were confronted with a mutiny amongst our own Harraris. As above mentioned, no food had arrived the night before for the men, so they had been given money in lieu. But for some reason Gavraot's men had, most of them, refused it, and had consequently had nothing to eat. These struck, and refused to load up until they were given food.

As their position was obviously absurd, and they still refused the money, severe measures were taken. They were told that unless they behaved themselves, they would be discharged on the spot,—thus losing all the wages they were entitled to for the trip,—and were given five minutes in which to make up their

minds. By the time the minutes were up, all but four had sulkily returned to their mules, and as these four were still contumacious and noisy, they were sacked on the spot. Amongst them was Gavraot's second-in-command, one Kassa, generally known as Arthur Roberts, from his extraordinary likeness to that famous comedian. It really was too bad of him to behave in this way, for we had treated him with particular consideration heretofore on account of his having been robbed—so he said, and wept copiously at the recital—of his little all on the way up: we had even made him a present of twenty-five dollars to console him, and this was the way in which he returned our kindness.

A couple of hours after starting,—the advanced party being nearly opposite Habro,—two natives ran down from the hills, and delivered a message from the Fitaurari Asfau, begging us to stop, as he had collected food and everything for us, including the mules that we had left behind in his district on the way up. Although it would have been the height of inconvenience to stop and camp so soon, and we should have lost a day by so doing, I was in two minds what to do, for evidently this meant that there was no food for us at Buoroma, where we intended to camp. So I sent a message back to Mr. Rodd, meanwhile halting the head of the caravan. He soon rode up, and decided to push on, so on we went, whilst he and Wingate went a couple of miles out of their way to visit the Fitaurari.

Although we had sent messages to him to tell him we were going to camp at Buoroma on this day, although Paulos had written, and Ambashyé had also sent him a letter to the same effect, the Fitaurari appeared to know nothing of our movements. His "food" for us consisted of four small baskets of bread, he had only collected seven mules for us out of twenty-eight, and the twenty mule-loads of corn that he had promised turned out to be one and a half. And this in the richest district of Abyssinia! Evidently he had not taken the smallest trouble about us. Ambashyé "played up" here, and abused him to his face like a man.

On arriving at Buoroma another heavy thunderstorm burst on us, and soon soaked us to the skin. The rain continued off and on till nightfall, when it cleared up. There was nothing for our muleteers to eat but four baskets of soaked bread and a few sheep that we managed to buy for them; but even here, in the midst of flocks and herds, it was a matter of great difficulty to buy fresh meat, for the natives for some reason refused to sell except for ridiculously high prices.

Next day we started late, in order to give the tents a chance of drying, and to collect one or two more of our derelict mules. Here it was that Khoda Ali Baksh, Speedy's Hindu servant, better known as "Nubbly Bux," greatly distinguished himself. He was a dear old man, with a soft gentle voice, always to the fore when wanted, and with charming manners.

On this occasion—it was just after breakfast—I set him to catch a runaway mule, so Nubbly girded up his loins and gave chase through the wet grass and dripping bushes. Having stalked him successfully, he seized the end of his rope, and endeavoured to lead him back to camp. But the mule thought it was now time for him to show his mettle, so he took charge, dragging Nubbly at full speed over the sopping and broken herbage. Nubbly hung on like a man, the rest of us, I regret to say, standing by and shrieking with laughter. At last, as his strength began to give way, with one despairing effort the old man managed to take a hitch round a neighbouring and friendly tree, and the mule was brought up with a round turn. Great applause from us, and refreshments for Nubbly in the shape of a cup of cold tea from the mess-tent.

After a few hours' march, uphill and through the beautiful forests described on a previous page, we reached Kunni, and camped two or three miles beyond, in view of the long double march which we were going to make on the morrow. In the afternoon we had another auction, and received a small amount of supplies from Makunnen's farm in the neighbourhood; but it was not till midnight that we recovered the twelve loads of stores we had left here—and that only after endless bothers with the local chiefs and our own muleteers, who at first refused to fetch them.

At dinner we opened some of our small store

of champagne, and drank Her Majesty's health with much enthusiasm. It was the 24th May.

Talking of drinks, we had started with enough spirituous liquors to last us, with moderate consumption, for three months. But we had not

COTTONWOOD TREES IN KUNNI FOREST.

reckoned on dispensing hospitality to the Abyssinians who came to pay us visits of ceremony. They would toss off half a tumbler of our best raw spirit without a wink, and without waiting for the water — and then expect more. At this rate we

should have had none at all for the homeward journey, especially as some of the whisky-mules' tantrums had resulted in the destruction of a couple of cases. So in the time of our need Pinching came to the rescue, and concocted, from his medicine chest and other mysterious cases, a weird and terrible drink, warranted to kill at ten paces. Its foundation was methylated spirit, flavoured with essence of peppermint; and with the addition of a good deal of red pepper and Worcester sauce, and the contents of various medicine bottles containing essence of ginger and other unknown condiments of the sort, our gallant Mess President fixed up a drink which one would have thought that even the most leathern-throated would hardly care to tackle twice. We labelled it P.P.P. (Pinching's particular peppermint) V.O.D., and called it "pianissimo" for short. The Ethiopians loved it, but they were told it was a very precious liqueur, and it was only served out in egg-cups.

It had not been by any means warm during the day at Kunni, but at night it was bitterly cold. I made a note next morning of what I had worn in bed during that night. Here it is—

One blue guernsey, one flannel shirt, two pairs flannel trousers, one flannel waistcoat, two ditto jackets, blanket, and greatcoat on the top of all; and yet I was so cold I could hardly get to sleep! The thermometer might have been anything you like—but our minimum instrument was no more.

After waiting for our missing mules till 8 a.m. on the following day, and only receiving two out of sixteen, we loaded up and pushed on through scenery more like the Highlands in a fog than anything I have yet seen outside Scotland. It was cloudy and coldish, and soon the Scotch mist turned to rain, then thunder, and then rainbows and mist-wreaths—causing very pretty effects in the valleys below us, but not conducing in any way to our comfort.

The flowers seemed to have blossomed out since we had passed up, for many pretty ones were seen and plucked by several of us, including the true lily, gladiolus, "holy pokers," jasmine, wild rose, and various other sweet-smelling blossoms whose names we did not know. It was a long march to Hirna—twenty miles over steep and greasy paths, and the rearguard did not arrive till nearly five.

A strange tent had been planted near our camp, and its occupant soon came to pay us a visit. It turned out to be M. Trouillet, already referred to above as one of the engineers of the Hawash bridge. He was accompanied by his wife, who was paying her first visit to the country, and did not seem to be enjoying her experience. He was going up again to Addis Abbaba, but shook his head over the prospects of trade, and gave vent to some gloomy prognostications which quite bore out what we had heard at the capital from the other French merchants.

Just as we were going to dinner, we heard a couple of yells from the direction of the Harrari muleteers, and immediately afterwards some one ran up and told us that Ahmed had been stabbed. It seems that a Galla muleteer, who had often before quarrelled with the head of his section, and was extremely insubordinate, was in a worse temper than ever this evening—probably a result of hunger, as, again, no food had arrived. So, at some word of Ahmed's, he drew his long Danâkil knife, and, waiting till he turned his back, stabbed him in the region of the kidneys.

The Galla was disarmed and bound at once, and Ahmed taken to Pinching's tent. The wound was deep and dangerous, and Pinching could not say if he would live. Next morning, as there was no question of his being able to come on, and he did not seem any worse, the wound, which had been sewn up, was finally dressed, and Ahmed was carried on an improvised stretcher to a neighbouring village, whilst his assailant was marched along as a prisoner, with a view of trying him at Harrar.

The Abyssinians had meanwhile been given some rice belonging to the Somalis, and a few sheep we had managed to buy; but we were getting rather tired of finding no supplies for them at our halting-places, and so, no doubt, were they.

Up and down hill over several steep ridges brought us in time to the pretty little Burka valley again, but it was now too late to do any more fishing, for we

had not started before 10 a.m., and consequently had not arrived till well on in the afternoon.

No food again for the men. It was getting serious. Tachbelli was summoned to account for the absence thereof, but he knew nothing, of course. He had—or said he had—sent on ahead every day to say that we were coming, and could not understand why no food had arrived; he was sure it would come, perhaps late at night, but still it would come; a little patience, and all would be well. This is what he had said every day, and the food had not turned up. So the only thing was to give the men a little money and let them forage for themselves, as there were villages and flocks in the neighbourhood. The poor muleteers were desperately hungry by this time, and were delighted when we gave the headmen of sections the money.

Next morning Ismaïl remarked to me that the Abyssinians had had nothing to eat last night; and on examining into the matter further, we found that the headmen had "pouched" the money and their men had gone empty! We were furious, but the headmen only smiled sweetly and said the money was given them too late to buy sheep: this was not true. "They also had had nothing to eat themselves:" this was again not true, for each headman had his own mule well stocked with provisions. It was hopeless; we made them give up the money again, but that did not give the men

a meal. The only hold we had over the headmen—except Gavraot and Avarra, who were our own men—was to threaten to stop their *bakshish* at the end, or to report them to Makunnen. But these threats did not stop them from doing anything they pleased meanwhile.

This day we sent ourselves, not trusting to Tachbelli's asseverations, a man ahead to warn the headman of Derru that we were coming. The result was that a small quantity of food came in, but nothing like enough for a good meal for a hundred and eighty semi-starving men. I must say the rank-and-file were very good about it: they might easily have mutinied—but they seemed used to starvation. We had to distribute another sack of Somali rice to appease the men's hunger. Plenty of flocks about, but the people refused to sell a single sheep at any price.

Meanwhile our auctions, which we had held at nearly every camp, had been a great success. We had sold all our damaged animals, as they broke down, for about half what we had given, and we had bought a lot of fresh strong ones. So our transport had been steadily improving instead of deteriorating, and we had not anything like the trouble in transporting our loads that we had feared at first.

Through more of the beautiful park-like country, dotted with great trees and patches of coppice, over some steep ridges down to Shola and up again

along that magnificent ridge of wood with the panorama on the north; it was even prettier travelling east than travelling west. Telek Tyalanko, a huge green meadow in a hollow of the forest, was reached after five hours of marching, and here, to our relief, we found a sort of market being held. We were therefore able to

AMBASHYÉ AND FAMILY.

buy some food for our unfortunate followers, for, it is perhaps needless to say, no supplies—except eighty wafers—came in from the district.

Here it was that we at last found out why we had been so short of food on the way down. It appears that although Tachbelli *had* ordered it in advance, the Fitaurari had sent his own man

down to tell the Shûms (chiefs of district) that we should be a day later than we had said: this, I suppose, because he thought we should not refuse the attractions of his invitation to stay at Habro.

An incident which may be worthy of record: as the advanced party came in, I noticed one of the Somali police being half carried along, and asked what was the matter. Sergeant Surur Aman, with a most concerned face, said he did not know, but he thought the man was going to die. Shalash was grinning, and as the man, now on his back in the shade, was moaning and groaning, I put down the corporal as a heartless ruffian. Then, as Pinching had not come in, I proceeded to do a little amateur doctoring, and applied the fine old British remedy, brandy, internally. To my surprise the man sat up and spat it out, and then lay down again writhing and holding his stomach He said, in faint gasps, that he had shocking pains internally, so I at once, after feeling his pulse, diagnosed his disease as chill on the stomach brought on by recent cold winds. For this I knew of only one remedy; but nothing I could do would make him touch a drop of brandy. I told him he was going to die unless he drank it; he said he didn't care—he'd sooner die. So I bethought me of what I had in my saddlebag, and, after wrapping his middle well up in warm blankets, administered two, and eventually six, camphor pills.

For these he was very grateful; but he need not have been, for I found out afterwards that he was suffering from a surfeit of some unripe fruit that he had found in the wood, washed down by sour milk: so my diagnosis was signally at fault, and so was my medicine. But still, his refusal to touch strong drink, even though *in extremis*, as he thought, scores one for the Korân.

Pouring rain again at night, which caused us to delay our start on the morrow till 7.30. Then through those beautiful woods again, till we arrived at noon at the pretty camping-place of Worabili, and pitched our tents on the same old spot. Here at last we found a plentiful supply of provisions, and a letter from Makunnen bidding us welcome back. Amongst other visitors to the camp this day there appeared the man out of whose leg Pinching had taken the diseased bone. He was quite well, or, at least, as well as he ever would be, and showed most heartfelt gratitude to his benefactor.

Off the next morning at an early hour, for we were going to do a double march to Lake Haramaya. With a bright sun on the red cedar trees and red sandstone, the first hour or two through the forest was excessively pretty, but as we emerged on to the open, the sun became clouded over and cold winds began to blow. After surmounting the hill above Garsa, we came across a large lake which certainly had not been there on our previous journey. For a minute or two I was quite deceived, for it was

just the same size and shape as Haramaya, and I thought something must be very wrong with my road-sketch that we should arrive at our destination three or four miles before we expected. But it soon turned out that the heavy rains of the past fortnight had been soaking the Harrar district through and through, so that a great shallow lake had formed in a part which, when we had last passed it, had been dry ground.

A terrific rainstorm drenched us all again before we reached Haramaya, and even there the ground on the shores and slopes overlooking the lake was so deep and muddy that it was impossible to pitch the camp where we had wished. We had therefore to push on, and camp at the far end of the lake, on a slope which, though sandy and dry, was hardly level enoúgh for perfect comfort.

It was a case of "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," for the lake-water was fouled by the thousands of water-birds, and the neighbouring pools by the cattle. At last old Muhamed and I found some decent water about a mile off, but it was much too far for the men, who did not mind drinking the lake-water, and rather preferred something with a taste in it.

In the afternoon we all sallied forth with guns to slay some duck and waterfowl of various sorts that we had seen. It was, however, not easy without a boat, for the ducks seemed to know by instinct that we were after them, and swam rapidly into the

middle, whilst the coot, secure in the knowledge of their uneatable flesh, sat in thousands in the shallow water and jeered at us. Pinching and Cecil went round to the other end and succeeded in getting a dozen brace of duck and teal and grebe, and other birds, but we others were not so lucky at our end, for ninety-nine out of every hundred birds were coots.

Some more bread and sheep arrived in the afternoon from Makunnen, and, in addition, some white bread for us—a great luxury, as we had lived on biscuit since leaving the capital.

Another early start was made next morning, for, although the distance into Harrar was only three hours, if as much, the muleteers, in their eagerness to get into the town, were astir before it was light, and began loading up their mules.

Cecil having been sent ahead, as ordnance officer, with a party of Somalis to rope and picket the mules as they came in, I rode after him, and as we came in sight of the town, we saw a small party of mounted men approaching, amongst whom we distinguished a white helmet. As we expected, this turned out to be Makunnen and his escort, accompanied by Harrington, whom we had asked to come up and meet us at Harrar if he could. As Makunnen approached, we halted and slid off our mules, the Ras doing the same. We then murmured soft compliments to each other through Petros, and after heartily greeting Harrington, who hardly knew us in our hirsute

adornments, we rode on, Ras Makunnen and his party proceeding onwards in search of Mr. Rodd.

By nine we were back in our old camp outside the town, and were joyfully greeted by a dozen Somali coolies, who had come up with us, been discharged, and subsequently returned with Harrington. They yelled with joy, shook us warmly by both hands, patted us on the back, and retired to jump about and dance hornpipes in our honour. Real children they were, but very cheery and good-humoured, and each worth a dozen of our native muleteers.

CHAPTER XX

HARRAR BACK TO ZEILA

Ras Makunnen was kind enough to ask us all to luncheon, and all, except Bingham and Cecil, who were on camp duty, accepted the invitation. At two o'clock we returned, finding the tents pitched and everything in apple-pie order, including all the stores and baggage we had left behind with the Indians, Benin and Taib Ali. We had hardly arrived, however, before a terrific thunderstorm broke over Harrar, and the rain poured down in torrents, making everything very uncomfortable, and flooding the camp. The pegs of the mess tent drew, and the tent fell with a crash. This didn't matter much, as it was already about as dirty as it could be, from perpetual soakings and foldings up on black soil. But it was worse for the mules, as the ground they had been picketed on was soon turned into a lake. We heard here that, owing to the recent rains, a piece of the town had been washed away, uncovering the entrance to a subterranean passage of which no one had any idea. It turned out afterwards, I believe, that it was part of the old Egyptian defences. It was a pity we had

no time to go and explore, for, according to the reports, the passage must have been of great length, and led to one of the outlying forts.

Some questions regarding Somaliland had still to be settled with Ras Makunnen, and we knew, from old experience, that this would take quite three or four days. So we arranged to divide up the Mission and send an advance caravan on, under Swayne, in order to reduce the main caravan and allow it to march quicker on the hot Somali plains. Swayne was also anxious to test his chronometers at Zeila to get the mean time for his longitude calculations. He had worked like a nigger at his astronomy, and had got about eighteen copybooks full of sums and things about latitude, and solar and mean time, and longitude, and azimuths, and altitudes, and declinations, and I don't know what else besides. I had had the care of five watches, half-chronometers, including one from the Geographical Society and four from the Admiralty; and the trouble I had to take in order not to forget to wind them up every morning had nearly turned my hair white. I *had* forgotten once, and Swayne had threatened that if it happened again we might as well shut up shop and return home at once,—all the object of the Mission would be gone. So I put the onus of remembering on Ismaïl, and that treasure never forgot. As for the theodolite, that, one hoped, would also be literally a load off one's mind, for Swayne, who had spent most of the spare hours of day and night in gazing through it into vacancy and jotting

down mysterious results therefrom, was going to take it with him to Zeila, to get it adjusted, or something.

Harrington had meanwhile arranged for donkeys to take us down to Dyildêssa, and for camels thence to Zeila, so we imagined we should have no trouble in starting when the negotiations with Makunnen were finished.

We had left Addis Abbaba on the 15th May in the afternoon, and had arrived at Harrar early on the morning of the 31st,—not sixteen days. Considering mule caravans usually allow thirty days for this journey, it was not bad going. We had, in fact, done a record going up,—twenty days,—and easily broken it coming down. It now remained to break the caravan record down to Zeila.

We finished our connection with mule transport by a magnificent auction, at which most of Harrar assisted. Pinching, Bingham, and Birru, the villain-interpreter, surpassed themselves at the business, with the result that the prices received far exceeded our anticipations, being something like twenty dollars per mule,—one, indeed, sold for thirty-eight.

During our stay we made the acquaintance of two fresh Europeans: Mr. Ward, of the *Daily Mail*, who was very persistent, but I fear hardly successful, in his endeavours to worm out of Mr. Rodd the results of the Mission; and Count Wickenburg, an Austrian, who had come up on sport and exploration intent. The latter had intended to go on to Addis

Abbaba and thence to Lake Rudolf, in order to explore its western shores, but had not yet received an answer from Menelik as to whether he might come. He had been waiting over a month for it, and had employed his time meanwhile in going after lion in the Jigjiga country. Here he had been very successful, getting seven lions in ten days. His method was peculiar, and somewhat dangerous as well, for he used to ride his game down on horseback and then shoot them with a Mannlicher carbine. On one occasion a wounded lioness leapt on to his horse's hindquarters, and damaged the unfortunate animal's haunches considerably before she was finally disposed of; but otherwise he and his horses had got off without a scratch.

He was now getting very much annoyed at not receiving an answer, and as he had not by any means taken a violent fancy to Harrar as a permanent residence, he was seriously thinking of going back to the coast.

Two days after we had arrived at Harrar, we were surprised by the appearance of our friend Ahmed, whom we had left at the point of death at Hirna. He rode into camp grinning all over, and on Pinching examining him, it was found that the wound, which had penetrated to the abdomen and only missed the kidneys by a hair's breadth, had quite healed up; so the stitches were taken out, and Ahmed pronounced convalescent. Next day his assailant was had up before Makunnen, but Ahmed

attended the court and forgave him, so he was released scot-free. Such is the curious course of justice in this country.

On the 4th June the advanced caravan started off at 8.30 a.m. with fifty-nine transport donkeys and most of the Aden Troop to look after their welfare. A hundred and twenty donkeys and fifteen camels had been ordered altogether, but it is perhaps needless to say that they had not turned up.

Before noon, Mr. Rodd, who was having his final interview with the Ras, sent into camp to say that the negotiations were at an end, and we could start in the afternoon. Accordingly we loaded up as much of our stuff as we could on the limited number of mokes present, and left the remainder in charge of Surur to bring on as best he could. As we did not march till 3 p.m., it was nearly dark before we got to our first camp, Naga Hadilal. Here we were caught up by Mr. Rodd and Ras Makunnen, the latter of whom had kindly provided a big tent for us, with bread, corn, and tej. We waited for a long time for the rest of the caravan, but only twenty donkeys and three camels turned up. So with the limited amount of baggage and food that they brought, we managed a decent meal, and rolled ourselves up in our rugs on the damp and steamy ground.

The missing donkeys had not arrived by 7 a.m. next morning, so we started without them, bidding a tender farewell to Ras Makunnen. Shortly after starting, we came across a picturesque band of natives,

adorned with green garlands, and holding bunches of kât, which they were about to consume. This kât is a sort of narcotic plant very popular in the country; it produces strange feelings and a sense of exultation difficult to describe. Some of us chewed a leaf or two, and in consequence slept not a wink all night, and were extremely "chippy" next morning. Three hours and a half brought us over the grass country and the edge of the Eghu pass down to Balawa again, and here we halted for a couple of hours to enable the absent ones to rejoin us. But nothing arrived, so we pitched camp to give them a chance, and were rewarded by the arrival of the two lots of donkeys, in batches, by five o'clock. It turned out that the benighted ones of the previous evening had been afraid of hyenas, and had taken refuge in the various villages on the road.

Off again as soon as it was light on the following morning, for we were going to change our transport at Dyildêssa and push on to Garaslé that evening. Most of us officers pushed ahead to get the transport ready, and bustled down the rocky track through the Dyildêssa river gorges, arriving at the town by 10 a.m.

An odd *rencontre* took place on the way, for on turning a corner near Sharsharbeh, we almost ran into a small caravan consisting of three white men and about a dozen mules, which were slowly wending their way upwards. It struck us that they had not

greeted us in any way, as is the custom among Europeans in out-of-the-way countries, so I trotted back after them, to discover if possible who they were.

The leader of the party was a gentleman-like looking man, thin, with good features and a fair beard, and a *sulham* or light woollen burnous flung over his shoulders. He returned my greeting in French, but when I asked to whom I had the pleasure of speaking, he looked nervous, and hesitated before owning up that his name was Karl Inger![1] As this name may not be familiar to some of my readers, it may be necessary to say that he was the notorious gentleman who was arrested in 1896 near Suakin, dressed in a Dervish *jibbeh* and with a bagful of Arabic drill-books, on his way to Omdurman to instruct the Khalifa's army in modern minor tactics! He had been sent back to Austria on giving his word that he would not do this sort of silly thing again,—for he was nearly dying of hunger and thirst when arrested,—but had turned up again at Jeddah and been hanging about the Red Sea lately. He had tried to penetrate inland from Zeila, but Harrington had stopped him and sent him back; he had apparently, however, been more successful in his efforts *viâ* Jibuti.

In answer to my questions as to where he was

[1] *Alias* Soliman, or Abdullah Ali; he has lately been filling credulous reporters at Constantinople with stories about his mission from the Khalifa, etc. etc. etc.

going and what he was going to do, he said guardedly he thought he was going to Harrar, and possibly on to Addis Abbaba; but this he did not know—it would depend on letters that he expected to receive. Although he was obviously up to some mischief, we could not touch him, being on Abyssinian ground, so, after several endeavours to find out more about his intentions, I left this mild plotter and conspirator to pursue his wicked way, and rejoined the others. The other two Europeans accompanying him were one apparently a Frenchman and the other, I think, a Greek.

On arriving at Dyildêssa, we found that Swayne had behaved very well, and not taken all the camels he was entitled to, so we had plenty and to spare—ninety-four altogether. The exchange of animals was quickly effected, and before nightfall we had arrived at Garaslé. Strange to say, in spite of the heavy rains in the hills, neither the Dyildêssa nor the Garaslé rivers appeared to have received any water, and hardly any was visible on the surface either of the beds of these streams or of the others at Arto and other places that we touched at.

The weather now, as was natural, became a good deal warmer, and by the time we got to Dabass on the morrow it was back to its old Somali form. Here again the local distribution of water was odd; for although, only a few miles back, several pools and cisterns in the rocks were full that on our previous journey had been empty, the Dabass wells

had sunk to practically *nil*, and it was necessary to walk a mile in the soft sand of the river bed before we could get enough water for the animals.

It was here that Count Wickenburg rejoined us, and he brought with him also a taxidermist, one Herr Mali, who had been with him at Jigjiga and had wished, but in vain, to reach Prince Henry

GÊL DABBAL, WITH NATIVE SHANTIES.

of Orleans at Addis Abbaba and offer his services. Herr Mali had made a very useful collection of the strange birds and beasts that he had shot, and had amongst his skins several specimens that we had not previously seen—notably a dark grey bird with a long black tail and a crimson crest, I think of the parrot tribe.

As the sun was now so hot in the daytime, we determined to vary our procedure from here onwards, and march by night. Accordingly we started early on the following morning for a short march of four hours to Gêl Dabbal. Here two or three tents were pitched, besides the mess-tent, and men and animals watered from the full casks we had brought on from Dabass. Then the caravan loaded up again at 4 p.m., leaving the mess tent, etc., to be brought on by a couple of camels; and we, the officers, after an early dinner, followed the others and caught them up before they arrived at the new camp. A couple of mules, with Harrington's cook and a few tinned meats, etc., preceded the caravan, so that on arrival we found a light supper and some soup awaiting us; this we devoured whilst the tents were being pitched.

This procedure of starting in the afternoon and arriving in camp about 10 or 11 p.m. answered excellently well. We mostly had a bit of a moon, the camels marched better by night, and it was much more refreshing than toiling on through the heat of the day. We always got six or seven hours' sleep, from midnight till the sun woke us up, and perhaps another snooze in the heat of the day.

Swayne worked his advanced caravan by marching from 2 a.m. to 8 a.m., and 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. He covered more ground in this manner, certainly, for he arrived in Zeila forty-eight hours before we did, but it cannot have been as comfortable as

our method, for it involved loading up twice every twenty-four hours, one of these times always being in the dark, or practically so.

An hour before reaching Biya Kaboba, many of us went astray on the network of tracks which here branch off in every direction. They were enough to puzzle anyone except the professional guides, for they were very faint and hardly discernible in the dim moonlight. At last we got on to the right one, and three signal rifle-shots brought the erring ones together again. There was much more water in the wells now than there had been going up, although we were now supposed to be in the driest part of the year, just before the rains; this water question evidently wants studying, for it seems to go by contraries.

Next evening brought us to Biya Anot, where, having as usual the privilege of selecting the camping-place, I insisted on pitching the tents under some nice shady trees close to the water. For this I got myself terribly disliked, the majority of the other fellows preferring a bare hot plateau, a mile from the water and without a vestige of shade. Verily, as I have previously remarked, there is no accounting for tastes.

Next day we marched to Las Maan, the night being the hottest and stuffiest I can ever remember —not a breath of air, and the sun's rays being reflected, even far into the night, from the surrounding rocks that were almost like live coals to sit on.

The pretty little Somadu river had still plenty of water in it only a foot below the ground, and even the Las Maan wells were full, although there had not been a drop of rain for weeks past. Again I should like to know—why?

The following night to Hensa, the extreme edge of the Maritime Plain. There was plenty of water here, and next morning early, I was awakened by bang! bang! just outside my tent. Pinching was already hard at work at the sand-grouse, which were arriving for their morning drink, and we all ran out with our scatter-guns to assist. It was as good as a real grouse-drive—heaps of birds, but not easy shooting, as they all came up in the eye of the sun and swerved violently just as they got within range. We got about forty couple of birds between us, and excellent eating they were. The Somalis would not touch them, as they had not had their throats cut in the orthodox way.

We now had a couple of stiff marches to cross the Plain, of twenty-one and twenty-eight miles respectively; but the prospect of leaving this horrible, barren, and scorching country for the charms of even such a tenth-rate place as Zeila (I beg Harrington's pardon) was sufficient to prevent us from dwelling on the length of the road. The camels were therefore loaded up at 2.30 p.m., and we followed a couple of hours after. My camel, whom I had again taken possession of at Harrar, seemed to sniff the sea-breezes from afar, and shuffled along

merrily at his five-mile-an-hour amble. The going was excellent and level, and by eight o'clock we could just make out in the dim distance the form of Manda Hill, under whose slopes we were going to find all sorts of luxuries in the shape of soda-water and big tents that Harrington had ordered out from Zeila to meet us. On and on we went, without a halt, over the level and grass-covered plain, but the camp seemed to get no nearer. The black mass of Manda was passed, but yet no sign, until a bright light was seen in the distance, which gradually resolved itself into a beacon-fire as we approached.

Two huge "E. P."[1] Indian tents next dimly showed their whiteness against the dark sky, and in ten minutes we had arrived. Not only were there about forty big barrels of water under a shelter of thornbush, but in response to some brief remarks in Hindustani by the Resident, two large boxes were dragged forth, containing soda-water and a couple of dozen lager-beer!

And even this luxury was thrown into the shade next morning by the arrival of a special messenger bearing a mail-bag full of ice. My troubles as water-superintendent were now over and for always, and the blessings of civilisation made themselves felt in a most appreciative form.

But it *was* hot next day. As we lay gasping in our tents under the white-hot sky, I pulled out my thermometer from under the bed and found it 118°.

[1] "European Privates"—each to hold twenty men.

True, this was nothing to the heat in the Batn el Hagar or at Akasheh last year, for there 126°, and even 129°, was recorded by presumably responsible press-correspondents. But here some of the dampness of the sea-air had penetrated, and rendered the heat more oppressive.

As we meant to march all the following night, with only two or three hours' rest at Warabod wells, we did not load up till four in the afternoon. Then the same monotonous journey over moonlit wastes, broken only by the dark and silent figures of the camels and by ragged stumps of mimosa-scrub. After eight hours of this, we halted at Warabod, and gave our tired animals a drink. Here another pleasant surprise awaited us in the shape of more iced beer and soda-water, sent out by the forethought of Swayne and the kindness of Colonel Sadler; the latter, Political Agent for the Somali Coast, having come across from Aden to welcome us.

After a few hours' snooze in the soft sand, we rose at dawn and hurried on to where we saw the white minaret and roofs of Zeila, eight miles off, gleaming against the rosy sky. Our two excellent benefactors of the previous night rode out to meet us, and in a couple of hours or less we were sniffing the briny ocean from the verandah of Harrington's house.

There is little left to record. The R.I.M.S. *Mayo* was lying a couple of miles out in readiness

to receive us, and it only remained for us to wind up the Mission as soon as we could, and go on board.

The afternoon was devoted to overhauling baggage, etc., packing stores, holding Boards on Government property lost, broken, or damaged, and winding up accounts. Harrington was kind enough to put us all up in the Residency, the verandah forming a beautifully cool and airy bedroom for most of us; and on the following morning we sent the baggage on board. Nothing then remained but to bid adieu to Harrington and our faithful Somali followers of the last three months, and to embark for Aden in the smart little steamer that was waiting for us.

On arriving at Aden next morning, General Cuningham was again kind enough to extend his excellent hospitality to us, and on the following day the Mission embarked, bag and baggage, in the good ship *Coromandel*, bound for Suez and home.

EPILOGUE

Abyssinia has now—at all events for as long as Menelik is on the throne—entered into the domain of practical politics. She is perhaps a somewhat indefinite factor, for her feelers—in the shape of raids in every direction—are extended over a large portion of Africa which is not directly under her dominion; and these feelers are not only withdrawn from time to time according to the exigencies of the situation, and pushed out in new directions, but the chain of responsibility is not continuous along them up to the head of the Government, *i.e.* the King. It will require many years before even Menelik's strong arm can make itself felt in the out-of-the-way corners of what he considers the "Ethiopian Empire," and even then there will be no security that the tips of the feelers will necessarily do his bidding. Thus for a long time to come Abyssinia will, by force of circumstances, scarcely be able to take her place in the world as a definite State, bound by defined frontiers and internally responsible to one Head. And further: although Menelik is working with all his powers towards this object, the chances are at

present somewhat against this policy being carried out by his successors.

Menelik's character and individuality are so strong, and his ideas for the well-governing and development of his country are so sensible and "up-to-date," that he may well be termed a genius in a country where everything and everybody are so far below him in power of mind and civilising instincts. He has recognised that the only way of bringing his country into line with other Powers of the world is to keep in touch with them, and as far as possible to imitate their mode of progress and civilisation. His "line," therefore, is to make friends with European nations, and, with their help, to develop his country. But, in order to carry out his purpose, he is obliged to let in Europeans, who, to push their own selfish projects, political as well as commercial, try to fasten their claws into the country, and to turn to their own or their country's advantage the opening thus given to them. Another, and perhaps a still more important difficulty, is that his own people are dead against allowing the white man to get a footing, and are quite happy, now that they have got rifles, to remain in their present inactive life, only varied by raids and wars.

If Menelik could but get a genuine guarantee that his territories would not be attacked and occupied by Foreign Powers, his path would be a comparatively easy one; but that is of course impossible. Over him hangs the perpetual, and not unreasonable, dread,

that if he flings open his doors to a stranger, that stranger will in course of time become a permanence.

Under the circumstances, he has to proceed very delicately, with his eyes and ears open to every advantage to be reaped by intercourse with Europeans, and at the same time with one hand on the door, ready to slam it in their faces if their zeal should exceed their discretion. Woe betide them if they should presume on their position: they would be gently but firmly requested to quit. He has also made use of the European merchants who have resided for years in his capital to get him an outlet for his trade, and having got it, he draws all the trade into his own hands, and the merchants find their profits dwindling through his customs dues and his imperial monopolies. Verily, Menelik is a great man.

In his personal dealings with us, we found him clear-headed and acute, but simple-minded withal, and dreadfully afraid of being taken in by those enigmatic phrases and those conditions-within-conditions so dear to the diplomatic mind. He had already suffered in this respect, notably regarding the wording of the Uccialli Treaty, so the only method of setting his mind at rest regarding the wording of our treaty was to have a third text made out in French, to be considered as final in case of disagreement between the English and Amharic texts.

Enough has been said in the foregoing pages to give an idea of some of the impressions we gathered at the Court.

Among others not yet touched on, we came to the conclusion that the "Ethiopian Empire" extended a good deal beyond that portion of Africa marked on the usual maps as "Abyssinia," especially towards the south, and that her feelers were within measurable distance of the sea-coast south of Cape Guardafui. To the west and north-west the expansion has not been so great: Dervishes and hot lowland plains have combined as a deterrent to further increase of territory in this direction.

Another fact was forcibly and practically brought to our notice, and that was that the Ethiopians have no intention of obeying white men if orders given by the latter happen to be distasteful to them. This fact may be applied over a wider range than that of a mere mule-caravan.

The future of Abyssinia, as long as Menelik is on the throne, may be (barring accidents) predicted with, I think, some confidence. The Negûs will devote his time and talents to consolidating and welding into a nation the heterogeneous elements which now go towards forming his kingdom. It will take time, for his people are of a retrogressive and not progressive type, and internal jealousies and factions are rife. As long as foreign nations keep their hands off, Menelik will proceed in security with his task, for he has no intention of further expansion for the present. Whether his object will be attained under these conditions depends entirely on the length of his reign.

APPENDIX A

A Glimpse of Abyssinian History

(*Including the Recent Operations of the Italians*)

1100 B.C. (*circa*). Sabæan merchants, from the kingdom of Saba in Southern Arabia, form a "Habasat" or Chartered Company to exploit Abyssinia and Central Africa. Many Jewish merchants, seeing a chance of making a bit, leave Jerusalem and join it, bringing their customs with them.

1050 B.C. (*circa*). Magueda (or, according to others, Nikaula), Queen of Sheba (somewhere in Central Abyssinia?), hearing of Solomon through the Jewish merchants, pays him a visit, bringing large presents with her. On the way back she gives birth to a son, whom she names Menelik, *i.e.* "a second self."

986 B.C. (*circa*). Menelik succeeds his mother, and, having been educated in Jerusalem, introduces many Jewish customs.

Hazy history for one thousand years and more.

330 A.D. (*circa*). Frumentius, a shipwrecked monk,

becomes tutor to the then heir-apparent; converts him to Christianity; returns to Alexandria, is consecrated bishop; returns to Abyssinia and converts the whole nation.

500–600. Golden age of Abyssinian literature.

522. The Abyssinians cross the Red Sea and conquer Yemen.

589. They are driven out again.

960. A Jewish princess, Judith, murders the whole royal family except the son and heir, an infant, and seizes the throne; the infant is safely brought to Shoa, and his authority is recognised.

For the next three hundred years priests are in the ascendant, and kings are puppets. Harrar, Gojam, Shoa, Kuragué, and Kaffa are Christianised and incorporated into Abyssinia.

1200–1300. Second golden age of Abyssinian literature.

1370. The approach of Islamism renders the Abyssinians nervous; it begins to undermine the northern provinces. The coastlands of the Red Sea, Algeden, Bogos, the Danâkil country, Harrar, and other outlying districts become Mohamedan.

1490. Pedro de Covilham, a Portuguese explorer, takes a mission to discover and civilise "Prester John" (the generic name at that time for fabulous Abyssinian potentates).

1528. Muhamed Granyé, Arab (or Somali) chief, invades and overruns the country. Christopher

da Gama, brother of Vasco da Gama, is called in to assist. Is beaten in 1537, taken prisoner by Granyé, and executed. Granyé and his followers rampant for the next seventeen years.

1540. Invasion from the south and south-east by the Gallas, who destroy what the Arabs left untouched, and eventually begin fighting among themselves.

1580. Abyssinian influence revives, and the Gallas are gradually driven out or made subject.

1600. Father Paiz, with a following of Jesuit priests, arrives in the country, but does not meet with much success.

1633. The Jesuits are expelled.

1698. Dr. Poucet, an eminent French traveller, visits the country.

1769. Bruce visits Abyssinia, and, in drinking to the health of the Empress Catherine of Russia, prophesies that the country will one day fall into the hands of Russia. His marvellous tales are received, on his return to England, with impolite incredulity.

1841. Major Harris is sent on a political mission from the Indian Government to Shoa.

1843. M. Rochet d'Héricourt is sent by Louis Philippe on a mission to Ras Sahela Selassie of Shoa, and concludes a treaty (June 7).

1800–1860. Many missionaries and travellers visit the country, including Messrs. Salt, Waldemeier,

Lord Valentia, Mansfield Parkyns, Rüppell, Krapf, Flad, etc.

1818. Theodore (Lij Kassa) is born at Kwara in Western Abyssinia. He gradually gathers round him a crowd of bandits, and conquers the various Rases by whom he is opposed.

1855. He is crowned at Axum, and recognised as a sovereign by various European States.

Mr. Plowden is attached to his court as Consul. Mr. Bell, engineer and friend of Theodore's, is killed by rebels whilst saving the king's life. Mr. Plowden also loses his life in assisting Theodore.

1862. Consul Cameron is appointed British Consul, and is sent by Theodore with a letter to the Foreign Office. He returns without an answer, and Theodore, being furious at the supposed insult, puts him in prison.

1864. Messrs. Rassam, Blanc, and Prideaux are sent with a letter to explain, and Theodore imprisons them, sending insolent messages to the British Government.

1867. In July the Abyssinian Expedition is decided on, and the command given to Sir Robert Napier. After immense difficulties with transport and supplies, the expedition, having landed at Zula, in Annesley Bay, just south of Massawa, works its way up country during the winter, and on the 10th April (1868) defeats Theodore in his stronghold at Magdala. Our

total force was 13,381 men, 7116 camp followers, and 3654 animals, mostly for transport purposes. Total loss of life in action, 0; total loss of life by sickness during the campaign, 46. Theodore commits suicide; his wife Terunish is left, and their son Alamayu taken to be educated in England, where he dies in 1880.

1868. Ras Kassai (or Kassa) of Tigré, having greatly assisted the British expedition with scouts, forage, transport, etc., is presented with various brass guns and stores, and in consequence proclaims himself King of Kings of Ethiopia, under the name of John.

1869. Menelik (chap. x. p. 150) makes himself master, and proclaims himself King, of Shoa.

1872. John is crowned Negûs Nagasti at Axum.

1874. He brings almost the whole country under his sway, with the exception of Shoa (Menelik) and Bogos, the latter of which had been taken and occupied by Munzinger, the (Swiss) Egyptian governor of Massawa.

In the same year, the Egyptians, under Rauf Pasha, occupy Harrar at the request of the inhabitants.

Ras Walad Mikhael, hereditary chief of Bogos, revolts against the Egyptians. Munzinger sends Arokol Bey and Arendrup (Danish officer), in command of two thousand five hundred men into Hamasen against Walad Mikhael.

1875. The Egyptian force gets badly beaten at

Gundet, on the 11th November, and loses eighteen hundred men and two thousand rifles.

1876. More Egyptians are sent to Massawa under Ratib Pasha and one Loring (an American adventurer). Mikhael had now quarrelled with King John, and he goes over to the Egyptians. The latter are attacked by John at Gura, and again heavily beaten, losing nearly four thousand men and eight thousand rifles (7th March).

Gordon, who is now Governor-General of the Egyptian Sudan, is ordered to make peace with John. Latter writes politely but vaguely to Gordon, and meanwhile goes for Menelik, who is already in difficulties owing to his Queen Bafana having started a rebellion against him.

1878. Menelik retires slowly before John, and eventually a treaty is signed on the 26th March, by which John, who now calls himself Emperor of Ethiopia, recognises Menelik as King of Shoa, and crowns him with his own crown.

1879. King John now writes again to Gordon, wishing to treat with him as Sultan of the Sudan. Gordon goes to interview Ras Alula, John's commander-in-chief, and the latter passes him on to John, over very rough roads, to Debra Tabor. John is rude, and Gordon goes towards the Sudan; on the borders, however, one Ras Araya seizes him and detains him, and Gordon is obliged to retire *viâ* Massawa, being bullied and insulted on his journey.

The Italians now come on the scene.

In 1869 an Italian company buys Assab, a little harbour at the southern end of the Red Sea. It is soon afterwards acquired by the Rubattino Company, and in 1882 the Italian Government buys it from them.

1882. In the same year Count Antonelli goes on a friendly mission to Menelik to improve the prospects of the colony, and succeeds in making a treaty.

1884. The Mahdi's insurrection having spread to the Eastern Sudan, the British Government decide that the outlying Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan shall retire, and that the Somali coast and Harrar should also be abandoned. This is done. Accordingly, after the Suakin campaign in February and March, Admiral Sir William Hewett, V.C., is sent up with a mission to King John at Makalle to ask him to help the eastern garrisons (including that at Kassala) to retire. On the 3rd June they sign a treaty, by which, amongst other things, the Abyssinians are allowed free transit for their goods through Massawa, then in Egyptian hands. (Kassala, however, was captured by the Dervishes on the 30th July in the following year.)

1885. The Italians occupy Massawa on the 5th February. The Italians increase their territory hereabouts rapidly, and call it Eritrea. John

and Menelik uneasy. Ferrari goes on friendly mission to John.

1886. Pozzolini and Harrison Smith's (Secretary, R.N.) missions to John—unimportant.

1887. Menelik attacks and occupies Harrar in January. Ras Alula now demands the withdrawal of Italians from certain points, and makes prisoners of the Salimbeni mission. Fighting ensues, and the Abyssinians cut to pieces four hundred Italian troops at Dogali, 26th January.

Mr. (Sir Gerald) Portal's mission to Abyssinia. Endeavours to preserve the peace. He has a very rough time of it, and returns at the end of the year, having met with but little success.

1888. A large Italian expedition of twenty thousand men is now prepared, but after coming face to face in April, the Abyssinians retire, and nothing definite results.

In October, Antonelli is sent on a second mission to Menelik, to try and secure his assistance against John.

1889. John is meanwhile attacked on the north-west by the Dervishes. He goes to meet them in Gallabat, but whilst defeating them at Metemma in the morning of the 9th March, is shot, and the Dervishes turn the Abyssinian victory into a rout. Abyssinia forthwith falls into a state of anarchy. Menelik takes advantage of the confusion, proclaims himself Negûs Nagasti, and receives the submission of Central Abyssinia.

Meanwhile Antonelli, who is still with Menelik, succeeds in making with him the Treaty of Uccialli, including the clause which was interpreted as making Italy the intermediary between Abyssinia and any other Power (2nd May).

Ras Makunnen is sent to Italy as plenipotentiary, and makes a supplementary treaty (1st October).

Menelik is crowned at Entotto, 3rd November. Everybody happy.

1890. Ras Mangasha, natural son of John, considers he ought to be king, and causes trouble ; but on Menelik coming north with a large army, Mangasha submits.

Colonel Baratieri beats a small force of Dervishes near Agordat, and occupies it (July).

Menelik enters into negotiations with other Powers without making use of the Italians as intermediaries. Antonelli comes back on a third mission to remonstrate, but Menelik is firm, saying his Amharic version of the clause makes it only optional, and not compulsory, for him to use the Italians as intermediaries : in fact, that the Amharic and Italian texts do not agree.

1891. He makes, however, a frontier convention with Antonelli (6th February).

1892. Baratieri becomes Governor-General, with Col. Arimondi as Commandant of the Forces.

1893. Menelik writes in February denouncing the Uccialli Treaty.

Arimondi (whilst Baratieri is on leave) gains a brilliant victory at Agordat over a large force of Dervishes who are invading Eritrea (21st December).

1894. Baratieri makes a fine march and occupies Kassala (17th July).

1895. Ras Mangasha crosses the frontier with ten thousand men, but is badly beaten by Baratieri at Koatit (14th January). Italians gradually push further and further to the south, into barren, mountainous country, occupying and fortifying Adigrat, Makalle, and Amba Alagi.

On the 7th December, five companies of Italians, under Major Toselli, are cut up by the Abyssinians at Amba Alagi. Menelik meanwhile is advancing north to support Mangasha. Makalle, holding twelve hundred Italians under Galliano, is next invested by Ras Makunnen with nearly thirty thousand men.

1896. After a gallant defence, Makalle capitulates (23rd January), and the garrison is allowed to march out with all the honours of war. Reinforcements are now pouring in from Italy, and Baratieri, after considerable hesitation, advances with about sixteen thousand men in the direction of Adua. On the 29th February orders are issued with a view to a fight on the next day, and on the 1st March the Italian force of four brigades, under Generals Albertone, Arimondi, Dabormida, and Ellena, advance against the

practically unknown hostile position of Abba Karima, held by about ninety thousand Abyssinians, in difficult mountainous country, and along rocky paths, with no intercommunication. Albertone's brigade becomes engaged with the enemy far ahead of the others, and is forced back by superior numbers, surrounded, and nearly cut to pieces. The other brigades come up to support it, and meet with the same fate, being surrounded by overwhelming numbers, jammed together, and shot down by the Abyssinians on all sides. Both officers and men fight most gallantly. The Italians lose four thousand killed, including Arimondi and Dabormida, besides about two thousand prisoners (including Albertone), and the whole of their artillery. The Abyssinian loss in killed is almost as heavy.

General Baldissera arrives and takes command (4th March).

General Baratieri is tried by court-martial and acquitted (June).

In April, the Dervishes attack Kassala, but are beaten by Stevani at Mokram and Tukruf.

Russian Red Cross Mission arrives at Addis Abbaba in July, and stays till following February.

Major Nerazzini goes to Addis Abbaba and makes a preliminary treaty of peace (26th Oct.).

1897. French Missions under MM. Lagarde and Bonvalot leave Jibuti for Addis Abbaba in January; Prince Henry of Orleans also leaves

with a small caravan for the capital about the same time; they arrive in March.

British Mission under Mr. Rodd arrives at Addis Abbaba 28th April, and concludes a treaty (14th May).

Captain Clochette's expedition, followed by that of the Marquis de Bonchamps, starts westward from Addis Abbaba.

More Missions, Italian, Dervish, Turkish, and Russian, announced.

British Mission returns to Zeila (14th June).

APPENDIX B

Composition of Caravan on leaving Zeila

(*A*) *Personnel.*

(*The European officers and others are mentioned on pp. 6, etc.*)

Eight native servants—Ganem, Usta, and Munsi (Egyptians), Butros (Abyssinian), Ibrahim, Ahmed, Ismaïl (Somalis), and Khoda Ali Baksh (Hindu).

Wolda Haimánot and Stefan Birru, Abyssinian interpreters, the latter being engaged at Zeila.

Sergeant Mohamed Yusuf, Egyptian Medical Staff Corps, assistant to Pinching Bey.

1. Aden Troop detachment—
   Jemadar Mahmoud Khan.
   Twenty sowars.
   Nine followers (including five Indians).
2. Somali Police Escort—
   Havildar Surur Aman.
   Eleven police (including five Sudanese).
3. Buráleh Robleh, Mokaddam—
   Fifteen mule syces (mostly Gadabursi).
   Two sweepers (Jaberti).

4 Muhamed Robleh, Mokaddam—
Twelve dhooly-bearers (mostly Gadabursi).
5 Wober Megal, Mokaddam—
Twenty coolies (all Esa).
6. Camel-drivers (eighty of the Esa-Ada tribe).

(*B*) *Animals.*

Ten riding horses, Aden Troop.
Five baggage ponies, Aden Troop.
Thirty riding mules (for eight officers, ten Aden Troop, one clerk, two interpreters, and nine servants.
Two riding camels (private property—Speedy's and mine).
One hundred and eighty-nine baggage camels.
Five cattle for rations.
Twelve sheep ,,
One donkey.

(*C*) *Stores and Rations, etc.*

1. Presents for the Negûs Menelik and cash—twelve camel loads.
2. Rations for officers and white servants, ninety days' mess, stores, biscuit, liquor, etc.—twenty-two camel loads.
3. Rations for Somalis—
Sixty-eight days' rations for police, syces, and sweepers.
Twelve days' rations for coolies and dhooly-bearers.
Total—twelve camel loads.

4. Officers' baggage and official stationery, instruments, etc.—forty-two camel loads.

5. Ammunition, eighteen hundred rounds ball; fifteen hundred rounds blank—two camel loads.

6. Tents (one mess, ten officers and servants, two private, one necessary tent)—twelve camel loads.

7. Medical and veterinary stores (besides two dhoolies carried by Somalis)—four camel loads (including one cacolet camel).

8. Aden Troop baggage (including six tents and ninety days' rations)—fifty-three camel loads.

9. Water-casks (fifty), each of twelve and a half gallons' capacity—twenty-five camel loads.

10. Miscellaneous.—Two sacks of rope, fifteen buckets, ten funnels, twelve tin pots, seventeen utensils, forty knives, ten spades, ten axes, spare pegs and plugs, blankets, khaki tunics, spare clothing, fifty-six pounds tobacco, snuff, salt, tobes for natives, etc.—five camel loads.

11. Forage. — Two thousand seven hundred pounds grass in twenty-five-pound bundles (at twenty pounds per diem per animal). Carried on the water camels.

APPENDIX

Itinerary of the Road taken by the British Mission to Abyssinia,

Halting Place.	From Previous. Hours.[3]	From Previous. Miles.	Miles from Zeila.	Feet above sea-level.	Water.[6]	Local Supplies.
	H. M.					
Zeila . .	..	..	..	0	..	..
Warabod .	3 20	8½	8½	..	5 or 6 wells; water 6 feet below surface—good.	Flocks of sheep and goats occasionally.
Ashado[1] .	2 0	5	13½	..	Nil.	Nil.
Dadab[1] or Manda[2] .	7 0 ..	17½ ..	31 ..	855	Nil. ..	,, ,,
Hensa[1 2] .	7 20	18	49	1509	Excellent numerous wells in sandy stream bed; water few inches below surface—always present.	,,
Las Maan[1 2] .	6 0	13	62	1728	Small supply 6 feet below sand: requires digging.	A few flocks in neighbourhood.
Ellanguden .	1 20	3	65	..	Good wells in Khor bed, close to village.	Ditto.
Daga Hardani	1 30	3½	68½	..	Running water a few inches deep, appears in places above surface.	Ditto.
Somadu[1] .	2 30	6½	75	1952	Ditto in places along stream bed; also some wells in bed 1–2 feet deep.	Ditto.
Biya Anot[2] . ("white water.")	1 15	3	78	2056	3 or 4 wells in stream bed, rarely dry, good water, 3–6 feet below surface.	Nil.
Hirabon . .	0 40	1½	79½	..	Wells in stream bed, often dry.	,,
Aruweina .	3 0	7½	87	..	Deep wells, 20 feet, in stream bed. Dry on 25th March, full on 9th June.	,,

For notes, see pp. 340 and 341.

C.

1897, FROM ZEILA TO HARRAR AND ADDIS ABBABA AND BACK.

Pasture.[4]	Fuel.	Animal life met with.[5]	Remarks on Camps and Surroundings.	Road from Previous.
..	..	..	.. ..	..
Fair.	Nil.	Nil.	Wells much used for watering flocks.	Flat, sandy, good going.
Good.	,,	Snakes.	.. ..	Ditto.
Fair.	,,	Gazelle, arial.	Dadab lies to the west of Manda Hill, and Manda to the east, 3 miles apart; either can be used.	Ditto, with grass tussocks.
Good.	,,	..		
,,	Good.	Ditto and sand grouse.	Camp close to wells, surroundings desolate.	Ditto, with grass and mimosa scrub.
Poor	Fair.	Gazelle, partridge.	Surroundings dismal, stony, and hot.	Rocky, scrub, broken, bad going in parts.
Fair.	Good.	Francolin, digdig.	A few huts; bush.	Ditto.
,,	,,	Monkey, duck, francolin, guinea-fowl.	Pretty green nullah; thick bush and green vegetation; continuation of Soniadu stream.	Ditto.
,,	,,	Numerous brilliant birds, besides francolin, etc.	Camp should be on stony plateau above stream bed; banks of latter reported feverish in places.	Level; stony or hard sand. Thick fringe of bush along bed.
,,	,,	Ditto.	Camp either in bush, on banks of stream bed, or on stony hills outside.	Ditto.
,,	,,	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Poor.	Fair.	Hornbills and quaint small birds.	Ditto.	Level; good walking; occasional soft sandy bits. Fringe of bush along stream beds.

APPENDIX C—

Halting Place.	From Previous.		Miles from Zeila.	Feet above sea-level.	Water.[6]	Local Supplies.
	Hours.[3]	Miles.				
	H. M.					
Biya Kaboba[1 2] ("big water.")	5 10	14	101	2873	3 wells, 12 feet deep, in stream bed; always good water and plentiful.	Flocks in neighbourhood.
Gel Dabbal[1 2]	6 30	16	117	3016	Nil.	Nil.
Dallai Mallé .	2 10	4½	121½	..	Sometimes a good supply after rain; otherwise nil.	,,
Dabass[1 2] .	2 30	6½	128	2921	Many wells in stream bed; water 1 foot below in March; 4 feet below, and scarce, in June. Good wells 1 mile upstream (E.).	Numerous flocks of sheep and goats and a few cattle.
Worji . .	2 30	6½	134½	..	Rain pool in cleft of rock; ample after rain; sometimes dry.	Nil.
Gulda . .	2 00	5	139½	..	Pools in stream bed only after heavy rain.	..
Busa . .	1 15	3½	143	..	Wells in stream bed 1 mile either side of track in dry weather; pools close by track after rain.	..
Garaslé[1 2] .	3 45	9	152	3150	Running water in places; water close under sand. Always good water.	Nil.
Arto . .	0 30	1½	153½	..	Running water in places; alkaline. Hot springs in bed close under conical hill.	,,
Dyildêssa or Gildessa (Yavála).[1]	3 40	7½	161	3492	Running water in Dyildêssa river, except in very dry weather. Water here bad and feverish. Camp at Yavála; clear, plentiful spring and stream.	Sheep, goats, cattle, bananas, corn, harley, milk.
Sharsharbé .	4 0	7½	168½	..	Running stream.	Ditto, dhurra.

For notes, see pp. 340 and 341.

continued.

Pasture.[4]	Fuel.	Animal life met with.[5]	Remarks on Camps and Surroundings.	Road from Previous.
Good.	Good.	Many and brilliant birds.	Junction for Jibuti and Zeila roads. Small Abyssinian post (7) here in blockhouse. Thick bush.	Rocky; 1 steep ridge, otherwise good going.
,,	Poor.	Hares, francolin, antelope.	"Pasture of the she-camel," a feeding ground on a great monotonous plain with little bush.	Level going through mimosa bush; numerous ant-hills.
Fair.	,,	Guinea-fowl.	A dry stream bed most of the year.	Level sandy going.
,,	Fair.	..	A great watering place for flocks of surrounding country; camp on stony banks, liable to floods from neighbouring hills.	Ditto.
Poor.	Poor.	Guinea-fowl, antelope.	Difficult to get mules, etc., down to the water; 10 minutes to west of track.	Level for 3 miles, then stony ascent on to plateau.
,,	,,	..	No water found here either journey.	Level, good going.
Good.	Fair.	..	Track crosses 2 stream beds close together; wells in first, pools in second. Stream bed fringed with bush.	Undulating, good going.
Good.	Good.	.	Camp either on high banks or on stony camping-ground just beyond stream. Name of this camp strictly Hamar—"Garaslé," native camping-ground 1 mile north-east of this.	Undulating, good going.
Fair.	Fair.	..	Count Porro's Expedition massacred here in 1886. Popular laundry.	Ditto.
Good.	Good.	Brilliant and numerous birds; large selection of innocuous insects.	Camp at Dyildêssa feverish. So camp at Yavála, ¾-mile west of Dyildêssa; trees, grass, etc. Dyildêssa is a collection of mud and straw huts, containing about 2000 souls. Change transport to donkeys.	Ditto, through glades of mimosa. Pass 2 or 3 stream beds, with occasional pools, in March (none in June).
Fair.	,,	Geese, lion-monkeys.	Mountainous ground; trees, etc., change from mimosa to euphorbias and sub-tropical plants.	Steep ascent, mostly along bed of river. Picturesque scenery.

APPENDIX C—

Halting Place.	From Previous.		Miles from Zeila.	Feet above sea-level.	Water.[6]	Local Supplies.
	Hours.[2]	Miles.				
Balawa [1 2]	3 15	6½	175	5679	Ditto.	Ditto, and bread in small quantities; honey.
Daga Delali [1 2]	4 30	9	184	6695	Marshy stream below hill, fit only for animals; good stream ¼ mile south of camp.	Ditto, from neighbouring villages.
HARRAR [1 2] .	3 20	8	192	6253	Water unlimited from various streams.	Of all sorts in large quantities.
Haramaya [1] .	3 20	9	From Harrar. 9	6448	Good little stream, but fouled by cattle: water good under sandy bed.	Cattle, flocks, dhurra barley.
Haramaya Lake [2] (East end)	0 30	1½	10½	..	Lake water fouled by water birds; nasty taste. Good pool under village, 1 mile south.	Ditto.
Garsa [1] . .	3 0	7½	18	6384	Sluggish stream. water good ½ mile up.	Ditto.
Worábili [1 2] .	4 20	10	28	7234	Good stream and small dug-out basin.	Ditto, in abundance.
Tyalanko [2] . (Telek = great)	4 30	11	39	7062	Marshy stream, foul below, clean above.	Ditto.
Shola [1] . .	2 15	6	45	6895	Small spring, requires improving. Water for mules 1 mile down valley.	Above supplies meagre in neighbourhood.
Derru (Upper [1])	3 50	10	55	7650	Small spring, often dry; water (stream) 1½ miles off, down valley of Burka.	Above supplies, sugar cane, and milk plentiful.
,, (Lower [2])	..	..	..	7277	Good stream close by.	..
Burka [1 2] .	4 15	11	65	5749	Beautiful clear small river 3 feet deep, 6 feet broad; small cascades.	Above supplies in neighbouring villages

For notes, see pp. 340 and 341.

continued.

Pasture.[4]	Fuel.	Animal life met with.[5]	Remarks on Camps and Surroundings.	Road from Previous.
Good.	Good.	Bees.	Capital camping spot, with pretty view.	Ditto.
Excellent.	Poor.	..	On low hill overlooking marshy grass country. District well watered ; camp anywhere.	Steep up to Eghu Pass, 2½ hours ; then over level grass country.
Good forage and fuel have to be brought from some distance.		.	Supplies depend on camping-place and temper of the Ras. Mission camped 1 mile on Addis Abbaba road.	Slow descent through coffee plantations; good narrow road.
Good.	Fair (dhurra stalks).	Ibis, heron.	Highly cultivated district.	Good sandy road, mostly between hedges of euphorbia and rose.
,,	Ditto.	Duck, geese, teal, and other water birds ; coot in thousands.	Ditto. The east end of the lake is sandy ; remaining shores muddy and deep soil.	Ditto.
,,	Poor.	..	Sloping grass site for camp.	Good road over undulating ground.
,,	Excellent.	..	Almost Alpine scenery ; thick pine and cedar woods. Many villages and inhabitants.	Road ascends over picturesque country.
Excellent.	Good.	..	Large grassy depression ; amongst woods. Tyalanko Tenish (small) an hour before arriving.	Stony road through woods ; beautiful scenery.
Good.	Fair.	..	Much used for camping-ground.	Ditto.
Fair.	,,	..	Ras Makunnen's farm close by. Lower Derru camp in Derru valley, used by Ras as camping-ground, on lower road, 2 miles short of Upper Derru on high ground.	Fair road over hilly ground ; 1 steep ascent.
Excellent (long grass).	,,	River full of fish.	Boroda, village of Dejaj Birru (head of district), in hills north of track, about 5 miles north-east from Burka. Camp beautifully situated.	Very steep descent to start with ; then level through woods and grass valley.

APPENDIX C—

Halting Place.	From Previous. Hours.[3]	From Previous. Miles.	Miles from Harrar.	Feet above sea-level.	Water.[6]	Local Supplies.
Tullo . .	H. M. 2 0	5½	71½	..	Streamlet in valley.	Few supplies.
Hirna[1 2] .	3 45	9	80½	6012	Good stream.	Supplies in neighbouring villages.
Dabasso[1] .	3 25	9	89½	6878	Streamlet in valley in rear, not much water.	Few supplies.
Kunni[1 2] .	4 30	12	10 ½	7894	Many small streams running down either side of ridge.	Above supplies plentiful.
Buoroma[1 2] .	4 10	9½	111	5854	Two good streams.	Large flocks, and cultivation
Habro[1] . .	4 30	12	123	6110	Good stream, 1 mile off track, near Habro village. Lake Tyer-tyer 4 miles to south.	Ditto
Galamso[2] .	3 0	8	131	5931	Two good streams.	Few supplies.
Laga Hardim[1 2]	3 10	9	140	5391	Good small river, 20 yards broad, 1 foot deep, high 30-feet banks.	Ditto.
Katyin-Waha[2] (Narrow Water)	7 0	19½	159½	2947	Good small river, 25 yards broad, 2½ feet deep, slippery banks.	Nil.
Hawash river[1]	1 45	4½	164	2434	River 80 yards broad, 3 feet deep, at bottom of gorge 400 feet high.	..
Fantallé[2] .	5 45	16	180	3026	A little water in cracks of rocks after rain; none in dry weather.	Some sheep and goats pastured here in rains.

For notes, see pp. 340 and 341.

continued.

Pasture.[4]	Fuel.	Animal life met with.[5]	Remarks on Camps and Surroundings.	Road from Previous.
Good.	Fair.	..	Grassy valley.	2 steep ascents; pretty country.
Fair.	Poor.	Warraby antelope; orioles.	Marshy ground; camp on hill. Slopes beyond stream.	2 steep ascents and descents.
,,	,,	..	Grass slope for camp. Down-like country.	Steep ascent, then along ridges; fine view to the north.
Excellent.	Good.	Great Kudu in woods near here, but its shooting is forbidden, owing to scarcity. Monkeys.	Beautiful views north or south. Large village. Ras Makunnen's farm.	Ditto, then into Kunni grass valley.
Good.	Fair.	Gazelle.	Country quite changed; rolling grass country. (Tyer-tyer or Chercher.)	Through grand forests, down steep descents to Tyer-tyer district.
,,	,,	Ground hornbill; elephant country just north of this. Waterfowl, but no hippopotamus or crocodile in Lake Tyer-tyer.	Fitaurari Asfau's village of Gubba Gorija in hills just above.	Over undulating grass country.
Excellent.	Poor.	.	Camp on grassy hill.	Ditto.
Fair.	,,	..	Boundary here between Ras Makunnen's and Ras Dargé's country.	Over broken hilly country.
Good.	Good.	Hornbill.	Many trees; camp on small hill above river.	One very steep ascent, two very steep descents, then over sloping jungle country.
Poor.	Poor.	Hartebeest, ostrich, python, arial.	Stony district; volcanic; mimosas and scrub.	Scrub and stone.
Excellent.	,,	Arial; antelope of sorts; bustard.	Camp on north-east side of Fantallé range; level grass. District hereabouts termed Simun.	Level going, except over Fantallé rocks, which are difficult in the dark.

APPENDIX C—

Halting Place.	From Previous.		Miles from Harrar.	Feet above sea-level.	Water.[6]	Local Supplies.
	Hours.[3]	Miles.				
	H.M.					
Tadechamalca[1]	3 50	12	192	3024	River 30 yards broad, 2 feet deep; low shingle banks	Nil.
Tyoba[1 2] (or Choba) .	4 30	13	205	4789	Two large ponds (50 by 30 and 40 by 20 yards), generally full. Fair water, somewhat fouled by cattle.	Flocks and cattle about.
Godoburka[1 2] .	8 0	22	227	5828	Stream from gorge much fouled by cattle; clear rock spring at exit from gorge.	Saturday market. Much cattle in neighbourhood; corn and other supplies.
Tyaffé or Chaffé Dunsa.[1 2]	5 50	17	244	7386	Excellent stream.	Few supplies.
Akaki[1 2] .	6 0	18	262	7875	Excellent stream at bottom of gorge: water rather earthy to taste.	Ditto.
Addis Abbaba	3 20	9	271[7]	7987	Numerous streams	Supplies plentiful; daily market.

[1] Camps on the way up country.
[2] ,, ,, down country.
[3] Rate of leading baggage animals of caravan:—
Camels, Zeila to Dyildêssa; donkeys, Dyildêssa to Harrar; mules, Harrar to Addis Abbaba.
Time taken by riding animals one-sixth to one-quarter less.

continued.

Pasture.[4]	Fuel.	Animal life met with.[5]	Remarks on Camps and Surroundings.	Road from Previous.
Fair; good 1 mile from river banks.	Good.	Digdig, partridge, bustard, francolin; 3 miles down stream hippopotamus, pig, and other big game reported.	Banks reported feverish. Camp on knoll above river, five minutes off. Bush and banks full of small game.	At first level; ascends and descends steep ridge with steep ravine, then through mimosa grove.
Poor.	Poor.	Plover, antelope.	Camp on stony plateau: ponds strictly speaking called Mantecura.	Ascent on to plateau after 8 miles.
Fair.	,,	Geese, duck, marten, marmots, pigeon, guinea fowl, bustard, francolin.	Camp on plateau overlooking gorge; steep descent to latter. Many villages and inhabitants around.	Level; one ascent; through highly-cultivated Minjar district.
,,	Nil. Dried dung may be bought.	Geese, duck, bustard, antelope, pigeon, francolin.	Several streams and camping-grounds between this and last place. A few huts in neighbourhood.	Up to high plateau, then rolling grass country and much cultivation.
,,	Ditto.	Duck, jackal.	Ditto.	Over rolling grass country; stony in places.
Poor; best in the surrounding hills.	To be bought.		Several streams and camping-grounds between this and last place, notably at Shola, one hour from Akaki.	Ditto.

[4] For baggage animals on this portion of the road, *vide* 3.

[5] Hyenas, jackals, digdig, kites, vultures, doves, yellow ground squirrels, and small birds are met with throughout, and are therefore not mentioned unless specially abundant.

[6] All Somali wells are merely holes dug in the sand; no lining, or any method of hauling up water. No preparations at all for water in Abyssinia.

[7] Grand total from Zeila—463 miles.

APPENDIX D

Means of Transport

The means of transport from the coast are as follows :—

(*a*) On the Assab road, camels (Danâkil) from the coast to Ankôber, and thence by mule or camel.

(*b*) On the Jibuti road, Somali camels as far as Lalibella, in the Harrar district; price up to here, twenty dollars per camel. This is the boundary of the Somali country, and nothing will induce them to take their camels farther. A headman—the present one is objectionable—superintends here the trans-loading on to Danâkil camels, and these, for the consideration of twelve dollars per camel, take the loads on to Balchi (near Godoburka, in the Shónkora district). From this place, where there is a custom-house, the goods are taken on by mule, at about three dollars apiece, to Addis Abbaba.

The country between the latter place and Balchi is not difficult for camels, but it is too elevated and cold for them, and provides only grass; no camel thorn or mimosa.

(*c*) From Zeila to Dyildêssa the transport is done by Somali camels, of which a large number can always be hired in Zeila and the Gadabursi country. This transport is done almost exclusively by the Esa-Ada (White Esa) tribe. Price twelve rupees to eight dollars per camel. At Dyildêssa the goods are loaded on to donkeys as far as Harrar (price for this journey three dollars for four donkeys). At Harrar, the goods are once more transferred on to mules.

It is customary, and indeed necessary, to buy one's mules outright here, and not to hire them. In the latter case, although the animals are well looked after by their owners or muleteers, the hirer is entirely in their hands, and cannot move if they refuse to march. Added to this, the price for hiring (at all events as far as Addis Abbaba) comes to more than half the value of the mule : twenty-two to twenty-five dollars is the price asked per mule for the single journey, including ten dollars for a man to look after him, whilst a good pack-mule should not cost more than thirty to thirty-five dollars.

When buying, preference should always be given to those mules with firing marks across the back and withers ; this means that they have had sore backs, and have been cured by firing, which process makes the skin hard and tough. An unfired mule means either a young green one with a soft skin, or else a riding mule ; in either case, an undesirable one for baggage work, for the first means that he will quickly get a sore back, and the second that, in addition, he

will do his best to get rid of the loads. The Ras generally tries to keep the selling of mules under his own supervision, as he deducts a tax of two dollars on every mule bought or sold by his own subjects.

On the other hand, if one buys the mules, the muleteers have no interest in looking after them, and neglect to do so properly; nor do they take the smallest trouble about loading them carefully, or preventing or curing sore backs. The chief advantage of buying over hiring is that, in the former case, one has partial control over the muleteers, and can force them, by threatened stoppage of pay, to do one's behests.[1]

These mules can, and do, take loads right up to Addis Abbaba. In case of necessity, camels can sometimes be hired at Laga Hardim, by giving notice to the governor of the district, for the journey between that place and Godoburka. These camels are the property of the Gallas; they are, as a rule, weak animals, with primitive packsaddles, and their masters know little or nothing of the art of camel loading. The hire price per camel between Laga Hardim and Godoburka is seven dollars, and between the Hawash and Godoburka five dollars. A camel may here be bought outright for sixteen to eighteen dollars, but the supply is small.

[1] This was unfortunately not the case with the Mission, as the larger part by far of the muleteers were so-called "soldiers" of Ras Makunnen, who received no pay from us, and obeyed no one, least of all their own officers.

Transport Details.

The Somali camel packsaddle is the best in the world. It consists of a thick grass mat, or "herio," covering the camel from shoulder to tail; two thicknesses of native matting above this, and four long sticks, tied crosswise, to which the load is fastened. The thickness of matting prevents any rubbing or sore backs; the sticks prevent the load from rubbing the matting, and take off the weight from the animal when lying down; and when unfastened, the sticks and matting can be made into a hut for the camel-driver, to protect him from the sun by day and the cold by night. The cost of the whole thing is from three to eight dollars (*i.e.* 6s. 9d. to 19s.).

The method of loading is complicated, and difficult to explain except by practical example or by numerous illustrations. Suffice it to say that the Somalis are expert loaders, and take less time to load up a camel than it takes to describe the process.

The Esa and Gadabursi camel-men use the sticks described above. Berbera and Bulhar men load without sticks, and are considered the better camel-men.

On arrival in camp, the camels are unloaded, and feed on surrounding grass and camel thorn. They require no forage or grass to be carried for them in Somaliland, and are content with a drink every second or third day. They do not feed at night.

Somali camels are good, strong, healthy animals,

and remarkably cheap, a baggage animal averaging £2 to £4. The native drivers rarely allow them to carry more than 280 lbs.; with this weight they will work well.

These camels are much quieter than their Egyptian or Sudanese brethren. Average rate, loaded, two and a half miles per hour.

Abyssinian donkeys are small but good.

The donkey packsaddle in Somaliland or Abyssinia consists either of pieces of "herio," or matting, or of two or three sheepskins. The load is lashed on in the ordinary way, ropes passing under the belly and the root of the tail.

The usual proportion of drivers is one to every three donkeys.

Donkeys are hardy feeders, and require no grain or forage to be carried: they pick up sufficient as they go along, or in camp, and are generally in wonderfully good condition, considering the amount of work they do, and the little they apparently get to eat.

Price of a donkey three to seven dollars apiece. Average rate, loaded, two and a quarter miles an hour in hilly, two and a half in level, country. They go faster up hill than down hill. Average load, 80 to 100 lbs.

The Abyssinian mule averages about 13 hands. He is a tough, hardy animal, and is wonderfully good at hill work. The saddles are so bad, and the loads are so carelessly tied on, that sore backs are almost a necessity, even with the best supervision one can

give; but the animals appear quite callous about their own backs, and submit with indifference to heavy loads being tied on to most appalling raws, which would, in a more civilised country, at once call down the wrath of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Mules are not shod.

The Abyssinian packsaddle consists merely of a wooden fork in front (like a Y upside down), to which are fastened two or four sheepskins. In the latter case, the skins form a bag or pad, loosely stuffed with straw. The whole thing, costing one to three dollars, is trashy in the extreme, and comes to pieces without much exertion on the part of the mule, allowing plenty of scope for sore backs and hip and wither-galls.

Ras Makunnen possesses some better saddles or pads than the above for military purposes. These are merely pads of sacking, stuffed with straw, sewn perpendicularly in three places, and with no yoke in front, but, owing to their thickness, they are of more value than the first-mentioned saddles.

The proper dimensions for mule packages should be 22 inches by 20 inches by 18 inches, one mule to carry two such packages, and they should *never* have sharp corners.

The load for a mule in this hilly country should not exceed 160 lbs., although Abyssinian mules can carry up to 200 lbs. for some distance.

The loads are first fastened together with rope

on the ground, so that each side load should weigh about the same, and when on, are tied on high up, so that the weight comes as close as possible on the base of the ribs.

It always takes two men to load a mule, and sometimes a third to keep the animal quiet during the process. Blindfolding the mule, or tying up a foreleg, is generally effective, but with a fresh or restive animal it is not always easy to carry out. The Abyssinian muleteers are wonderfully good at loading mules, and stick well to their task, but the latter is not always carried out with judgment.

The loads are tied on with a "machanya," or strip of hide about eight yards long. There are two methods of tying, both difficult of verbal explanation, but both very effective.

Loads are fastened on so tight that great ridges are caused in the belly-skin of the mule, and the latter may have some difficulty in bucking off the load, as he generally tries to do. But no attention is paid by the natives to details, such as treating sore backs, changing loads so as to ease the animals, padding sharp-cornered loads so as to keep them off the sore withers or quarters, etc.

Few girth-galls were seen, as the machanya is narrower, and is fastened farther to the rear, than the ordinary girth.

At least 15 per cent. of spare animals should be driven with the caravan.

Two muleteers to three mules is the usual pro-

portion for merchandise caravans, where the loads are not taken to pieces at each halt. But for rapid marching, and where the loads have to be tied together anew every morning, it will be found absolutely necessary to have one man per animal.

In spite of the bad roads and steep ascents and descents, hardly a mule in the recent Mission went lame.

In Abyssinia, unshod horses are often used as pack animals in the trade caravans. They carry about the same as mules, but are not so valuable, as they get lame and tender-footed from the bad and stony roads.

In Abyssinia, mules can generally find enough grass in the neighbourhood of the camp to keep body and soul together, though in some parts the grazing is extremely poor. They should be allowed at least six hours' daylight grazing every day. Most of them appreciate a feed of barley where the grass is poor, but it does not agree with all. In the plains of Somaliland, especially between Hensa and Biya Kaboba, there is so little grass that supplies of the latter article (at 20 lbs. per day per mule) should be carried.

One drink a day suffices mules in the cool climate of Abyssinia, and in case of necessity they can go for forty-eight hours without water. In the plains they require more.

A good pack mule at Harrar or Addis Abbaba costs twenty-five to forty dollars (our average was

about thirty-five dollars). Some are to be obtained on the road at rather more than the above price; good riding mules forty dollars and upwards. Horses are much cheaper, a riding horse averaging sixteen to twenty dollars, and a pack horse ten to fifteen dollars.

Average rate of mule over hilly country—two and a half to two and three-quarter miles per hour, and sometimes three miles per hour on the flat.

APPENDIX E

Weights, Measures, and Prices in Shoa

The weights and measures are complicated, and vary in different parts of the country. The following is the average :—

The unit is the weight of a Maria Theresa dollar, and is called a "werkit" or ounce. (Practical experiment showed us that a new Maria Theresa dollar weighs 434 grains, *i.e.*, 46 grains short of the English avoirdupois ounce.)

As in England, according to the material sold, 12 oz. or 16 (or sometimes more) oz. go to the pound or "nutte."

The "farasla" weighs from 40 to 60 lbs.

The measures of length are the "tât," or finger-breadth ; the "singe," or span (8 inches) ; and the "kend," or cubit of about 18 inches, elbow to finger tip.

Distances are measured by the "saah" or hour. Abyssinians have but very vague ideas of distance, and they have no smaller unit than the hour ; halves, quarters, and minutes have no meaning for the ordinary native.

The measure of capacity is the "daula" = about $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, weighing about 150 lb. (in grain).

A small measure for corn and grain is the "kunna" (literally, a bowl), of which 20 go to the daula; *i.e.* it equals about $7\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

The following is an alphabetical list of the usual price of ordinary articles;[1] it need hardly be said that the prices vary according to the district and the quality of the article.

The dollar is the Maria Theresa dollar; a salt is therefore worth about 7d.

Barley.—1 dollar buys 3 bushels at Harrar, 4 at Addis Abbaba, and 16 in the Minjar province. Barley poor stuff.

Bradawls.—Ordinary native ones, 4 for a salt.

Bread.—50 thin cakes ("injerra," about 12 inches in diameter) for 1 dollar. This bread is sour and generally full of grit. Good white European bread is only to be found in Harrar or at the King's court, and in small quantities.

Camel.—Somali camel, 18 to 35 dollars; Galla camel, 15 to 20 dollars. Danâkil camels are rarely for sale; price would be 20 to 30 dollars. The above are baggage camels; there are no riding ones except Arabians from Aden.

Cattle.—Formerly 5 to 10 dollars per head; now, owing to the murrain of two years ago, 20 to 30 dollars.

Chickens.—8 to 16 for a dollar; generally poor birds.

[1] In Abyssinia except when otherwise stated.

Civet.—8 to 10 dollars per ounce.

Cloak.—Of brown goat's hair, with hood, 2 dollars.

Coffee.—8 to 9 lb. for a dollar (1 lb. of coffee = 18 dollars' weight).

Dhurra (Sorghum saccharinum).—4 daula for 1 dollar in Minjar ; dearer in other districts.

Donkey.—3 to 7 dollars ; usually 5.

Eggs.—200 for a dollar, but 75 per cent. of these are generally bad.

Fuel.—1 salt per bundle of about 40 lb. of fire-wood ; dung-cakes, where obtainable, about 30 for a salt.

Ghee.—Of bad quality ; about 10 lb. for a dollar.

Goat.—1 to 3 dollars apiece at the capital, 2 to 4 on the journey.

Goatskin.—For grain, 2 for a dollar ; for water, 1½ to 2 dollars apiece.

Gram (Cicer arietum ; "shímbira" in Amharic, "hamûs" in Arabic).—8 bushels for a dollar.

Gêsho (the native hops from which, with honey, tej is made).—2 salts for a donkey load.

Gold.—Formerly 18 dollars for the ounce, now 28 to 30 per ounce.

Grass.—A piastre or a cartridge for a woman-load.

Horse.—Riding horse, 12 to 50 dollars, average 16 to 20 ; no horse may be sold for more than 50 dollars by law. Pack-horse, 3 to 20 dollars ; poor class of horse as a rule, seldom touching 15 hands.

Horse trappings.—Brass ornamented ("benicha"), 3 dollars a set.

Ivory.—80 to 100 dollars per farasla of 40 lb.

Jano ("tobe" with broad red stripe).—3 to 5 dollars.

Kid skin, or digdig skin (small waterskin).—2 to 4 cartridges.

Knife blade.—Very primitive and ordinary, 3 for a salt.

Leopard skin.—1 to 4 dollars.

Lion skin.—10 to 50 dollars.

Monkey skin.—Gereza monkey, ½ to 1 dollar.

Machanya.—Long strip of hide, 30 feet long, for tying loads, 2 to 3 for a dollar.

Mule.—Riding mule, 30 to 100 dollars, usually about 40 dollars. Pack mule, 20 to 40 dollars, usually about 30 dollars.

Onions.—20 lb. for a dollar, only in certain localities.

Ox hide.—½ to 1 dollar; tanned and soft ("jandi"), 2½ dollars.

Panther skin (*black*).—35 dollars.

Ploughshare.—Rough, 2 salts.

Rope (of aloe fibre, "kelat").—4 coils of 20 feet each for a salt. This rope is stronger than it looks, being plaited, but it is not equal to hemp rope.

Rifle.—18 dollars at Harrar, 21 to 22 dollars at Addis Abbaba; cannot be bought except through a Ras.

Saddle.—Pack or riding saddle, both very trashy, 2 to 3 dollars.

Sheep.—1 to 3 dollars at Addis Abbaba, 2 to 6 on journey.

Sheepskin.—Untanned, 2 cartridges; tanned, 1 dollar.

Shield.—1 to 3 dollars, according to finish, and whether of ox or buffalo hide.

Spear.—Galla spear, 1 to 3 salts; others up to 2 dollars.

Sword.—1 to 3 dollars; Dervish sword, 6 dollars.

Tin.—For water, "tanika," holding 5 gallons, made only at Harrar, good, 6 dollars a pair.

Tej.—Native mead, ½ dollar per "gombo" or jar of 2 gallons; not an article of commerce.

Talla.—Native beer, like muddy barley water, say 2 gallons for a cartridge; mostly home made.

Wax.—15 lb. of natural uncleaned, or 3 to 6 lb. of cleaned wax for a dollar.

Wheat.—1 daula for 1 dollar; little grown.

APPENDIX F

Some Latitudes and Longitudes
(taken by Capt. H. G. C. Swayne, R.E.)

	N. Latitude.	E. Longitude.
Harrar	9° 18′ 25″	41° 58′ 42″
Garsa	9° 25′ 43″	41° 42′ 52″
Worabili . . .	9° 26′ 40″	41° 34′ 41″
Katyin-Waha . . .	9° 0′ 58″	39° 58′ 35″
Fantallé	9° 4′ 45″	39° 40′ 10″
Chaffé Dunsa . . .	8° 58′ 11″	39° 4′ 42″
Addis Abbaba . .	9° 2′ 2″	38° 44′ 2″

APPENDIX G.

Treaty Between Great Britain and Ethiopia.

Signed by the Emperor Menelik II., and by Her Majesty's Envoy, at Addis Abbaba, 14th May 1897.

[ENGLISH VERSION.[1]]

[*Ratified by the Queen, 28th July 1897.*]

Her Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, and His Majesty Menelik II., by the grace of God, King of Kings of Ethiopia, being desirous of strengthening and rendering more effective and profitable the ancient friendship which has existed between their respective kingdoms;

Her Majesty Queen Victoria having appointed as her Special Envoy and Representative to His Majesty the Emperor Menelik II., James Rennell Rodd, Esq., Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, whose full

[1] The Amharic version, signed by King Menelik, appeared in the left column of the original Treaty.

powers have been found in due and proper form, and His Majesty the Emperor Menelik, negotiating in his own name as King of Kings of Ethiopia, they have agreed upon and do conclude the following Articles, which shall be binding on themselves, their heirs and successors :—

Article I.

The subjects of or persons protected by each of the Contracting Parties shall have full liberty to come and go, and engage in commerce in the territories of the other, enjoying the protection of the Government within whose jurisdiction they are ; but it is forbidden for armed bands from either side to cross the frontier of the other on any pretext whatever, without previous authorisation from the competent authorities.

Article II.

The frontiers of the British Protectorate on the Somali Coast recognised by the Emperor Menelik shall be determined subsequently by exchange of notes between James Rennell Rodd, Esq., as Representative of Her Majesty the Queen, and Ras Makunnen, as Representative of His Majesty the Emperor Menelik, at Harrar. These notes shall be annexed to the present Treaty, of which they will form an integral part, so soon as they have received the approval of the High Contracting Parties, pending which the *status quo* shall be maintained.

Article III.

The caravan route between Zeila and Harrar by way of Gildessa shall remain open throughout its whole extent to the commerce of both nations.

Article IV.

His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia, on the one hand, accords to Great Britain and her Colonies, in respect of import duties and local taxation, every advantage which he may accord to the subjects of other nations.

On the other hand, all material destined exclusively for the service of the Ethiopian State shall, on application from His Majesty the Emperor, be allowed to pass through the port of Zeila into Ethiopia free of duty.

Article V.

The transit of firearms and ammunition destined for His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia through the territories depending on the Government of Her Britannic Majesty is authorised, subject to the conditions prescribed by the General Act of the Brussels Conference, signed the 2nd July 1890.

Article VI.

His Majesty the Emperor Menelik II., King of Kings of Ethiopia, engages himself towards the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to do all in his power to prevent the passage through his

dominions of arms and ammunition to the Mahdists, whom he declares to be the enemies of his Empire.

The present Treaty shall come into force as soon as its ratification by Her Britannic Majesty shall have been notified to the Emperor of Ethiopia, but it is understood that the prescriptions of Article VI. shall be put into force from the date of its signature.

In faith of which His Majesty Menelik II., King of Kings of Ethiopia, in his own name, and James Rennell Rodd, Esq., on behalf of Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, have signed the present Treaty, in duplicate, written in the English and Amharic languages identically, both texts being considered as official, and have thereto affixed their seals.

Done at Addis Abbaba, the 14th day of May 1897.

(L.S.) (Signed) JAMES RENNELL RODD.

(Seal of His Majesty the Emperor Menelik II.)

Annexes to Treaty signed at Addis Abbaba on the 14th May 1897, by HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR MENELIK, *and by* MR. JAMES RENNELL RODD.

MR. RODD TO RAS MAKUNNEN.

HARRAR, *June* 4, 1897 (28 *Genbot* 1889).

Peace be unto you.

After friendly discussion with your Excellency, I have understood that His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia will recognise as frontier of the British Pro-

tectorate on the Somali Coast the line which, starting from the sea at the point fixed in the Agreement between Great Britain and France on the 9th February 1888, opposite the wells of Hadou, follows the caravan road, described in that Agreement, through Abbaswein till it reaches the hill of Somadu. From this point on the road the line is traced by the Sau mountains and the hill of Egu to Moga Medir; from Moga Medir it is traced by Eylinta Kaddo to Arran Arrhe, near the intersection of latitude 44° east of Greenwich with longitude 9° north. From this point a straight line is drawn to the intersection of 47° east of Greenwich with 8° north. From here the line will follow the frontier laid down in the Anglo-Italian Protocol of the 5th May 1894, until it reaches the sea.

The tribes occupying either side of the line shall have the right to use the grazing-grounds on the other side; but during their migrations it is understood that they shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the territorial authority. Free access to the nearest wells is equally reserved to the tribes occupying either side of the line.

This understanding, in accordance with Article II. of the Treaty signed on the 14th May 1897 (7th Genbot 1889), by His Majesty the Emperor Menelik and Mr. Rennell Rodd, at Addis Abbaba, must be approved by the two High Contracting Parties.—I have, etc.

(Signed) RENNELL RODD.

RAS MAKUNNEN TO MR. RODD.

(Translation.)

Sent from RAS MAKUNNEN, Governor of Harrar and its dependencies:

May this reach the Honourable MR. RENNELL RODD, Envoy of the British Kingdom.

I inform you to-day that, after long friendly discussion, the boundary of the British Somali Protectorate upon which we have agreed is as follows:—

Starting from the seashore opposite the wells of Hadou (as on which the French and the English Governments agreed in February 1888), it follows the caravan road by Abbaswein till Mount Somadu; from Mount Somadu to Mount Sau; from Mount Sau to Mount Egu; from Mount Egu to Moga Medir; starting from Moga Medir, it goes in a direct line to Eylinta Kaddo and Arran Arrhe on 44° east of Greenwich and 9° north, and again in a direct line until 47° east and 8° north. After this the boundary follows the line on which the English and the Italians agreed on the 5th May 1894, until the sea.

The subjects of both the Contracting Parties are at liberty to cross their frontiers and graze their cattle, but these people, in every place where they go, must obey the governor of the country in which they are, and the wells which are in the neighbourhood shall remain open for the two parties.

These two letters on which we have agreed, according to Article II. of the Treaty of His Majesty the Emperor of Ethiopia and Mr. Rennell Rodd of the 7th Genbot 1889 (14th May 1897), the two Sovereigns having seen them, if they approve them, shall be sealed again (ratified).

Written at Harrar, the 28th Genbot 1889 (4th June 1897).

(Signed) Ras Makunnen.

PRINTED BY MORRISON AND GIBB LIMITED, EDINBURGH.

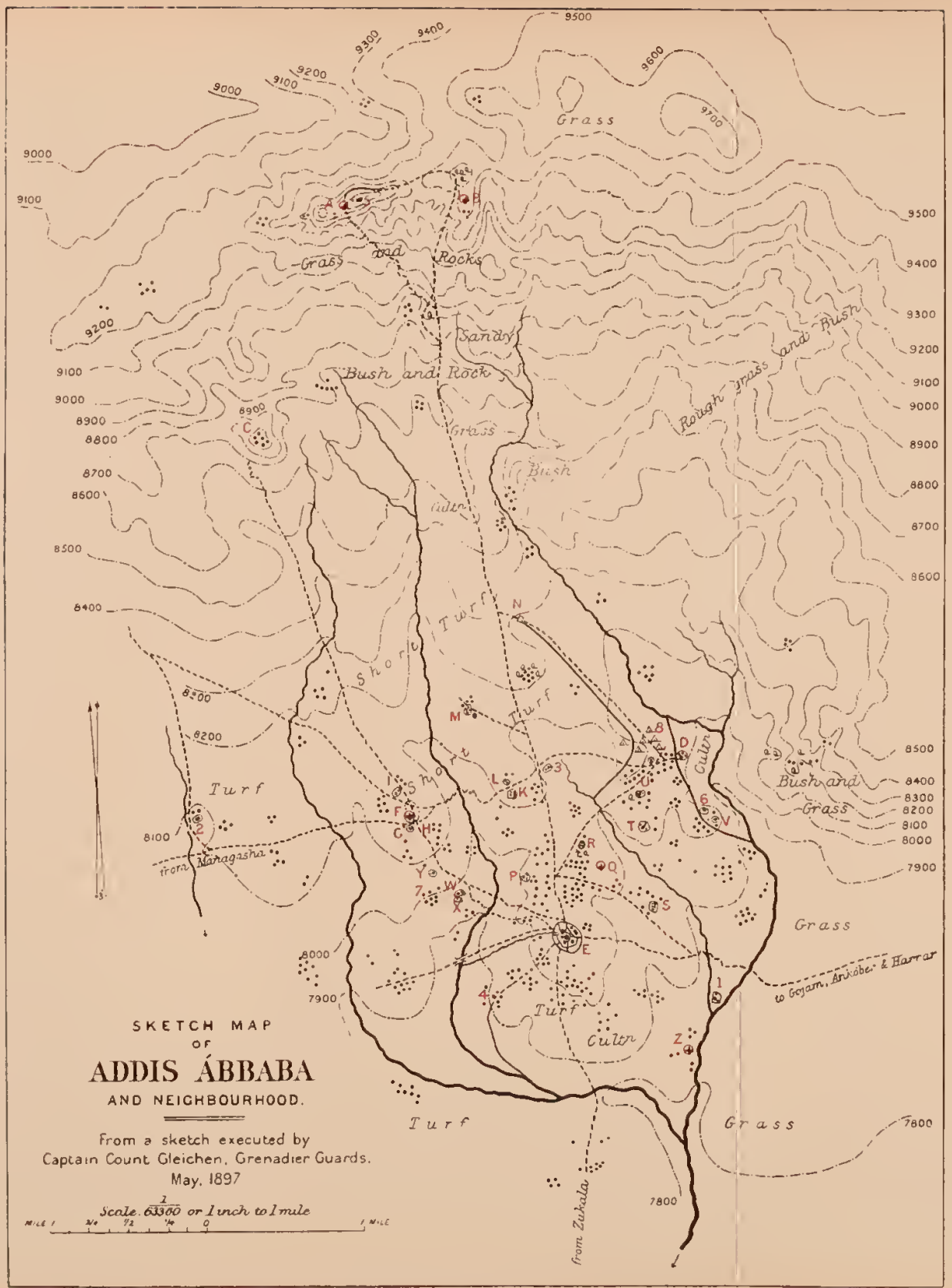
MAP OF

ABYSSINIA

Illustrating

"WITH THE MISSION TO MENELIK"

English Miles



REFERENCE NOTE

A St Raguels [illegible] 9860
B St M[illegible] 9540
C Spur [illegible]
D Camp of British M[illegible]
E Palace of MEN[illegible]
F St [illegible] Church
G Custom House & Lennoffs Quarters
H Market
I Dejaj Hudsas house
K Abura Muth[illegible]
L Prince Hen[illegible] Orleans [illegible]
M Ras M[illegible]
N Water Tank
P Haj Ka[illegible]
Q Trinity (Selassie) Church
R Kanyazmach [illegible] house
S Arsenal and Stores
T Affa Negus house
U Azaj Kala[illegible]
V Kanyazmach Ilma (Son of Ras Makur[illegible])
W Miligs house
X Balambaras Walda Giorgis house
Y Capt Clochettes house
Z St Raphael's Church
1 Ras Darges house
2 M Savourés house
3 Dejaj Mashashas house
4 Hot Springs (Finfinni)
5 Old Antotto Palace
6 Basha Tadechas house
7 Lij Amakas Aratas house
8 Ras Mikhaels Camp

The streams are nowhere more than a few feet broad and a few inches deep (May)

Native huts, wattle and mud walls, straw thatched, generally circular sometimes surrounded by low mud wall

Main tracks

Water channels

Church

Camp

The town is situated on slopes of short turf

100 feet contours

LONDON — EDWARD ARNOLD

Telegrams :
' Scholarly, London.'

41 and 43 Maddox Street,
Bond Street, London, W.,
October, 1908.

Mr. Edward Arnold's List of New Books.

THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

By Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Demy 8vo. With Portraits. **15s. net.**

The title of this delightful book gains point from its contents. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West is unable to bring her recollections down to the immediate present, and so she brings them to a close when she ceased to be Lady Randolph Churchill. But that was only a few years ago, and it is doubtful whether any volume of reminiscences of Society has ever described the life of the interesting and distinguished people so close to our own day.

Lady Randolph Churchill's earliest experiences were in Paris during the last gay days of the Empire and the horrors of the Franco-German War. Then came her marriage and introduction to all that was best and highest in English Society. In 1876 Lord and Lady Randolph accompanied the Duke of Marlborough to Dublin, and her account of life at the Viceregal Court is full of entertainment. Then come recollections of political society in London, of the formation of the Primrose League, and anecdotes of well-known politicians, such as Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain, and others.

Lady Randolph visited the Royal Family both at Windsor and at Sandringham : she has also many interesting glimpses to give of Continental Society, including an audience of the Czar in Russia, Court functions at Berlin, a dinner-party with Bismarck, a friendship with General Boulanger. Such are some of the varied items that catch the eye as one turns over the pages. They are samples from a mine of well-chosen topics, handled with tact, courage and grace.

EIGHTEEN YEARS IN UGANDA AND EAST AFRICA.

By the Right Rev. ALFRED R. TUCKER, D.D., LL.D.,
BISHOP OF UGANDA.

With 60 Full-page Illustrations from the Author's Sketches, several of them in Colour, and a Map. In Two Volumes. Demy 8vo. **30s. net.**

This is a book of absorbing interest from various points of view, religious, political and adventurous. It will appeal to the Churchman and the philanthropist as a wonderful record of that missionary work, of which Mr. Winston Churchill has recently said:

> 'There is no spot under the British Flag, perhaps in the whole world, where missionary enterprise can be pointed to with more conviction and satisfaction as to its marvellous and beneficent results than in the kingdom of Uganda.'

It will interest the politician as a chapter of Empire-building, in which the author himself has played no small part. Lastly, it will delight all those who travel or who love reading about travel. The Bishop describes his wanderings, mostly afoot, through nearly 2,000 miles of tropical Africa. He tells of the strange tribes among whom he dwells, of the glories of the great lakes and the Mountains of the Moon. He tells of them not only with the pen, but also with pencil and brush, which he uses with masterly skill.

ON SAFARI.

Big-Game Hunting in British East Africa, with Studies in Bird-Life.

By ABEL CHAPMAN, F.Z.S.,
AUTHOR OF 'WILD NORWAY,' 'BIRD-LIFE OF THE BORDERS,' 'WILD SPAIN,' ETC.

With 170 Illustrations by the AUTHOR *and* E. CALDWELL. *Demy 8vo.*
16s. net.

The author of this fascinating book is a well-known ornithologist, as well as a mighty hunter and traveller. He takes us 'on safari' (*i.e.*, on trek) through a new African region—a creation of yesterday, Imperially speaking, since British East Africa only sprang into existence during the current decade, on the opening of the Uganda Railway. 'The new Colony,' he says, 'six times greater in area than the Mother Island, is an Imperial asset of as yet unmeasured possibilities, consisting, to-day, largely of virgin hunting grounds, unsurpassed on earth for the variety of their wild fauna, yet all but unknown save to a handful of pioneers and big-game hunters.' Much knowledge, however, can be acquired through the pages and pictures of this book, describing, as it does, the vast tropical forests, with their savage inhabitants and teeming animal life. The numerous illustrations of African big game, owing to the expert knowledge of both author and artist, are probably the most accurate that have ever appeared.

OLD AND ODD MEMORIES.

By the Hon. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE,

AUTHOR OF 'TALKS WITH MR. GLADSTONE,' 'BENJAMIN JOWETT,' ETC.

Demy 8vo. With Portraits. **12s. 6d. net.**

One of the most brilliant men of his day, only prevented, probably, by the physical infirmity of near-sightedness, from being also one of the most prominent, gives us in this volume a collection of remarkably interesting reminiscences, which extend over half a century. They include, mostly in anecdotal form, life-like portraits of the author's father, the first Baron Tollemache (another Coke of Norfolk, but with more eccentricities), and of Dr. Vaughan of Harrow. The author's years at Harrow, of which he records his memories, were from 1850 to 1856, and those at Oxford from 1856 to 1860. The book contains, besides, a number of characteristic stories, now for the first time given to the public, of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Houghton, Lord and Lady Mount Temple, Fitz-James Stephen, to take but a few names at random from these fascinating pages

---

IN SEARCH OF A POLAR CONTINENT.

By ALFRED H. HARRISON, F.R.G.S.

Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author in the Arctic Regions, and a Map. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

The white North continues to exert its magnetism upon British explorers. Mr. Harrison's object was to explore the unknown region off the North American Coast of the Arctic Ocean, but he first travelled 1,800 miles by waterway through Northern Canada, till he arrived at the delta of the Mackenzie River. There he was frozen in and delayed for three months. He then continued his journey to the Arctic Ocean with dogs, but was obliged to abandon his supplies. He hoped to obtain provisions at Herschel Island, but being disappointed in this, he went into the mountains and spent two months with the Eskimo, whose manners and customs he describes. He next returned to Herschel Island and made a voyage to Banks Land in a steam whaler. There, too, the failure of an expected tender to arrive from San Francisco again defeated his hopes of procuring supplies. Consequently he once more threw in his lot with the Eskimo, between the Mackenzie Delta and Liverpool Bay, and spent a year among them.

Such are the adventures described in this interesting book, the last chapter of which, explaining the author's plans for resuming his enterprise, once more illustrates the fact that an Englishman never knows when he is beaten.

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUGHTON FISHING CLUB, 1822–1908.

Edited by the Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.,

Author of 'Memories of the Months,' 'The Creevey Papers,' 'The Story of the Tweed,' 'British Fresh-Water Fishes,' etc.

With numerous Illustrations, many in Photogravure or on Japanese Vellum, including facsimile Reproductions from Sketches by Landseer, Chantrey, Turner, etc. Demy 4to. **£2 2s. net.** *Limited to 350 copies.*

This sumptuous volume, which gives the history of one of the oldest and most famous fishing clubs, on that finest of all English streams, the Test, forms an unique addition to angling literature. The effect of angling on literature has always been genial and discursive, and these delightful Chronicles are no exception to the rule. They throw much light on the changes which have affected social habits in general, and the craft of fly-fishing in particular, during the best part of a century. They contain not only records of sport, but various contributions—literary and pictorial—to the club album, made by celebrated members and visitors. These included Penn's well-known fishing maxims, some portraits by Chantrey, several sketches by Landseer and Sir Francis Grant, and one precious drawing from the hand of Turner. In the leisurely old days of mail-coaches, the members of the club and their guests had more time for such diversions, when the weather was unfavourable to sport, than is the case in the present age of telegrams and express trains.

IN OLD CEYLON.

By REGINALD FARRER,

Author of 'The Garden of Asia.'

With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

The shrines of Oriental romance have once more charmed the pen of Mr. Reginald Farrer. His book has little concern with modern Ceylon, its industries and exports. He tells rather of the bygone glories and sanctities of ancient Lanka, when the island was the seat of a powerful monarchy and a dominant church. He gladly deserts the beaten track for the fastnesses of the jungle and the great dead cities whose bones lie lost in a shoreless ocean of green. Under his guidance, all those who love contemplation of 'old unhappy things and battles long ago' can follow the tale of the Buddhist hierarchy and the Cingalese monarchy, realizing their ancient glories amid the ruins where they lie buried, and their final tragedy in the vast jungle that now for many centuries has engulfed their worldly majesty.

Nor is the interest of the book wholly antiquarian and historic, for Ceylon—that Eastern Island of Saints—is a vast flowering garden, of whose blossoms and paradises all votaries of horticulture will delight to read in Mr. Farrer's pages.

THE BOOK OF WINTER SPORTS.

With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF LYTTON, and contributions from experts in various branches of sport.

Edited by EDGAR SYERS.

Fully illustrated. Demy 8vo. **15s. net.**

Every winter more and more visitors are attracted to Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Scandinavia, to take part in the various winter sports of which this book is the first and only comprehensive account in English. Each sport is dealt with separately by an expert. Thus, Mr. and Mrs. Syers write on Skating, Mr. C. Knapp on Tobogganing, Mr. E. Wroughton on Ski-running, Mr. Bertram Smith on Curling, Mr. E. Mavrogordato on Bandy, and Mr. Ernest Law on Valsing on Ice. The various chapters give instructions in practice, rules, records, and exploits, as well as useful information as to hotels, hours of sunshine, the size and number of rinks, and competitions open to visitors at the different centres. The book contains a large number of original illustrations. It should be indispensable, not only to experts in the various sports, but to the far larger class of holiday-makers who engage in them as a pastime.

FIVE MONTHS IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A Record of Mountain Travel in Garhwal and Kashmir.

By A. L. MUMM,

Late Honorary Secretary of the Alpine Club.

Magnificently illustrated with Photogravure Plates and Panoramas, and a Map. Royal 8vo. **21s. net.**

The first and principal portion of this volume contains an account of a journey through the mountains of Garhwal made by the author in May, June, and July, 1907, with Major the Hon. C. G. Bruce and Dr. T. G. Longstaff, whose names are already well known in connexion with Himalayan mountaineering. The tour has considerable geographical interest, which is enhanced by a magnificent series of original photographs of scenes never before submitted to the camera, and it was rendered memorable by the fact that in the course of it Dr. Longstaff reached the summit of Trisul, 23,415 feet above the level of the sea, the loftiest peak on the earth's surface whose actual summit has, beyond all doubt or question, been trodden by man.

Later on, Major Bruce and Mr. Mumm proceeded to Kashmir, where they climbed Mount Haramukh, whose snowy crest is familiar to all visitors to 'the happy valley'; and made a 'high-level route' down the range of mountains which separates Kashmir from Kagan. Their photographic spoils were of an interest hardly inferior to those of the Garhwal journey.

PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST.

An Introduction to the History of Pictorial Art in Asia, especially China and Japan.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

With 31 Full-page Illustrations in Collotype from Original Chinese and Japanese Pictures. One Volume. Crown 4to. **21s. net.**

This important book is a pioneer work in the artistic interpretation of the East to the West, and in the breaking down of the spiritual barriers between them. For a basis of study of Eastern art, writes Mr. Binyon, 'the public at present has nothing but a few general misconceptions.' He therefore puts forward his volume with the modest hope that it 'may not be thought too presumptuous an attempt to survey the achievement and to interpret the aims of Oriental painting, and to appreciate it from the standpoint of a European in relation to the rest of the world's art. It is the general student and lover of painting,' he continues, 'whom I have wished to interest. My chief concern has been, not to discuss questions of authorship or of archæology, but to enquire what æsthetic value and significance these Eastern paintings have for us in the West.' Besides its stimulating artistic criticism, the book is full of interesting glimpses of Eastern history and thought in so far as they have affected art, as well as of biographical sketches of Eastern painters.

MADAME ELIZABETH DE FRANCE, 1764–1794.

A Memoir.

By the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF 'JOAN OF ARC,' 'ABBOTSFORD AND ITS TREASURES,' ETC.

With Coloured Collotype and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **12s. 6d. net.**

Among the victims of the French Revolution, perhaps the figure which excites most sympathy is that of the modest and heroic Princess whose life is told in this deeply interesting memoir. Madame Elizabeth was the sister of Louis XVI. Her life was at first one of calm and quiet. Her studies, her charities, and her intimate friendships filled her time until the storm broke over France, and she left her peaceful Montruil to take her part in the dangers and sufferings of her family, and to be their consoler in the time of trial. It was not till the King and Queen had both been executed that Madame Elizabeth was brought from prison, tried for corresponding with her brother, and condemned to the guillotine.

The fresh documents lately discovered by M. Lenotre have enabled the author, who, by the way, is a great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott, to throw much new light on the life of 'The Angelic Princess.'

SCOTTISH GARDENS.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.

Illustrated in Colour by MARY M. G. WILSON,

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF SCOTTISH ARTISTS.

With 32 *Full-page Coloured Plates. Crown* 4*to.* **21s. net.**

Also an Edition de Luxe, limited to 250 *copies, at* **£2 2s. net.**

This work is the outcome of a desire to produce a volume worthy in every respect of the beautiful gardens of Scotland. Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose knowledge of the subject is probably unique, is personally acquainted with the places described, and has throughout been in consultation with the artist, Miss Wilson. Visitors to her studio in Edinburgh, or the exhibitions of her work in London, will need no further testimony to the charm of her pictures, which are here reproduced with the utmost care and on the largest feasible scale.

One of the objects of the work is to dispel certain popular fallacies as to the rigours of the Scottish climate. Its chief aim, however, is to present a typical selection of Scottish garden scenes representing all styles and all scales, modest as well as majestic, and formal as well as free, so that the possessor of the humblest plot of ground may be stimulated to beautify it, with as fair hope of success, in proportion, as the lord of many thousand acres.

ALPINES AND BOG-PLANTS.

By REGINALD FARRER,

AUTHOR OF 'MY ROCK GARDEN,' ETC.

With Illustrations. Large Crown 8*vo.* **7s. 6d. net.**

Like most hobbies, rock-gardening provides an endless topic of interest for its devotees, and the lore of the subject is inexhaustible. At any rate, Mr. Reginald Farrer, who is a recognized authority on the art, by no means exhausted his stock of information and anecdote in his previous work, 'My Rock Garden.' That garden, as most of his fellow-enthusiasts know, is on the slopes of Ingleborough in Yorkshire, and it is a place of pilgrimage for the faithful of this cult. As a writer, Mr. Farrer combines a light and genial style with sound practical information, so that his books are at once readable and instructive. Some idea of the scope of the present volume may be gained from the list of chapters, which is as follows: 1. Of Shrubs and their Placing. 2. Of Shrubs, Mostly Evergreen. 3. Ranunculaceæ, Papaveraceæ, Cruciferæ. 4. A Collecting Day above Arolla. 5. Between Dianthus and Epilobium. 6. From Epilobium on through Umbelliferæ and Compositæ. 7. Of Odd Treasures. 8. The Big Bog and its Lilies. 9. The Greater Bog Plants. 10. Iris. 11. The Mountain Bog. 12. More of the Smaller Bog Plants. 13. The Water Garden.

THE HISTORY OF THE 'GEORGE' WORN ON THE SCAFFOLD BY KING CHARLES I.

By Sir RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY, Bart.,

Author of 'The Mystery of Maria Stella,' etc.

Finely illustrated in Collotype. Royal 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

A 'George,' in the sense in which it is here used, is the jewelled pendant of St. George and the Dragon which is worn by Knights of the Garter. There are two of these 'Georges' used in the Insignia of the Order. One is attached to the collar, and is worn only on solemn feasts: the other is called 'the lesser George,' and is worn on general occasions, attached to a chain or lace of silk.

The sovereign is, of course, head of the Order, and Charles the First was wearing his 'George' when he ascended the scaffold to be executed. The question afterwards arose as to what had become of it, and it has since been given up as lost. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, however, who has already, in his book on Maria Stella, proved himself a skilful literary unraveller of historical mysteries, makes out a very good case, in his new volume, for identifying the missing 'George' with one that is now in King Edward's possession at Windsor.

A PARSON IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

By C. H. S. MATTHEWS, M.A.,

Late Vice-Principal of the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd, N.S.W.

Illustrated from Sketches by the Author, *etc. Crown 8vo.* **6s. net.**

The Rev. C. H. S. Matthews, better known in the bush of New South Wales as 'Brother Charles,' is one of the founders and chiefs of an Anglican Society called the Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd, formed to minister to the religious needs of those remote regions. During five years spent almost entirely in itinerating in the 'back-blocks' of the colony, he has had exceptional opportunities for studying bush-life. Finding, on his return to England, a wide-spread interest in Australian affairs, coupled often with an astonishing ignorance of the real Australia, it occurred to him to set down his own experiences and views on various Australian problems. Knocking about among the bushmen, camping with sleeper-cutters and drovers, visiting the stations and selections 'out-back,' Mr. Matthews has caught the spirit and atmosphere of the bush, with its mingled pathos, humour and humanity. The book should appeal, not only to those interested in missionary enterprise, but to all who like to learn how the other parts of the Empire live.

THE ROSE-WINGED HOURS.

English Love Lyrics.

Arranged by St. JOHN LUCAS,

EDITOR OF 'THE OXFORD BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE,' ETC.

Small 8vo., elegantly bound. **5s. net.**

The special claim of this anthology, arranged, as it is, by one of our most promising younger poets, will be due to the prominence given in it to the love-lyrics of those Elizabethan and Jacobean poets whose verse, though really entitled to rank with the finest flowers of their better-known contemporaries, is unduly neglected by the ordinary reader. The love-lyric is, indeed, the only form in which a great many of the lesser poets write anything at all memorable.

Sidney and Campion, both writers of extraordinary power and sweetness, devote themselves almost entirely to this form, and the strange and passionate voice of Doune finds in it an accent of deep and haunting eloquence. And since every love-lyric from Meleager to Meredith has a certain deathless interest that is shared by every poem of its kind, no matter how many the centuries between them in this volume the great line of the Elizabethans will lead to the nineteenth century poets, to the singers of an epoch with a lyrical harvest as great, indeed, as all the gold of Elizabeth.

THE MISTRESS ART.

By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A.,

PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AUTHOR OF 'A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.'

Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

The author of this interesting book, who speaks, as it were, *ex cathedrâ*, has here collected a series of eight lectures on architecture delivered in the Royal Academy. In them he has endeavoured to establish a standpoint from which architecture should be studied and practised. His general position is that architecture is an art with a definite technique of its own, which cannot be translated into terms either of ethics or of any of the other arts, and the development of this thesis involves a somewhat searching criticism of the views on architecture advanced by Ruskin and Morris.

The first four lectures deal with the study of architecture—its relation to personal temperament, its appeal to the emotions, and its limitations. In the last four, devoted to 'The Grand Manner,' the writer has illustrated his conception of the aims and ideas of architecture by reference to great examples of the art in the past.

WOODSMEN OF THE WEST.

By M. ALLERDALE GRAINGER.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

This is an extremely interesting personal narrative of 'logging' in British Columbia. 'Logging,' as everyone knows, means felling and preparing for the saw-mill the giant timber in the forests that fringe the Pacific coast of Canada, and it is probably true that no more strenuous work is done on the face of the earth. Mr. Grainger, who is a Cambridge Wrangler, has preferred this manual work to the usual mental occupations of the mathematician, and gives us a vivid and graphic account of an adventurous life.

ARVAT.

A Dramatic Poem in Four Acts.

By LEOPOLD H. MYERS.

Crown 8vo. **4s. 6d. net.**

The author of this play is a son of the late Frederick Myers, the well-known authority on 'Psychical Research.' It is a poetical drama in four acts, describing the rise and fall of the hero, Arvat. The time and place are universal, as are also the characters. But the latter, though universal, and therefore in a sense symbolic, are psychologically human, and the significance of the action, heightened as it may be by interpretation through the imagination, is nevertheless independent of it. Thus Arvat's career, while providing subject-matter for a drama among individuals in the flesh, may also be taken as the symbol of a drama among ideas in the spirit.

PEEP-IN-THE-WORLD.

A Story for Children.

By Mrs. F. E. CRICHTON.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

The author of this charming tale ought to take rank with such writers as Mrs. Molesworth in the category of childhood's literature. The story tells of a little girl who visits her uncle in Germany and spends a year in an old castle on the borders of a forest. There she finds everything new and delightful. She makes friends with a dwarf cobbler, who lives alone in a hut in the forest, and knows the speech of animals and birds. Knut, the cobbler, is something of a hermit and a misanthrope, but he is conquered by Peep-in-the-World, whom he eventually admits to the League of Forest Friends. She wants him to teach her how to talk to the wild things of the woods, and though she has to leave Germany without learning the secret, she gains a growing sense of the magic power of sympathy and kindness.

LONDON SIDE-LIGHTS.

By CLARENCE ROOK.

With Frontispiece by S. de la Bere. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

The author of these entertaining sketches has taken his place as an ordinary Londoner who is a journalist as well. He has walked and ridden about London with pennies in his pocket, eyes in his head, and a brain behind the eyes. He has found secrets of London hotels, he has pierced the problem of London traffic, he has been to queer boxing contests, and he has been present at the birth of the popular song. He has sat in the gallery of the House of Commons, and in the newspaper office that cuts and carves its speeches. And he knows the story of the famous block in Piccadilly. He has found, too, the problem of the London woman who is alone. The problem also of those London children whom the Salvation Army rescues. And at the end comes the 'Bath of Silence,' which gives the City peace.

THE DOWAGER OF JERUSALEM.

A Romance in Four Acts.

By REGINALD FARRER,

Author of 'In Old Ceylon,' 'My Rock Garden,' etc.

Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

CHRONICLES OF SERVICE LIFE IN MALTA.

By Mrs. ARTHUR STUART.

Illustrated by Paul Hardy. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

Fiction is always the more interesting the more closely it is drawn from life, and these sketches of naval and military society in Malta, depicted in the form of stories, come from the pen of a lady who is intimately acquainted with the life of which she writes. The names of some of the stories, such as 'The Temptation of the Engineer,' 'The Red Parasol,' 'The Prince, the Lady, and the Naval Captain,' will perhaps be as good an indication as can be given of the character of the book. It will doubtless appeal especially to those familiar with society at naval and military stations, while the fact of its having a specific *milieu* should in no way detract from its general interest. 'Plain Tales from the Hills' did not appeal only to the Anglo-Indian.

KNOWN TO THE POLICE.

Memories of a Police Court Missionary.

By THOMAS HOLMES,

Author of 'Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts.'

Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d. net.**

There is probably no man living who is so well qualified as Mr. Holmes to write the naked truth about the 'submerged tenth' of our population. His are not the casual, superficial observations of the amateur, but the first-hand experiences of one whose whole life is spent among the scenes he describes. His work has lain among the hungry and thirsty; he has visited the criminal in prison, and been face to face with the Hooligan and the Burglar in their own haunts; but through all the gloom and shadow of crime he has contrived to preserve a fellow-feeling with humanity in its most depressing garb. Every chapter is full of interest, of strange and quaint narratives in chequered pages of despair and hope.

VEGETARIAN COOKERY.

By FLORENCE A. GEORGE,

Author of 'King Edward's Cookery Book.'

Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d.**

Some are vegetarians for conscience' sake, and others for the sake of their health. Miss George caters for both these classes in her new book; but she does not strictly exclude all animal food, since eggs, butter, milk, cream and cheese form a large part of her dishes. As far as possible, dietetic foods have been avoided in the recipes, as they are often difficult to procure. Every recipe given has been tested to ensure accuracy, and the simplest language is used in explaining what has to be done. A special feature of the book is the large number of vegetable soufflés and creams. The various chapters deal with Stock and Soups; Sauces; Pastes, Borders and Garnishes; Casseroles, Patties, Pies, Puddings and Timbales; Curries, Stews and Scallops; Galantines; Croquettes; Vegetables; Aspics, Creams and Salads; Soufflés, Omelettes and Egg Dishes; Aigrettes and Fritters; Savouries; Macaroni and Rice; Sweets; and Menus.

THE SEEKERS.

By FRANK SAVILE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE DESERT VENTURE,' ETC.

Crown 8vo. **6s.**

This is a stirring novel of adventure in Eastern Europe. A learned Professor astonishes the British Association by announcing that he has located the famous lost treasure of Diocletian, as buried somewhere in the principality of 'Montenera.' This little State with its brave Prince is hard pressed for funds to defend itself against more powerful neighbours who aim at absorbing it, and the treasure would be invaluable. Whether it was discovered or not, the reader learns in the course of a spirited and exciting story. In reviewing the author's last novel, 'The Desert Venture,' the *Times* said: 'When you have agreed to treat it as crude adventure, it is really as good as you can wish.' The *World* said: 'If Mr. Savile's style is to some extent modelled on that of Merriman, this is no fault, but a virtue. And the reading world will find that it may safely welcome such work as this on its own account—as it assuredly will.'

THE WITCH'S SWORD.

By DAVID KERR FULTON.

Illustrated by the Author. Crown 8vo. **6s.**

This work, by a new author, is of a highly imaginative and romantic tendency, and deals with a most interesting period in Scottish history. The hero, who tells his own story, is an All Hallows child, born in the one weird hour which makes him kith and kin to the spirits of the air. The mystery of Flodden and the strange events grouped round the ancient tradition as to the fate of the gallant James are stirringly told, and lead up to the dénouement, which comes with vivid unexpectedness at the close of the book.

The lonely orphan of a wronged father is unwittingly schooled to vengeance by the fiery Welsh swordsman Jevan, who, at the instigation of the dying old nurse, forges the wizard steel that gives the story its name.

A tender love idyll is woven into the tale and relieves the scenes of violence through which the wearer of the Witch's Sword must fight his way to honour and acceptance.

AMABEL CHANNICE.

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK,

AUTHOR OF 'VALERIE UPTON,' ETC.

Crown 8vo. **6s.**

Readers of 'Valerie Upton' will turn eagerly to Miss Sedgwick's new novel. The scene is laid in England, and the principal characters are four — Amabel Channice, her son, her husband, and another woman, Lady Elliston. The relations between mother and son form the basis of the story, and the dramatic situation begins when the son, a youth of nineteen, broaches to his mother the question why she and his father do not live together. Curiosity is thus awakened, and the emotional atmosphere charged with uneasy expectation. Thereafter events move quickly, reaching a dramatic climax within the space of a week. Further than this it would not be fair to the author to reveal her plot.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW.

By E. M. FORSTER,

AUTHOR OF 'THE LONGEST JOURNEY,' 'WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD,' ETC.

Crown 8vo. **6s.**

A novelist's third book, when its predecessors have shown great promise, is generally held to make or mar his reputation. There can be no question that Mr. Forster's new story will effectually establish his position. It is a comedy, having more affinity in style with his first book, 'Where Angels Fear to Tread,' than with 'The Longest Journey.' The author's whimsical humour, and unexpected turns of satire, have attained a still more piquant quality. He excels especially in satirizing the banalities of ordinary conversation, and his dialogue is always deliciously amusing.

MIRIAM.

By EDITH C. M. DART.

Crown 8vo. **6s.**

This is a promising first novel by a new writer, whose style is remarkable for delicate workmanship. The story moves round the dying fortunes of an old country family and its ancestral home. The hero belongs to another branch of this family, and there is a mystery about his birth. The heroine is an orphan, the daughter of a yeoman father and a French mother. Another important character is a scheming lawyer, and with these threads of love and intrigue the author has woven an interesting plot which is cleverly worked out.

THE DRESSING OF MINERALS.

By HENRY LOUIS, M.A.,

PROFESSOR OF MINING AND LECTURER ON SURVEYING, ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

With about 400 *Illustrations. Royal* 8*vo.* **30s. net.**

The object of this book is to fill a gap in technological literature which exists between works on Mining and works on Metallurgy. On the intermediate processes, by which the minerals unearthed by the miner are prepared for the smelter and for their use in arts and manufactures, no English text-book has yet appeared. The present work should, therefore, be very welcome to students, as well as to miners and metallurgists.

THE GEOLOGY OF ORE DEPOSITS.

By H. H. THOMAS and D. A. MACALISTER,

OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Illustrated. Crown 8*vo.* **7s. 6d. net.**

This book belongs to a new series of works under the general editorship of Dr. J. E. Marr, F.R.S., for students of economic geology, a subject which is receiving more and more attention in our great educational centres. It is also hoped that the series will be useful to students of general geology, as well as to surveyors and others concerned with the practical uses of geology. The chapters in the present volume treat severally on the Genesis of Ore Deposits, Segregation, Pneumatolysis, Metasomasis, Deposition from Solution, Sedimentary Deposits, and Secondary Changes in Lodes.

STEEL ROOF AND BRIDGE DESIGN.

By W. HUME KERR, M.A., B.Sc.,

LECTURER ON ENGINEERING, DRAWING AND DESIGN, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

With detailed Drawings. Demy 8*vo.* **10s. 6d. net.**

In accordance with a need long felt by engineering students, this work presents the complete designs of four typical structures—two roof trusses and two bridges—worked out with full arithmetical calculation of stresses. There is a minimum of theory, and the author's object has been to make the methods of design so clear as to enable students and engineers to proceed to design independently.

THE BODY AT WORK.

By ALEX HILL, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.S.,

Sometime Master of Downing College, Cambridge.
Author of 'An Introduction to Science,' 'The Physiologist's Note-book,' etc.

With Illustrations, about 500 pages, Demy 8vo. **16s. net.**

This is a book for the non-professional reader, not a regular text-book for the medical student. It does not assume any technical knowledge of the sciences, such as chemistry, physics and biology, which lead up to a formal study of physiology. Dr. Hill describes the phenomena of life, their interdependence and causes, in language intelligible to people of general education, and his book may be compared in this respect with Dr. Hutchison's well-known work on 'Food.' There is perhaps a prejudice against the ordinary popularizer of scientific knowledge, but when a master of his subject takes up his pen to write for the public, we cannot but be grateful that he has cast aside the trammels of the text-book, and handled subjects of vital interest to humanity in so broad and philosophic a manner.

A TEXT-BOOK OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

By Dr. C. S. MYERS,

Professor of Psychology at King's College, London University.

Crown 8vo. **8s. 6d. net.**

The lack of a text-book on Experimental Psychology has been long felt, the literature of the subject having been hitherto so scattered and profuse that the student has to collect a small library of books and periodicals. The present work gives an account of the more important results obtained, and describes methods of experiment, with practical directions for the student.

APPLIED PHYSIOLOGY.

A Handbook for Students of Medicine.

By ROBERT HUTCHISON, M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Physician to the London Hospital, and Assistant Physician to the Hospital for Sick Children.
Author of 'Food and the Principles of Dietetics,' etc.

Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d. net.**

The author of a standard work on diet is not likely to err by being too theoretical. The principle of Dr. Hutchison's new book is to bring physiology from the laboratory to the bedside. 'Physiology,' he writes, 'is studied in the laboratory, and clinical medicine in the wards, and too often one finds that the student is incapable of applying his scientific knowledge to his clinical work.'

DATE DUE

FEB 12 1999

Demco, Inc. 38-293

DT377 .G4
With the mission to Menelik, 1897,
Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 00032 1028